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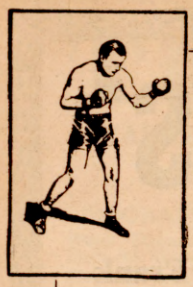

The RING

World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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CONTENTS

WAR CALLS THE FIGHTERS	Nat Fleischer	3
HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF	Nat Fleischer	4
AS LIGHTWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP CHANGED HANDS (Photographs)		6
THE "FOUL" PROBLEM	Ted Carroll	8
THOSE FIGHTING CONNS	Daniel M. Daniel	10
BOXING REVIVAL	"The Ring" Editor	12
A FIGHT THAT THRILLED (Photographs)		14
THUMB-NAIL SKETCHES		15
NAT FLEISCHER SAYS: (Editorial Comment)		16
SINGULAR SLUGGING UPSETS	George T. Pardy	18
AN APPRECIATION	Trevor Wignall	21
NEW FACES	Right Cross	22
U. S. BOXER THRILLS ORIENT	H. E. B. De Mel	25
TRICKS OF THE TRADE	Hype Igoe	26
BOXING IN ENGLAND	George Farmer	29
THE OLD MASTER	Bill Doherty	31
HOW REFEREES DECIDE BOUTS	"The Ring" Editor	32
NEWS OF THE MAT WORLD	"The Matman"	34
WRESTLING PICKUPS	Nat Frank	37
HITTING THE SPOTLIGHT (Photographs)		38
LETTERS FROM OUR READERS		40
IN OUR QUESTION BOX	Nat Fleischer	46

IN RINGS AROUND THE WORLD

BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK	Eddie Borden	48
A CORNER IN THE FISTIC MARKET	Eddie Borden	49
IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA, AND ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS		50
IN CHICAGO	Gene Engel	51
TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN	Johnny Sharpe	52
IN SOUTH AFRICA, FISTICUFFS FROM THE BARBADOS		53
NEW ORLEANS AND DIXIE NOTES, NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS, AND FANFARE FROM MISSOURI		54
CONTINENTAL NEWS, AND IN BRITISH HONDURAS		55
HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN	Mickey McIntire	56
IN MINNESOTA RINGS, WISCONSIN NEWS, IOWA, NEBRASKA AND SOUTH DAKOTA SPARKS, AND KANSAS CITY AND VICINITY		57
BOXING IN CUBA, AND CALGARY HOOKS AND JABS		58
IN THE NEW JERSEY CORNER, SMOKE RINGS FROM PITTSBURGH, AND CLEVELAND CHATTER		59
AUSTRALIAN NOTES, AND ALBERTA, CANADA, NEWS		60
SOUTHERN OHIO JABS, HOLYOKE NEWS, AND IN THE COAL FIELDS		61
MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND WASHINGTON, BUFFALO NEWS		62
UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES	Tom Ephrem	63
IN SYRACUSE RINGS, ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOXING NOTES, AND CONNECTICUT NEWS		64

In Our Next Issue

Fifty Years Ago—What a great change has taken place in that span in the field of fisticuffs. Hype Igoe, famous sports writer who has reported boxing for forty years, will take you back to the "good old days" in his article, "Fifty Years Ago." You'll enjoy it.

The Nova-Galento, Louis-Pastor and Conn-Bettina fights—three important ring battles staged during a ten day period—will be thoroughly covered with a pictorial and reportorial review by our staff of experts. Heaps of interesting photographs for your album.

The aftermath—looking into the future with Daniel M. Daniel. You'll get a thorough analysis of the heavyweight situation as it now appears following the elimination of two of the outstanding contenders.

And—your favorites—A. D. Phillips, the octogenarian scribbler; Nat Fleischer, Eddie Borden, George T. Pardy among others, will treat you with their usual absorbing stories.

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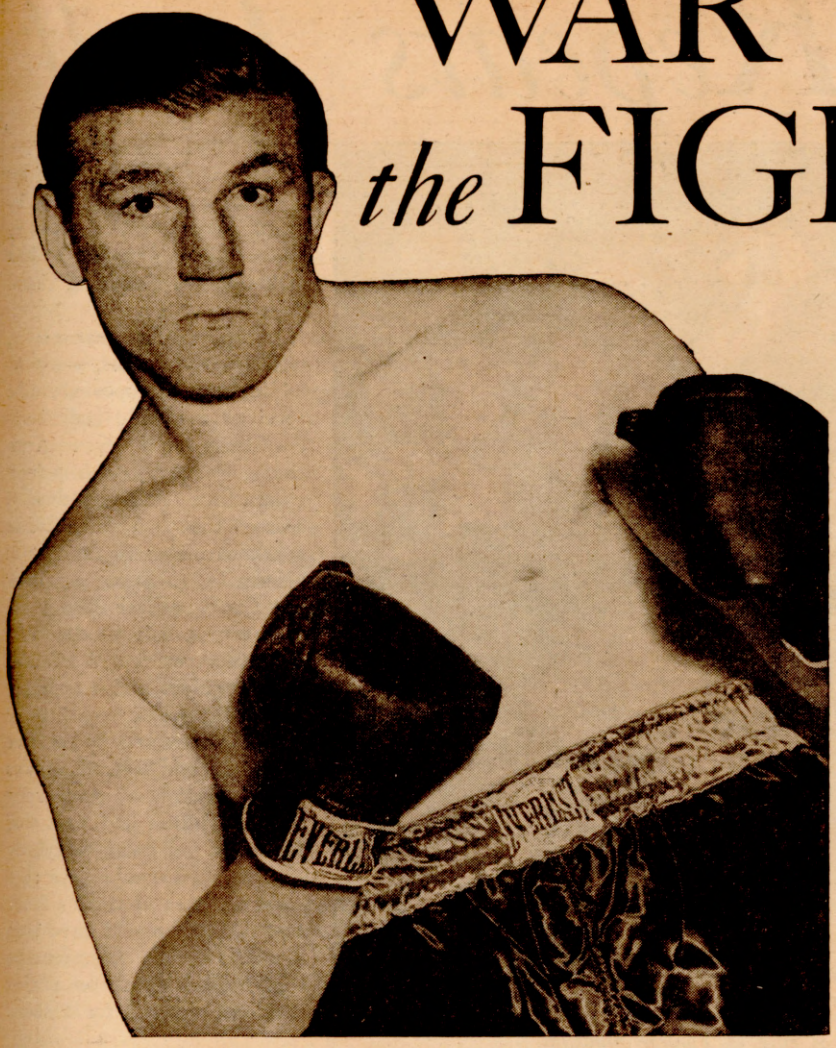
WAR CALLS *the* FIGHTERS

By NAT FLEISCHER
Editor and Publisher of THE RING



Tommy Farr, best heavyweight in British Empire, who has joined the colors in European War.

HATS off to Tommy Farr! The Welsh coal miner who became the heavyweight champion of England, and who stood off Joe Louis in a fifteen-round battle, is the first of our great ringsters to go into the war. Farr is in the air force of Brittania.

It is conceivable that Max Schmeling already is in service on the German side, and that a former world champion has been called to the colors. But no news of Max has seeped out of Germany at this writing. Many others from Germany, England and Poland are in front line trenches.

That the ringster should go to war seems natural. Boxing is warfare on a miniature scale, and the fighter of the roped arena is qualified by Nature, and by his psychology, to answer the call when his nation is in jeopardy.

Others who have been cheered in the roped square already have lost their lives on the battlefields of Europe, or have been called to the colors. THE RING, on behalf of its thousands of readers, sport loving but peace loving people, voices its sympathy to those who are wearing the uniform, and to the families of those who have fallen.

I have seen boxers of almost every nation perform, both here and abroad. I have watched them engage in ring battles before our entry on the battlefields in foreign lands and shortly after, and never have I seen a boxer from an enemy land booed or hissed because of his nationality. So long as he put forth his best in the roped square, the fans gave him a hearty cheer, as they would their own. That's all that matters in pugilism.

When the war is over, the world of sports will be thrilled again as it was in the last great conflict, with tales of heroism of lads who, prior to September 1, exhibited their fighting spirit in the roped square and not on the bloody battlefields. There will be stories of fighters whose courage was often doubted, boys who at times have shown the white feather under the blows of a fistic rival but who, when faced with the weapons of war, fought like true warriors of old. Our hats off to all these brave lads—the living and the dead.

* * *

THE war in Europe, like the great World War of 1914–1918, will make big inroads into boxing. European boxing this fall and winter will be at a standstill as will be the case in Canada where all outdoor and indoor amusements at which crowds will gather, have been called off.

Word of the indefinite postponement of the Schmeling-Neusel fight for the German heavyweight championship reached us shortly after the war news broke and word has reached these shores that both these international boxers have been called to the colors by the German war staff.

Whether they have been asked to fight or to teach physical training to the soldiers, is unknown, but the chances are that at least in the case of Schmeling, he was given a post that will keep him out of the trenches because he is of more value to the government as a teacher than he would be as a soldier.

Most of the fights scheduled for the fall in Belgium, Italy and Holland, neutral nations, have likewise been called off, as the boys of those countries, all reservists, have been called to the colors. England will suffer most. There almost every fighter of note has either volunteered or is awaiting the conscription call. Canada's best boxing talent at this writing is in the States, but all the Canadian boys have been informed that they must return home for duty.

Included in the list are such fine ringmen as Maxie Berger, junior welter; Sammy Luftspring, Canadian welter king; Dave Castilloux, featherweight and lightweight; Baby Yack, bantam; and Spider Armstrong, featherweight.

* * *

COURAGE! How often have you seen or heard that word and experienced a gulp in the throat or a chill up the spine as it brought back to you the memory of thrilling battles, both fistic and on the field of honor! It's a quality that plays a most important part in both types of warfare. A fighter can lack almost everything else, yet make headway if he doesn't lack courage.

Boxers as a class are most game and courageous, as they have so often proved in actual war and in the ring. In my seventy years of contact with fighters of all kinds, I have found but few who possessed the element of fear to such extent that as ringmen, they were worthless. Yet these same fellows, tossed on their own on the bloody battlefield, emerged with the highest honors that could be earnd by a soldier—those of a hero in action. Remember the case of Fred McKay? *(Continued on page* 39)

History Repeats Itself

BACK in 1906, two great fighters clashed at Goldfield, Nevada, for the right to wear the crown emblematic of the world lightweight championship. Joe Gans, Negro from Baltimore, Maryland, one of the cleverest boxers of all time, and Battling Nelson, the Durable Dane, were the principals, and Tex Rickard, the greatest promoter of all time, was the man who staged the affair. It was Rickard's debut as a promoter and in the forty-second round, Gans was declared the winner on a foul. Joe went into that fight as the world title-holder and so did Nelson, who the year previously had knocked out Jimmy Britt at Colma, California, in a battle that had been generally recognized as for the crown. Gans had refused to make weight for Britt and Jimmy laid claim to the championship.

Thirty-three years later, at the Yankee Stadium in New York, before a gathering of 29,088 persons who had paid $137,925.77 to see the affair, Lou Ambers of Herkimer, New York, got his name into the record books as the second lightweight to win the laurels on a foul—or fouls shall I say—even though his case differed somewhat from that of Gans. Joe won the crown while squirming on the canvas while Herkimer Lou gained his through an interpretation of the New York rules that enabled him to win five rounds on low hits by his opponent. Thus Ambers became the first lightweight king to regain the crown from the man who had shorn him of the laurels and a controversy that will continue as long as boxing is discussed, was started.

The winner and new champion. Harry Balough holds up hand of Ambers as Whitey Bimstein, Lou's trainer, escorts him to center of ring at Yankee Stadium.

"Was Ambers entitled to the decision?"

"Did Armstrong lose the title fairly?"

"Was Homicide Hank penalized because of favoritism on the part of the Boxing Commission and the referee, Arthur Donovan?"

"Was Henry given the works, as they say in the boxing world?"

"Would Ambers have won had the referee not been so strict in his interpretation of New York's foul rule?"

These and any number of additional queries were argued pro and con by the crowd that left the arena and by the millions who had listened in. Squawks, fist fights, heated disputes even at the ringside, indicated the general trend in boxing circles in regard to the verdict, yet there could be no doubt that based on the round by round scoring, taking into consideration the five round penalty, Henry Armstrong had lost the fight and the title.

* * *

REFEREE DONOVAN handed Ambers eight rounds to seven. Referee Frank Fullum, one of the judges, agreed with the score of Donovan though his rounds tally differed from that of the third man in the ring, and Bill Healey saw Ambers the winner by 11 rounds to three with one even. My score card agreed with that of Donovan's in every round, although had Donovan not taken five from Hank, my tally would have made Armstrong the winner by a score of eight rounds to six.

The 14th round, the one which according to most of the ringside experts was won by Hank, was given to Ambers by Fullum. It was by far the best round of the defending champion.

Lou in most of that session, with few exceptions, was posted against the ropes where he received a terrific body bombardment until even Armstrong was ready to drop from exhaustion. At one time it seemed that if Hank were to step away, Lou would drop in his tracks, so heavy an attack did Henry deliver. One blow, however, a left to the chin, brought Armstrong's left foot off the canvas and it appeared he would go down, but he quickly recovered to continue where he had left off. It was the contention of Armstrong that if Fullum had seen that round as did most everybody else his card would have read eight to seven in Hank's favor and the title would have been saved. But the fact remains that Fullum didn't see it that way and scored it for Ambers.

* * *

BY losing the fight, Hammering Hank dropped the first decision since he lost on a foul to Tony Chavez in St. Louis on December 3, 1936. It was a tough battle to lose, since the title went with it.

The contest was one of the most savage lightweight title tilts seen in New York in many years. There was no let up in the attack by Armstrong, whose usual aggressiveness forced his opponent into a state of weariness from trying to protect himself. But Ambers wasn't idle by any means. He fought a cagy, tricky, smart battle, one that so completely upset the champion that he missed more punches which he tossed at Ambers than in any contest I have seen him. Ambers did the best job of his career. He was a fighting demon.

True Henry did much damage in forcing the issue, but he missed often. The bout showed that Armstrong is no longer the great fighting machine of two years ago. *Just as I predicted* he has lost much of the sting of his punches. He tires more quickly and his aim is not as accurate. Either his hands have gone back on him, as was reported during the training siege, or the terrific pace at which he has been fighting has taken its toll.

The Henry Armstrong who lost his crown to Ambers was not the fighting lad who was compared to Joe Walcott and George Dixon when he beat Barney Ross and Ambers to win the welter and lightweight championships. Like all gladiators who fight in the style used by Henry, the man who held three crowns a year ago, has lost much of his energy. Tearing in haphazardly, without the semblance of cleverness at his command to ward off the punches tossed his way by his adversaries, has left its mark on Armstrong just as it did on Young Corbett, Battling Nelson, Ad Wolgast and others of the school to which Homicide Hank belongs. A fighter cannot carry on that way indefinitely. Sooner or later, the pace and the blows he absorbs leave their mark, just as they are doing to Homicide Hank.

Henry Armstrong Loses Lightweight Championship on Fouls As Did Battling Nelson When He Lost to Joe Gans—Homicide Hank Falls Short by a Hairline of Overcoming Five Rounds Handicap With a Terrific Finish

By
NAT FLEISCHER

THE contest was a savage affair in which, despite lack of knockdowns, other than the slip of Ambers, was featured by many thrills. It was a bout that kept the crowd in a state of excitement throughout, because of the uphill battle of the tireless little bit of fighting machinery from California, who with the odds stacked against him, fought more desperately as the rounds went by. He realized, as did every one in the vast arena, that only a knockout could win for him following the penalties he had incurred and desperately he waged a battle that endeared him to the hearts of his admirers.

They come like Armstrong only once in a lifetime and true lovers of boxing are always ready to show their appreciation for a game gladiator like Henry. That's why they stood and cheered him as he left the ring, and that's why so many arguments were waged as the matter of superiority following the rendering of the decision. Henry and Lou each have an army of followers and it's a cinch to say that though Armstrong dropped his crown, you won't be able to convince Hank's supporters that he isn't Ambers' master. Likewise you can't convince Lou's followers that he is not the best lightweight in the world.

* * *

IT was the first fight in the history of New York under Commission rule in which the foul rule was applied with such stringency. I am a stickler for rules. I believe that rules were made to be obeyed, but I also believe that there is such a thing as being too strict.

As some of the pictures in the movies and the stills show, several punches for which Henry lost a round, were just a little below the belt line, this being the case particularly in the seventh round when Donovan didn't even warn Armstrong after its delivery but ordered the officials to penalize him once the round was over. It seemed that in that one case at least, Donovan erred.

Had Donovan ignored that belt line punch in the seventh which he should have done, and had Fullum seen the 14th as Armstrong and Mead think he should have, then Armstrong would have wound up the winner by a two to one tally, eight rounds to seven.

The no-foul rule that was placed on the books in New York when Jim Farley decided to save the sport, has been a great factor in booming boxing world wide. It should be kept on the books, because it has been repeatedly proven that with the Taylor Non-Foul Cup in use by every boxer of note, it is difficult to incapacitate an opponent.

But the non-foul rule and the use of the famous Taylor Cup which every boxer should possess, will not save boxing from scandal mongers if too close an interpretation of rules is made. There must be a little leeway. Sane judgment is the best rule, and in the fight between Armstrong and Ambers, it cannot be said truthfully that such judgment was exercised. At least I don't think so, even though I am a great admirer of Arthur Donovan and believe he is the best of all eastern referees.

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THE dissension that rent the air following the official verdict was ample proof that the fans were not satisfied that the champion had really lost. Even the scribes were divided on that point, 13 newspaper writers had given the verdict as did the three officials and I, in favor of Ambers, and 13 favoring Armstrong. Thus Ambers, so far as the writers were concerned, won the title by one vote—that of THE RING Editor, the decided one. The squawks likewise, were divided with the cheering for the new champion, a popular boy in New York state.

Making the weight of 135 pounds had its disadvantages for the loser. Though his mentor, Eddie Mead, insisted that the stories from camp about Henry's troubles were given out as publicity stunts, the fact remains that when Hank went down to the Boxing Commission for the weighing-in ceremonies, he had to sweat to rid himself of more than a pound. He showed the strain when he awaited the gong and he proved that he had weakened himself by weight-making soon after the battle got under way by exhibiting a tired feeling after half a dozen rounds had been fought. He overcame that as the fight progressed only because he realized that he had to give his all to win after so many penalties had been assessed by Donovan.

* * *

TALK about Ambers having won two titles, the lightweight and welter crowns despite the agreement to fight for one, is nonsense. If the boys had been fighting for the welter crown and Ambers had scaled within the lightweight limit as he did in their last encounter, and had been returned the winner, then there could be no doubt about both crowns belonging to Lou regardless of agreements.

But in view of the fact that to fight for the lightweight title Armstrong was penalized and forced to make a weight far below the welter limit, he cannot be deprived of his welterweight crown. Common sense rules that case.

The extra poundage which Hank had to shed to meet the requirements of a lightweight championship bout, would have made quite a difference in the result had Armstrong kept it. When a fighter in a higher division is compelled to get down to the limit of the lower class in a title fight, only the crown in the lower division is at stake, but when the reverse is the case, both championships are at stake.

* * *

THE backwash of the decision awarding the title to Lou started as soon as the dressing room was reached by the loser. His manager charged that certain boxing officials deliberately rooted at the ringside for Ambers and that Referee Donovan went out of his way to aid the Herkimer Hurricane. He even charged that a big betting coup had been manipulated but his charges went for naught when he couldn't produce proof.

Mead and Armstrong both also complained that Ambers was permitted to thumb Henry and that thumbing was the cause of the plight in which Armstrong found himself when he couldn't see out of one eye and had a cut over the other. They wanted to know why Hank was dealt with so harshly yet not even a warning was given to Ambers. As for me, I confess that I didn't see any gouging nor any thumbing. Perhaps I was not in a position to note that.

Armstrong went into the ring favored in the betting, nine to five, but at the end of the 12th round, Ambers, because of the rounds he had gained through Donovan's decision, was an odds-on-favorite.

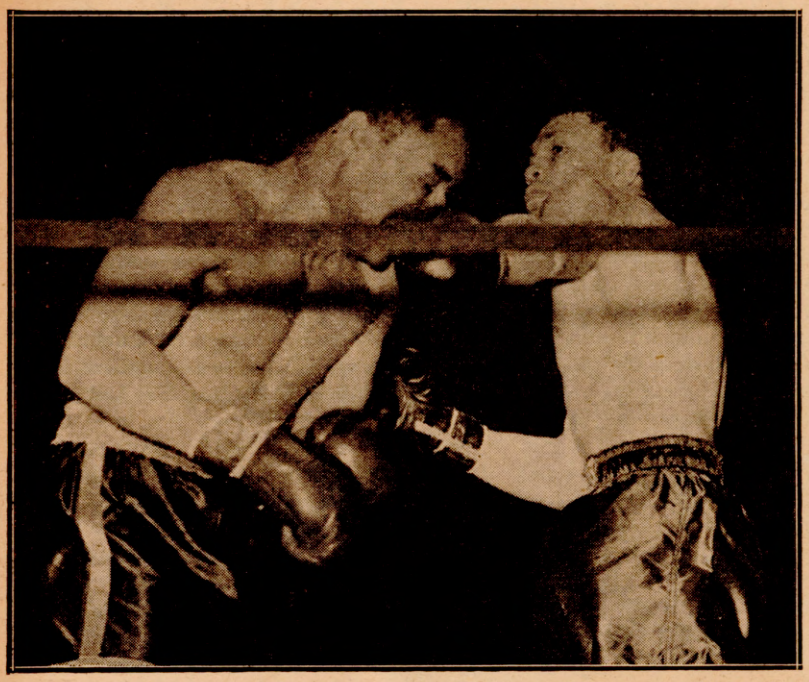
As soon as the gong unleashed the boys, they tore into each other, head on and fought like two gamecocks. I gave the first round to Ambers who landed the cleaner and more telling punches. The second I also would have given to Ambers even without the referee's aid because of the hard lefts and rights with which he connected to Henry's head.

Ambers made it three straight with me when he took the third by a fair margin by offsetting the rushes of his opponent with hard shots that landed with accuracy. Henry, bobbing and weaving as he usually does, missed frequently. His blows lacked the steam of previous fights.

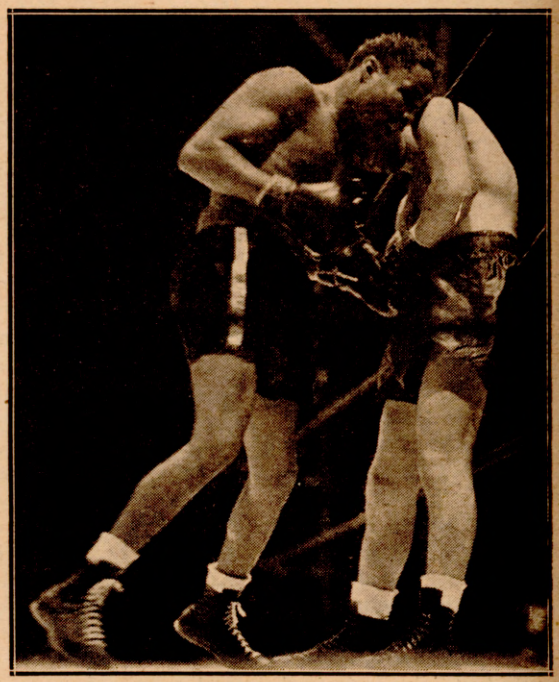
* * *

THE fourth found Henry back in his home yard again. He tore into his man and relentlessly kept up a bitter attack with scarcely a let up. He drove Lou half way across the ring with a powerful right to the jaw *(Continued on page 42)*

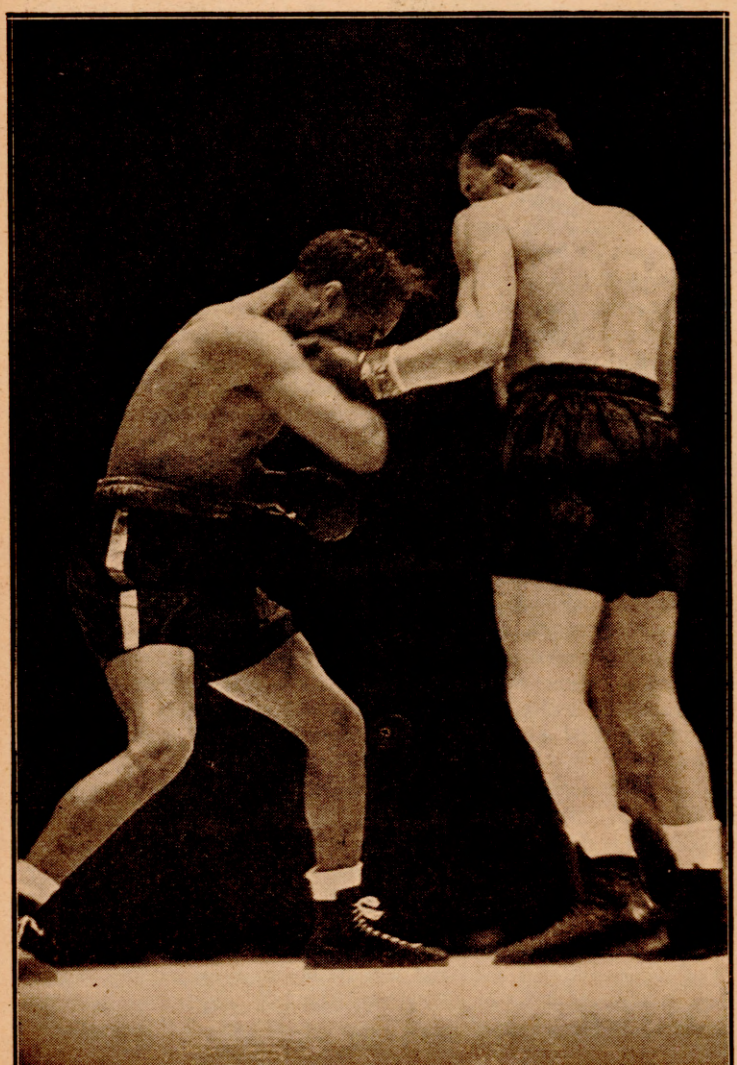
As Lightweight Championship Changed



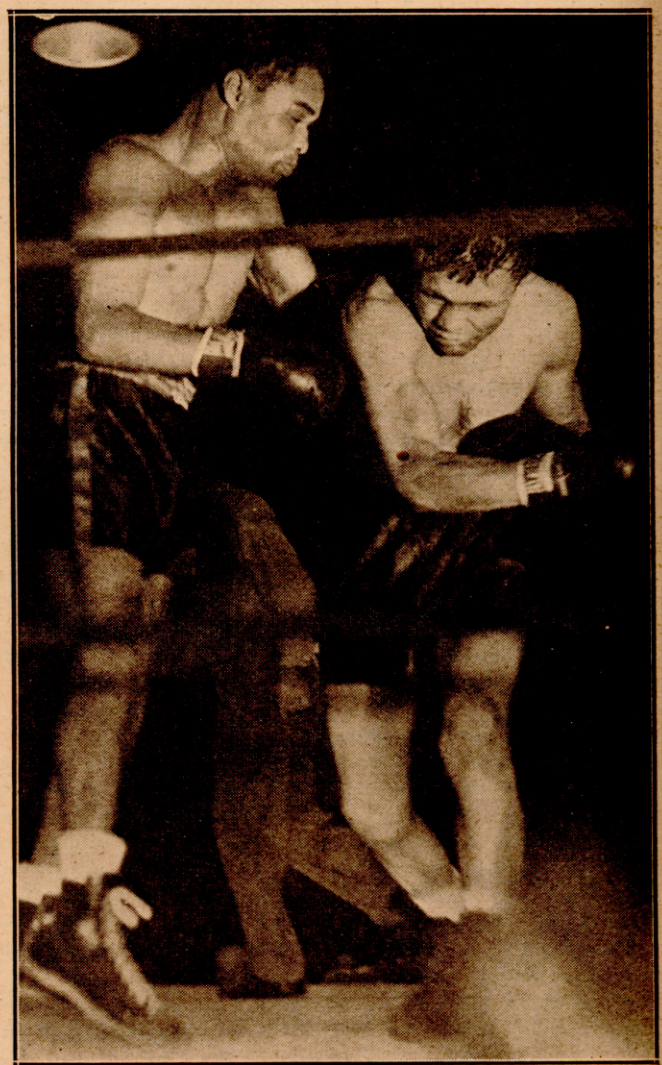
Ambers smashes a left hook to the mouth. It was this type of blow that frequently knocked the protector from Hank's mouth.



At close quarters. Ambers tries to protect his body and tosses down Henry's punches. This photo illustrates the point brought out by Hank's manager in claiming that several low hits were made so by Lou's type of defense.

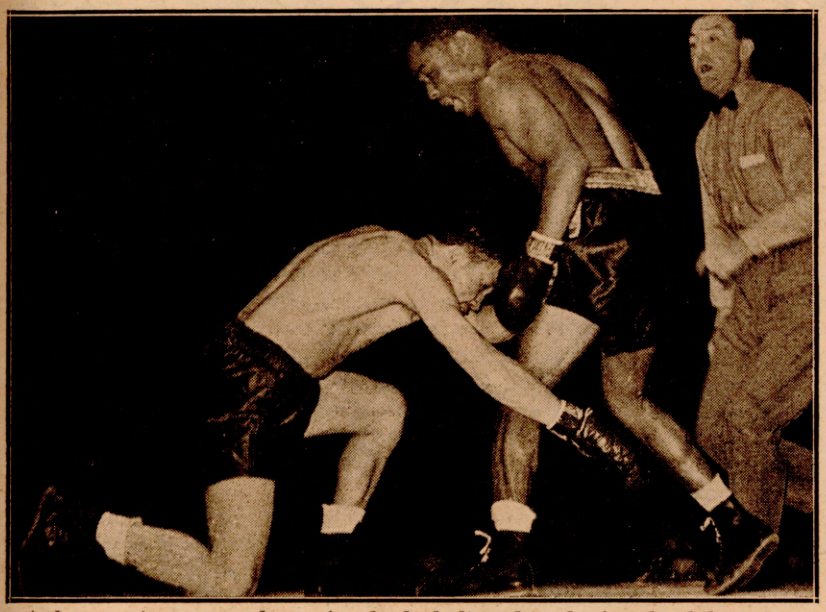


Ambers hooks left with force to the chin in the eleventh round.

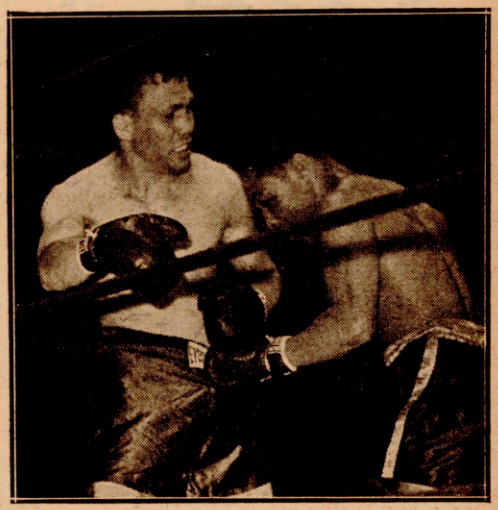


Ambers spun around by a right to the chin in fourteenth.

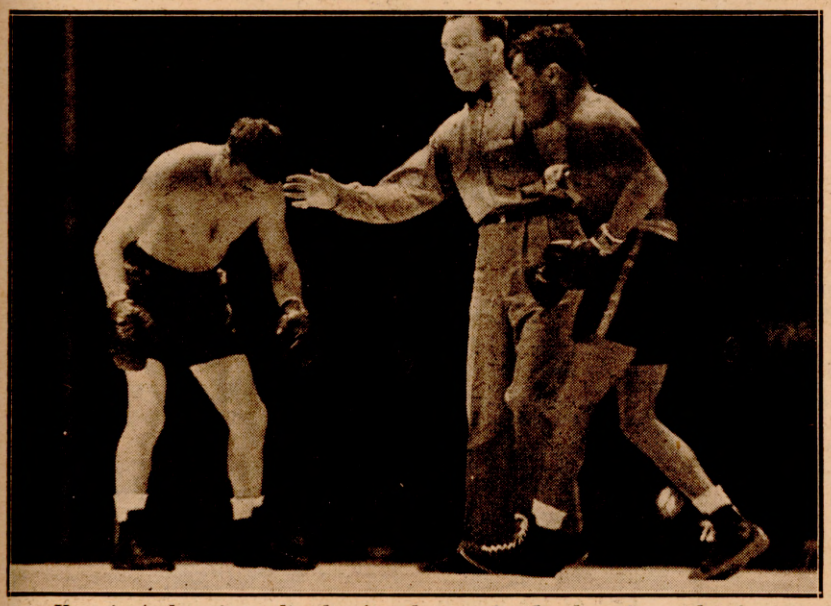
Hands at New York's Yankee Stadium



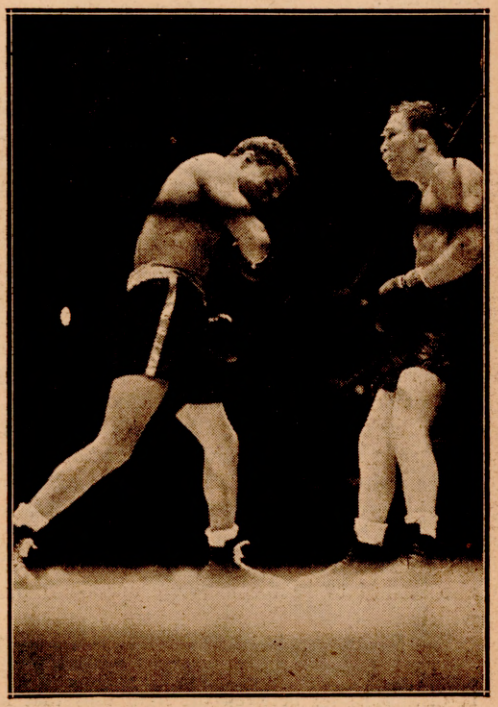
Ambers resting on one knee after he had slipped in the fourth while trying to back away from a body attack.



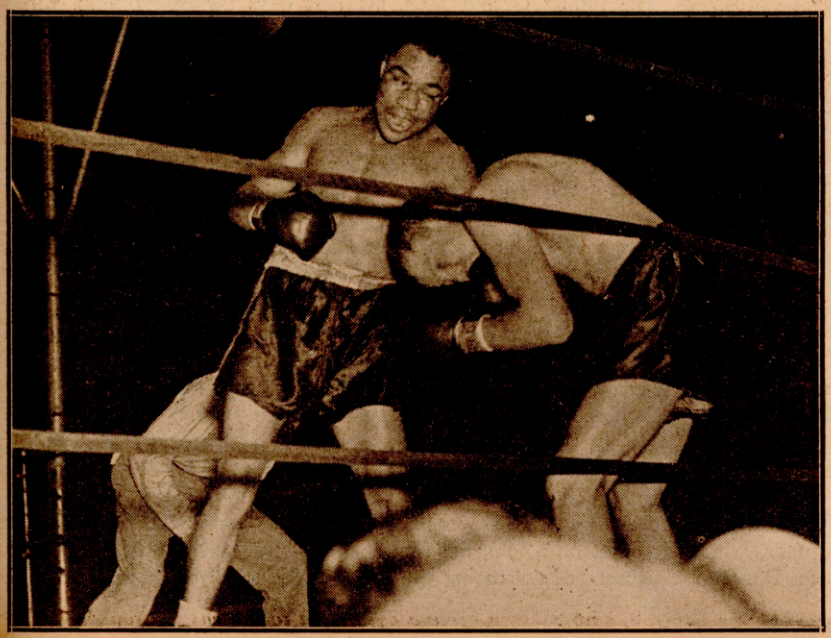
The seventh round blow that cost Henry a round. Note how the punch lands on the waist line, and ordinarily would have drawn only a warning. But in this bout, Referee Donovan took away the round and that cost Henry the fight.



Here is Ambers immediately after the warning by the referee, showing signs of distress.



This was a frequent position for Ambers from the twelfth through the fifteenth round. He rested against the ropes while Hank smothered him with body blows.



Part of the attack in the final round. Note Henry's features. He gave Ambers no rest in the last four rounds. Realizing that he had to score a knockout to win the bout and retain his title, Armstrong fought viciously in the final session. It was a great battle despite the fouls.

THE "*Foul*" PROBLEM

By TED CARROLL

BELOW the belt blows have been the bane of the boxing game ever since the late Marquis of Queensberry laid out the code of conduct for the leather-fisted gentry long, long ago. Like the proverbial bad penny, the foul problem continues to pop up from time to time, causing periodical disturbances in the ring game.

Some years ago the New York Boxing Commission, bedevilled by an epidemic of foul endings in important contests, which always left the public holding the bag, finally made the drastic announcement that henceforth, as far as winning a bout was concerned, fouls simply didn't exist.

The Commission declared that a boxer committing a foul lost the round, but the fouled one could not win the contest, regardless of the force of the blow. The Commission was practically forced to take this seemingly inconsistent step because of the common practice in those days of lightly tapped boxers dropping to the canvas, and claiming victory, if the blow landed at any point below the belt line.

Illogical as this rule seems, it served its purpose admirably, as the foul claiming fighter soon passed from the picture and the public was afforded protection from phoney fight finishes. The Commission put teeth in the rule by slapping suspensions on any pugilists who showed a tendency to let their punches stray too frequently.

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NATURALLY the practicability of such a rule is greatly dependent upon the judgment of the referee. Most New York referees bearing in mind the almost bombproof harness that modern fighters wear, the Taylor Foulproof Cup, hesitate to deprive erring scrappers of a round, if the punch lacks power or appears to be unintentional. Furthermore, fast thinking and competent referees, unable to award a contest to a badly fouled fighter, have adopted the practice of halting proceedings, for a time until the injured one is able to resume hostilities.

Up to the recent Ambers-Armstrong embroglio, the foul problem, barring a few minor occurrences, had almost passed from pugilism's scene. But in the recent lightweight championship battle, like a rabbit out of a magician's hat, it popped up again to confuse and confound fighters, fans, and officials.

The question agitating all parties concerned with the boxing game right now is just how hard and how low should a punch be to cause the offending fighter the loss of a round? Most of the out-of-bounds blows that cost Armstrong five rounds and the loss of his title did not seem to be of sufficient force as to call for such a penalty. This represents not only THE RING'S opinion, but it also seemed to be the majority opinion of both ringsiders and writers.

The usually capable Arthur Donovan seemed to be taking the rules too literally regarding low blows and used little discretion in distinguishing between the light taps that landed on Ambers' waist line and an honest to goodness low punch. Under such an interpretation of the rules, the great Dempsey would have had to score a knockout every time out to win for scarcely a round went by, that the old Mauler did not land a blow on his opponent's waist line.

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ARMSTRONG'S style being what it is, the rapid-firing Henry tosses so many punches that he naturally finds trouble controling their direction. It has been noticed, however, that his hardest wallops are seldom off the mark, but usually direct hits to jaw or body. Another fact that caused much comment following Donovan's decision, was Henry's ability to satisfy the English judges and fans as to the legitimacy of his blows.

If the English, most foul conscious of all fight fans, put the okay on Armstrong, the opinion prevails that Donovan proved too severe on the little ex-double champion.

As to the fight itself and the decision, Donovan and Judge Frank Fullum's cards showed each gave Armstrong six rounds, while crediting Ambers with all of the five rounds which Donovan awarded him because of Henry's supposedly low blows. As Armstrong clearly won at least two of these rounds, the effect of the foul decisions on the result is obvious.

As previously stated, foul controversies were once as much a part of the ring game as the referee. A world heavyweight championship was won on a foul, when Herr Max Schmeling, never one to waste any time in lodging a foul claim, squatted on the canvas, while shouting Joe Jacobs bawled him into the title, and a tremendous crowd that had coughed up $750,000 took a worse trimming than any fighter ever did.

All this happened back in 1930 and had a great deal to do with the New York Commission's adopting the present no-foul rule. Jack Sharkey was the offending party on that occasion, which brings to mind the undisputed fact that the unpredictable and flighty fellow from Boston figured in more foul fiascos than any boxer in history.

Sharkey was all too frequently on either end of a foul mixup, either as victim or perpetrator of the deed. He blew what looked like certain victory that June evening against Schmeling when his left hook strayed out of bounds.

Three years previously, he had dropped his hands after receiving a doubtful Dempsey punch, yelled for the referee, and then was flattened by a left hook to his unprotected jaw. The foul controversy over that Dempsey-Sharkey ending raged for months.

Prior to that time he had been in fights involving foul claims, with Jim Maloney, Bud Gorman and Harry Wills. In two of these scrambles Sharkey had claimed foul and been declared winner.

In the case of Wills the referee beat Jack to it by disqualifying the old Panther turned tabby-cat. That was back in 1926.

His kayo of Phil Scott in 1930 ended in the third stanza with Phillip on the floor bleating "Foul." Yes, there is little doubt that any fighter in history was ever tangled up in as many foul endings as the Gabby Gob.

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One of the loudest and longest squawks of foul came from Georges Carpentier, following his bout with Gene Tunney in 1924. The fading Orchid Man, his best days far behind him, wilted after 15 rounds of Tunney's methodical pounding slumped to the canvas and Jack Curley displayed his battered cup to all who cared to see for months afterwards.

One of the most famous of the invisible fouls occurred in the Delaney-Paolino battle back in 1927. After six futile rounds against the French Canadian's wizardry the iron man from the rugged Pyrenees started to come on in the seventh, and before anyone knew what had happened, Delaney was limping to his corner victor on a foul no one has ever seen.

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ONE of the bitterest of ring rivalries developed into a veritable fouling feud some years ago, when George Courtney and K. O. Phil Kaplan, good middles of the time, split a couple of foul decisions back in 1927. This pair whose dislike of each other bordered on genuine hatred, carried their personal feelings to such lengths that both their meetings ended in claims of foul. The first time K. O. Phil was declared winner on a low punch and the second time Courtney won by the same means.

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was cautioned time and again in both Tunney fights to keep his blows up. This was the case throughout Dempsey's career. Jack a hard bitten warrior believed in asking no quarter and giving none. He never dreamed of claiming foul himself, and believed an occasional out of bounds blow was all part of the business.

It begins to look as though the foul problem, apparently consigned to oblivion, is once again alive and kicking. As long as the power to deprive a boxer of a round for a low blow rests with the referee alone, it appears that the final solution of this age-old puzzle depends upon the judgment and discretion of the arbiter.

Those Fighting Conns

WHAT about this man Billy Conn from Pittsburgh? Is he going to grow into the contention for the heavyweight title, or is it Dame Nature's plan to stop laying weight on the mauler from the Iron City? This question is one which all close students of the fight game are quite concerned about, as they see in Conn's style and aggressiveness a forecast of trouble for the bigger men. If—Billy can make himself grow.

In the history of boxing we have had geniuses who could battle heavyweights without being heavyweights themselves. Bob Fitzsimmons was one of these all-time wonders. You know that Ruby Robert was middleweight champion when he was scrapping much bigger men.

Georges Carpentier, the Orchid Man of Paris, was another fighter who could give away weight. So was the great Sam Langford, and Stanley Ketchel. When Georges fought Jack Dempsey in Jersey City he did not weigh 170 pounds. You may recollect that so fearful was Jack Curley of expert derision of the match because of Carpentier's lack of weight that he kept the Frenchman in seclusion, "working on a new style of attack."

Joe Walcott, the Little Giant from Barbados, was still another small man who could bring the big ones down to his own size. Walcott never asked favors of the scales. He would fight them all.

However, in these times men who can laugh at the scales are at a premium. Henry Armstrong for a time was one of these. But even he could not stand the gaff and finally broke in his recent fight with Ambers.

As he stands today, Conn is not big enough and not a hard enough puncher to have it out with the ranking heavyweights.

If Conn were to pick up fifteen pounds, his punch would improve. There would be so much more heft behind it. If Billy fails to get that added weight, what are his destinies outside of the light-heavyweight division?

* * *

THERE are some wise men of the ring who see in Billy's younger brother, Jackie, who is only just past seventeen, a finer potentiality in the ring. However, at this time that assay of Jack's abilities is founded mainly on hints, and not on thoroughly reliable evidence.

There are experts who tell me that within two years Jackie will be able to beat Billy, and that in the Conn family of Pittsburgh the real man to watch for the future is this breezy, fun-loving tough lad, Jackie.

The brothers Conn always are bickering. Not because they do not love each other as brothers should, but basically they are aggressiveness itself—battlers from the word go.

Not so long back the brothers came to New York for the Garden card in which Billy whipped Melio Bettina for the light-heavy title.

The brothers were in a taxi, going to their hotel. Billy snapped, "Why don't you have your hair cut? Cut it, or buy a fiddle."

Jackie showed no intention of taking even that kindly hint from Billy. Fact was, Jackie certainly needed a haircut. But he barked right back, "Suppose, for a change, you just mind your own business, even about haircuts!"

Jackie certainly is a breezy boy. Harry Keck, Pittsburgh sports editor, asked the middleweight member of the duo if he would have gone into boxing had brother Billy taken up, let us say, fiddle playing.

"Sure, I started out with Bill. I didn't wait for him to get to be a fighter," chuckled Jackie.

* * *

BILLY got right sore over this remark. "What was that, punk?" shouted Billy, according to Keck.

"Why, I am close to twenty-two, five years older than you. When I began to fight you were sucking lollypops. Where do you get that 'we started together' stuff?"

Jackie wasn't stopped. "Well, almost together. Anyway, all the guys who know anything about fighting say that I am better now than you were at seventeen. Give me a few years and I'll take you on—and beat you."

Billy was furious. "Beat me, eh? Listen, punk—you never will see the day."

Jackie laughed, "Okeh, Chump, give me a few years and I will take you, just the same."

It looked like a brawl, but Keck and Johnny Ray, their manager, smoothed things out. They landed at their hotel and the more placid Jackie took a nap. There he lay with his mouth wide open. Billy got a glass of cold water and poured it, bit by bit, down the Jackie gullet. Jackie aroused himself and hostilities were on again.

"Let them get off steam," laughed Ray. Remember—all this happened only a few hours before their appearances in the Garden ring—before Billy's triumph over Bettina.

The two Conn boys are loaded with fighting spirit, and they've got to get rid of some of it out of the ring—and at the expense of each other.

* * *

THE Conn family is Irish. It lives on Aurelia Street in the East Liberty section of Pittsburgh. There is Mom, who was Margaret McFarland and who came from Ireland. There is William R., the father, who is under forty-two himself and sometimes gets the idea he still is young enough to indulge in horse play with his three sons. In addition to Billy and Jackie, there is the 20-year-old Frank, who drives a motor truck and has no fistic ambitions.

To complete the family circle of seven, there are two girls—Mary Jane, who is eighteen, and Cissy or Peggy Ann, who is nine.

Pop Conn works for the Westinghouse Company, on the night shift. The boys are doing well in the ring, but the boys are the boys and Pop has a family to support. Besides, he isn't forty-two yet and certainly is not ready to give any thought to resting on his laurels.

Mrs. Conn is a happy-go-lucky cheerful soul, truly Celtic. She is the peace-maker of the family on Aurelia Street.

"They all get up early and they like their eats," Mom related recently. "When they are getting ready for a fight, Billy and Jackie go out for road work. They nearly always start an argument and when they get back, be it in the living room or the kitchen, it's a fight. Well, that's where Mom comes in.

"Pop soon comes in from work and joins in the fun, and pretty soon he finds out that he is nearly twice as old as Billy, and doesn't belong in that scramble. Sometimes I have to find my broom and get into the melee myself.

"Well, you can't get along with them and you can't get along without them, and I suppose if they were quiet and peaceful, I'd miss those scraps. They're harmless—but don't tell the boys."

* * *

BILLY is old enough to know that in order to be a champion a fighter must keep in shape all the time, even when he has no action in prospect.

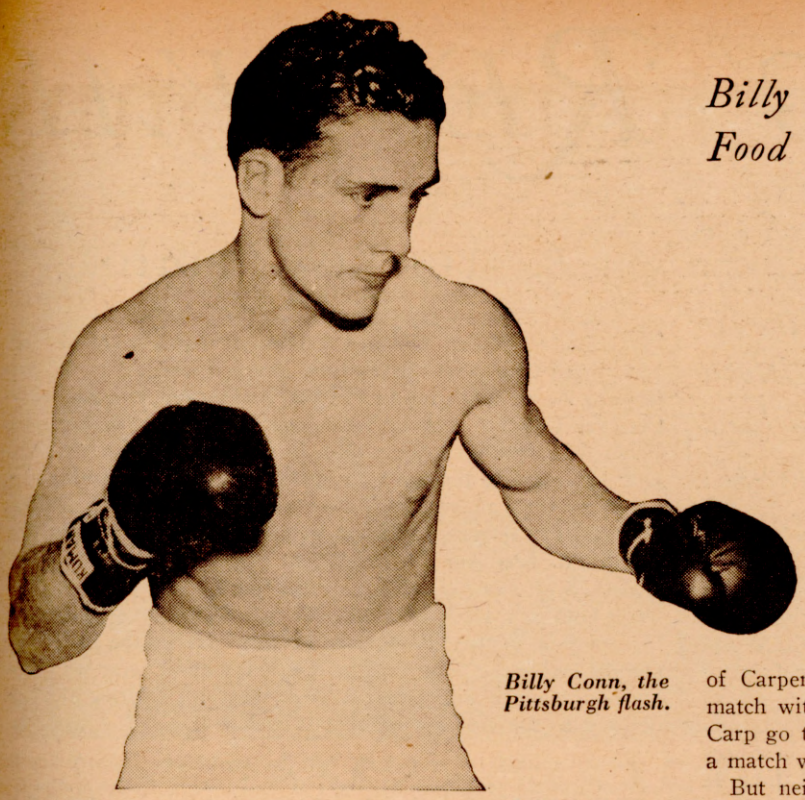
But Jackie is at the pie and pop age. Seventeen. Making some money and not any too calculating about eats.

Billy keeps warning Jackie about pie and candy, but Jackie only laughs. "Okeh, I'll make those things come out of your ears," warns Billy.

When they have a workout, they pay no attention to the fact that they are brothers. Billy does not take it easy. In fact, if anything, he bears down on Jackie.

However, when others are concerned, it is Billy and Jackie against the world. And don't forget Frank. He is not fistic professionally, but they say he can handle himself, if the occasion rises.

There is in this home atmosphere of the fighting Conns something that is different. In this fertile soil grows wholesome physical development. In this atmosphere there is a moral guidance which does not offer itself to some of those growing up in the



Billy Conn, the Pittsburgh flash.

Billy and Jackie Give Fistic Experts Food For Thought — Picture of the Pittsburgh Family Circle.

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

fight business. A business which has its lures and temptations.

As the Fighting Conns grow, they have before them a most alluring and intriguing world—a world full of money, a grand arena loaded with plaudits.

Jackie is too new at the business to come in for any too critical inspection, as yet. But Conn has got somewhere, and men wonder how much farther he will progress. How much more important he will become.

* * *

SUGGESTIONS have been made to Billy Conn and Ray to take the young man out of the ring for six months after the winter campaign, and let him live in the woods.

The family circle in Pittsburgh may be ideal. But what Billy needs is more weight, and a more rigid regimen. He could get this by living in the open, with a Spartan life, and Spartan diet.

He needs early to bed and early to rise; chopping wood; walking in the woods. Many a man has developed himself into a real fighter with that sort of program. One of them who comes to mind was Jack Delaney.

Billy Conn cannot make himself a truly great fighter in the all-time ranking unless he develops a better punch.

He keeps moving and has a good style, on which something important could be built. He has had some success, but he hasn't begun to capitalize on his abilities.

In the meantime all Pittsburgh, home of so many other grand fighters, is rooting for Billy to put on some pounds and go after the heavyweight championship.

Harry Greb came out of Pittsburgh, and did much to build the fight game there. The Zivics came out of the Iron City. In other sports, Pittsburgh has gained the top. A world championship in baseball; Honus Wagner, the greatest infielder of all time; those great University of Pittsburgh football teams.

But never has Pittsburgh boasted a great heavyweight. Dom McCaffrey, who fought John L. Sullivan, was perhaps the best of the old-time heavies in the one-time Smoky City. Pittsburgh, home of great middleweights, now craves a marvel heavy. And it seems to be up to Billy Conn—and Dame Nature.

* * *

GREB was known as the "Windmill" because of his tireless energy and persistent aggressiveness in every round. His system was to get in close to an opponent and shower him with short arm punches to face and jaw until the recipient became weary and backed away. This was the signal for renewed pugnacity on Greb's part, who never seemed to tire.

Greb fought the best men in all classes from lightweight up to heavy, and it was no secret that he longed to enter the ring with one heavyweight champion, Jack Dempsey, and that he begged for a contest with Carpentier, at that time the heavyweight champion of Europe. Greb visited the training camp of Carpentier in Jersey while the latter was preparing for his match with Dempsey in 1921, and the Windmill, after watching Carp go through his paces, remarked: "Gee, I would like to get a match with that fellow."

But neither Dempsey nor Carpentier wanted anything to do with Greb. Dempsey declared Greb was too small and Carpentier merely declined the challenge.

As a matter of fact, several heavies who took Greb on under the impression that he was a little chap had reason to regret the experiment. Gunboat Smith was one of the regretful cluster, he being put to sleep in the first round by the youthful Greb.

The Windmill put his peculiar style of milling on view originally in 1913, and he met disaster in one of the first contests in which he engaged. His opponent was Kid Graves, a rather clever welter, and Greb was hors du combat in the second round. But not from Graves' blows. Greb made a vicious swing at Graves, his fist landing on the head in such a manner as to break the striker's arm. After the arm was thoroughly knitted, Greb got busy and seemed to be fighting about twice a week. In 1916 he performed a unique feat. He engaged in the ring with four boxers, each of whom carried the prefix of "Knockout" to his name. The bouts were all decisionless and each went the limit with the advantage to Greb. The first victim was "Knockout" Baker, six rounds; the second was "Knockout" Sweeney, the middleweight, six rounds; "Knockout" Brennan, a heavyweight, weighing close to 200 pounds and standing 6 feet, 1 inch, ten rounds; and "Knockout" Brown, a middleweight, in six rounds. Not one of the quartet of knockout experts even hit Greb hard enough to make him blink.

* * *

FOR many years Greb fought with one blind eye. During that period his greatest ring feats were recorded. His most thrilling battle, that with Mickey Walker, was fought when Greb was so handicapped.

Greb turned in superior performances in 1918, when he shaded Soldier Bartfield twice, Gunboat Smith once, Jack Dillon, a noted light-heavy, once, Battling Levinsky once and Mike McTigue once.

In 1919 Greb shaded Bill Brennan, heavy, twice, and Bartley Madden once.

In 1920 Greb knocked out Gunboat Smith in the first round. In 1922 Greb met Tunney for the first time, and got the decision on points at the end of 15 rounds. And in 1923, he outpointed Tommy Loughran in 15 rounds.

But Tunney, who had more boxing skill than most of the other light-heavyweights, and had improved considerably, outpointed Greb on February 23, 1923, in a bout for the light-heavyweight championship.

In 1926, shortly before his death, Greb lost the middleweight title to Tiger Flowers, February 23, being the date and New York the place. On August 19, 1926, Greb gave Flowers a return match and was again beaten.

BOXING REVIVAL

New Orleans, Years Ago, One of the Four Big Centers of Pugilism in America, Returns to Big-time Circuit —Old Timers Work With New Blood to Instill Interest in Sport — Lew Raymond, the Travelling Promoter, Makes Good With a Bang.

By "THE RING" EDITOR

NEW ORLEANS, which at one time was the fistic center of boxing in America, is experiencing a revival such as few cities have enjoyed since the World War. The scene of many of the world's most famous ring battles in the good old days, among them, the greatest fistic carnival ever staged, a three nights carnival in which Billy Myers lost to Jack McAuliffe in fifteen rounds; George Dixon knocked out Jack Skelly and John L. Sullivan lost his heavyweight crown to Jim Corbett, New Orleans is coming back with a bang to take its place in the pugilistic firmament.

When Deaf Burke, the English champion, battered Simon Burke, the Irish hero, to smithereens and stretched him unconscious and dying on the soggy turf of St. Albans, England, a blood feud was started which reached across the Atlantic and saw its final chapter written in fierce blows and riotous scenes on the oak-lined banks of Bayou St. John, on the outskirts of romantic New Orleans. Poor Byrne, as the history of boxing informs us, died four days after the beating he received from Burke, and the fight, although thousands of miles from America, had its sequel in New Orleans back in 1837, in a battle that was the means of bringing to the great Southern city, afterward so famous in the history of the Prize Ring, the first recognized champion of a foreign country.

Today that same city, dormant for many years as a fight center, is again taking the spotlight in the South, just as is New York in the North. A keen interest in fisticuffs, brought about by new faces in boxing, new faces in management and a lively boxing commission that cooperates one hundred per cent with its promoters, is rapidly making the Crescent City near the mouth of the Mississippi, the mecca for America's best fighting talent.

* * *

IN my many travels around the country, I have noticed with deep regret the passing of many small clubs, some of them a quarter of a century or more old, due to the inability of promoters to meet current conditions. Some have gone to the wall because of financial embarrassment and others because of their inability to obtain first class fighters because of the monopolistic trend.

New Orleans, thanks to several public spirited citizens, has gotten back on the map. The monopoly of Mike Jacobs, so far as champions is concerned, isn't bothering the Crescent City.

With 100 persons each contributing $100, the spacious, well-ventilated, air-cooled Auditorium is now in a position to enlist the services of high class talent in the smaller classes, and with well paired boys, matched by the incomparable Lew Raymond, the fans are receiving such high class bouts that there is no difficulty in filling the vast arena at almost every show.

It is back to the old saying—give the fans good fights between lads who are well matched, and they will patronize the show. That's exactly what Lew Raymond is giving to the Auditorium B. A. of New Orleans and the Crescent City fans are giving him and the club's management, with Irwin Poche, the president, its whole-hearted support.

To Irwin Poche, Harvard graduate, manager of the air-conditioned Municipal Auditorium, physical director of the New Orleans A. C., and president of the Auditorium, the fans of the Crescent City are looking for a continuation of the interesting shows that have been given them in the last three months. With Lew Raymond as his chief air, Poche is doing an excellent job. Leading fight managers and boxers, hearing of the fine treatment accorded the visitors, are flocking to New Orleans to offer their services to Lew and Poche.

Backed by a fine commission consisting of Lenny Elmer, Dominick Foto and Herb O. Frederick, the fight game receives the kind of support that means success. Each knows the game thoroughly because of years of association with it, and with their business acumen and sound advice, they are offering the kind of help to the Auditorium that is welcome.

* * *

RECENTLY I had the pleasure of refereeing the Rodak-Camarata bout in the Crescent City, a contest that was full of action and which grossed $7000. The bout was a fast and furious one, but unfortunately was marred by some fouling, accidental, of course, but dangerous nevertheless, for which the offender, Leo Rodak, was penalized by me. Except for those penalties, he would have won the fight and all hands would have been satisfied, but when the decision was announced, with Red Dolan's scorecard showing 57 points to 43 for Camarata; Judge Lascola's 52 to 48, and mine, 53 to 47, the fans raised the roof in their protest. So far as they were concerned, Rodak had won and they were out to show their disapproval at the verdict.

Fight fans throughout the world are alike. No matter where one travels, he will find that when a fight is close, as was the Rodak Camarata mill, with only a shade in favor of Leo had he not been penalized five points by me for the use of the head and the back hand, pandemonium will reign, as it did that night in New Orleans. In New Orleans, in particular, the rules are more vague than in any other city in which I have appeared. Fouls are not recognized. Thus a fighter can hit low and yet not suffer a penalty, the only stipulation being that the referee may give the victim a rest period and then resume the battle.

It is the vagueness on fouls, whether they be low hits, flipping of gloves, back hand hitting, gouging or any other form, that makes it difficult for an official to judge the fight in a manner that will please all hands. I believe, as does Abe Greene, Boxing Commissioner of New Jersey, that the rules of boxing should be as uniform as is possible in all states, especially as regards fouls of all kinds, so that once and for all time we can judge a contest on a uniform basis.

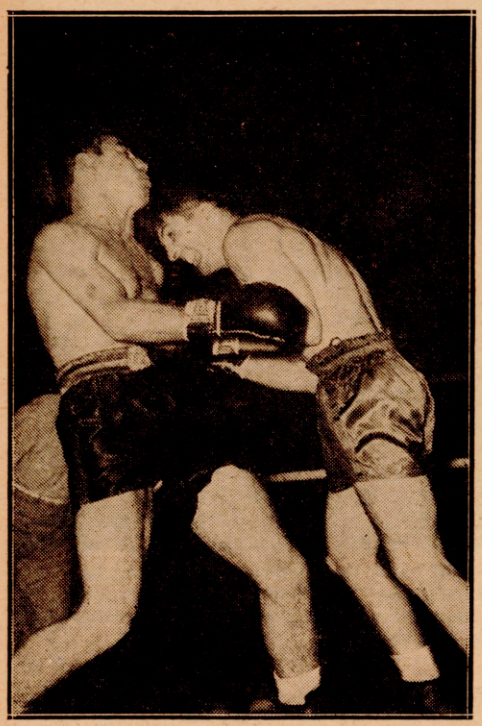
* * *

IN my post as third man in the New Orleans ring, I had instructed all hands that I would not tolerate fouls of any kind and that I would use my own judgment as to what penalty to mete out. This was agreeable to all concerned, including the Boxing Commission, and I acted accordingly. Six times I had warned Rodak for butting and back hand hitting and once for thumbing, yet I penalized him only twice, once taking three points from his total for the infringement of the rules after two warnings and again two points. Once Camarata shot a low blow, but as in that same session I had warned Rodak twice for butting, I regarded the fouls equalized.

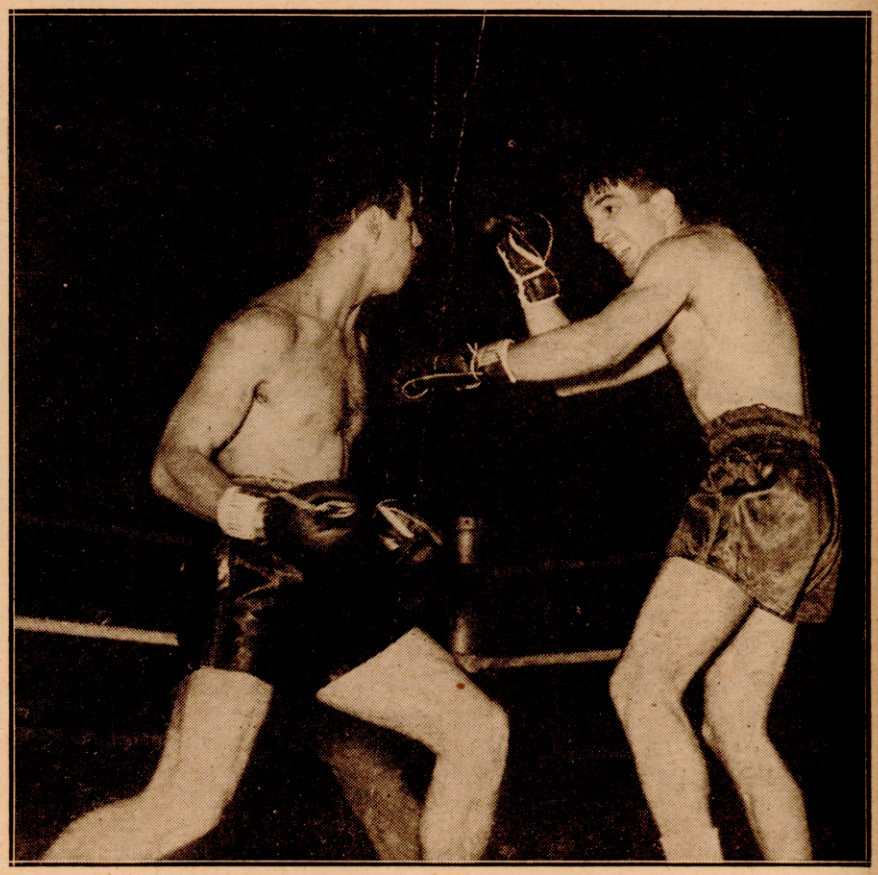
The huge New Orleans gathering didn't understand those penalties as it was the first time that a referee had acted as I did, yet I felt justified in my action.

The fight game wouldn't be the thrilling sport it is if the fans

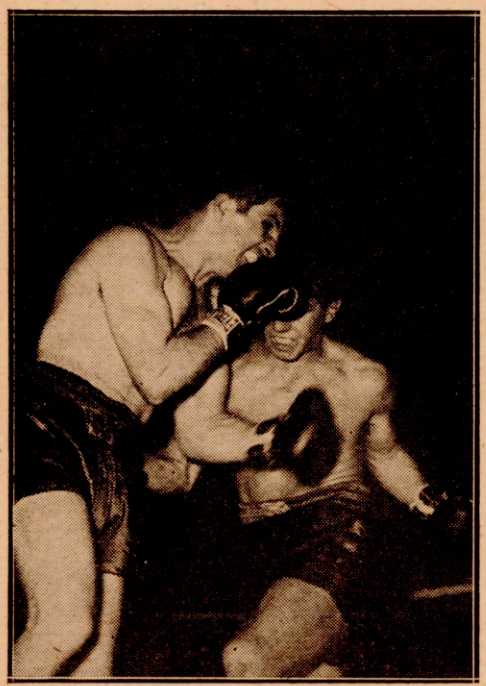
A Fight That Thrilled



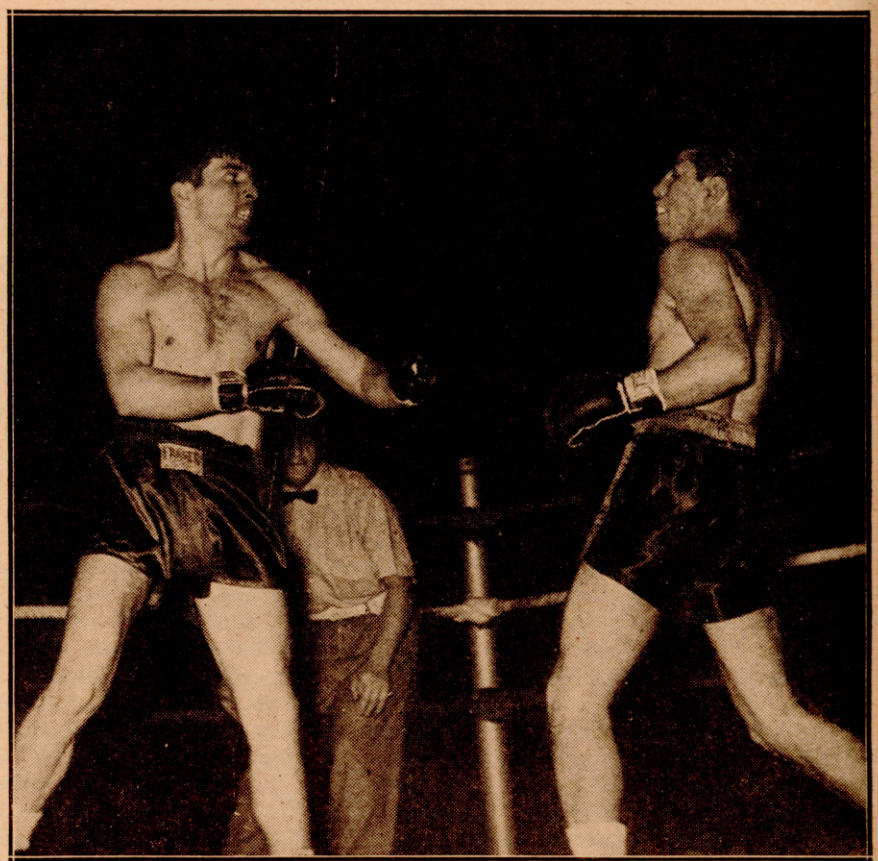
Nick Camarata pulling his chin up to avoid being butted as Leo Rodak tosses a left hook in the fourth round of their New Orleans battle.



Camarata taking the aggressive while Rodak is trying to hold him off with a left in the ninth round.



A punch landed just below the belt line in the eighth round by Camarata. Note how Rodak winces. In this same session, however, Rodak's thumb closed Nick's eye. The fouls equalized that round.



Both ready to attack as the boys enter the sixth round, a session that was replete with action. It was the fastest round of the fight.

THUMB-NAIL SKETCHES

Gus Lesnevich

BORN in Cliffside Park, New Jersey, on Washington's Birthday, February 22, 1915. Comes from a Russian-American family. Has two sisters and one brother. Attended the public schools of Cliffside and starred on the football, baseball and basketball teams while at Cliffside High School.

Fond of boxing. Started as an amateur in the *Daily News* Golden Gloves of 1933. He is still under the management of Joe Vella, with whom he started career. He won the middleweight championship of that division. He then represented New York City in the Inter-City bouts at New York and defeated Fred Cassaro, the captain of the Chicago Golden Glovers.

At the age of 15 started work as a helper for an ice-man. Developed his muscles and strength. Today the experts consider him the strongest light-heavyweight in the world.

He turned professional in 1934. Was a contender for the middleweight title for two years. While a middleweight, he was very successful in the West. First man to defeat Ben Brown at Miami, whom the Southerners considered their middleweight champion.

Ray Actis, Carmen Barth and Alabama Kid were going strong in California until they met Lesnevich, who turned them back. Stuhley and Atilio Sabbatino also stubbed their toes on the Lesnevich stumbling block. Is a most dangerous opponent for a young boxer. Young Corbett III and Freddie Steele won kayo victories over the Jerseyite and Allan Matthews boxed a draw with Gus. Is possessor of a stiff left jab, a crisp hook and a short, jolty right shot straight from the shoulder at close range.

Unable to secure middleweight bouts, he entered the light-heavyweight division. His first victim was Herbie Katz, who for the first time tasted defeat. Then in quick succession defeated Lou Brouillard, Buddy Ryan and knocked out Stanley Hasrato in one round.

Went with Eddie Borden to Australia, where he defeated Alabama Kid, Ambrose Palmer (Australia's light-heavy and heavyweight champion), and Bob Olin, former light-heavyweight champion of the world, but was defeated by Ron Richards in 12 rounds.

On returning to this country, he beat the highly touted Larry Lane, colored battler of Trenton. He electrified the boxing world when he knocked out in one round Dave Clark, one of the light-heavyweight contenders.

The one-sided and sudden victory scored over Clark was the deciding factor in Lesnevich's sudden rise to fame. Clark had previously been matched with John Henry Lewis for the light-heavyweight title in Detroit, until it was discovered that Lewis was suffering from failing eyesight. The Michigan Boxing Commission had planned upon giving the title to Clark because the match fell through.

When Billy Conn and Melio Bettina were matched for the New York State light-heavyweight title, the N.B.A. decided to give official sanction to the winner of that bout —providing that he would meet Lesnevich.

His weight and measurements are: Age, 24 years; weight, 174; height, 5 feet, 9 inches; reach, 73 inches; chest (normal) 39 inchs; chest (expanded) 43 inches; biceps, 16 inches; forearm, 13 inches; waist, 31 inches; neck, 16 inches; thigh, 24 inches; calf, 16½ inches; ankle, 11 inches; wrist, 7½ inches; fist, 13 inches.

Recapitulation of his fights—60 fights; won 19 by knockouts, won 33 decisions, drew four, lost four.

Pete Scalzo

PETE SCALZO, born on New York's West Side, August 1, 1917. Started his boxing career as an amateur in Golden Gloves tournaments in which he won several titles. Was a hard hitter as a simon-pure and retained his wallop as a pro. Recognized as one of the world's best featherweights.

Turned to money ranks in 1936 and rolled up a fine record from the start. Has a knockout victory over the present featherweight king, Joey Archibald. Stopped Joey in second round in New York on December 5, 1938. Rated with Simon Chavez leading contender for crown.

Is a comedian and Greek impersonator. Imitates Grecians so perfectly that he has been in demand for appearances at smokers. Often takes the part of a Greek waiter. Like his manager, Pete Reilly, is full of mischief. Likes to play pranks on his pals.

In first year as a professional he rolled up eleven knockouts out of seventeen fights, the others being won by decisions. Followed that record with eight more knockouts and nine decisions and one draw in following year.

It was not until April 26, 1938, in his thirty-eighth fight, that he lost his first decision, an eight-round battle to Mike Belloise at the time that Mike was regarded as the best feather in the game. Then came several other victories over stars but when Petey clashed with Tony Dupre in Washington he was stymied, Tony winning in eight rounds.

From then on, it was easy sailing. Scalzo went after the leaders and checked their rise either with knockouts, or by decision, but the one fight that did more for him than any other was that with Archibald, whom he stopped. It was an over-the-weight match, but Petey feels confident that he can turn the same trick in a title bout.

Among the best of the feathers who have fallen prey to Petey's fists are Nat Litfin, conqueror of Sixto Escobar; Jimmy Lancaster, Paul Lee, Vernon Cormier, Cristobal Jaramillo, Al Ragone, Lou Transparenti, Baby Louis and Salvatore Bartolo, claimant of the New England title.

He is a good boxer, but a dangerous hitter. Possesses a beautiful right which he tosses when least expected and it is the punch that has brought him most of his victories. He is about 5 feet, 4 inches.

Is one of the most active fighters in his division. Engages on the average of two contests per month. Has had nine fights this year and has come through with a clean slate. Six of these contests have resulted in knockouts.

Starting with Transparenti, whom he stopped in seven rounds, Scalzo took into camp Minnie Demore in six rounds via the kayo route, Jimmy Buckler in two sessions, Salvatore Bartolo in 10 by decision, Baby Louis via knockout in two, Vincenzo Dell Orto by decision in eight, Emil Joseph, decision, ten; Pete De Grasse, knockout in four, and Benny Piazza by a kayo in three.

Got his desire to enter boxing from Johnny Dundee.

His ambition is to get heavier so he can enter the lightweight division and share into some of the large purses enjoyed by the headliners of that class. He has occasionally stepped into the 135-pound class even though he does concede his opponents from 6 to 12 pounds. His last opponent, Frankie Wallace, outweighed him by ten pounds but that did not prevent Scalzo from banging out a clean cut victory over the Cleveland veteran.

When the bout with Archibald for world title failed to materialize, Scalzo went to Caracas to meet Simon Chavez, Archibald's conqueror.

Nat FLEISCHER says:

Commission Rulings Are Found Inconsistent
Charges of Favoritism Permeate the Air
Australian Billy Murphy, Famed Boxer Dead

THE New York Boxing Commission, undoubtedly the best boxing board in the world, can at times be also an inconsistent regulating organization. Its recent suspension of Eddie Mead for one year and Al Weill for four months is an example of inconsistency.

The commission took it upon itself to investigate the "grave" charges of the manager of Henry Armstrong that there had been some phenagling in the handling of the world championship fight between Armstrong and Lew Ambers. In the published interviews, Mead based his charges on the coaching of the referee, Arthur Donovan, by a member of the board, and an absurd report he had heard that Commissioner Bill Brown would see to it that Ambers was favored.

As usually happens, the charges fell through. But the boxing moguls didn't end matters there. They "suspended" the managers in one sentence and then politely left the door open for Uncle Mike Jacobs to promote the Ambers-Armstrong world welterweight championship match by decreeing that both the suspended managers would be reinstated for that fight only, the suspensions to be resumed after then.

I was listening to the sports commentator on Station WOR the day after the suspension and this is what I heard:

"Why doesn't the boxing commission inform the world that it is a Mike Jacobs commission only? Would the commission reinstate these men if Ambers and Armstrong were signed to fight for any other promoter? Doesn't this commission tell the world that so long as the Twentieth Century Club is the promoter, there need be no fear of interference?"

One cannot blame a commentator for making these statements or asking such questions. What's good for the goose should be good for the gander.

Charges of favoritism could have been avoided by making the suspensions real ones, or doing no suspending at all.

* * *

AS for the charges against Bill Brown, they were so ridiculous that there is no reason to comment on that phase. Mead saw fit to withdraw the other charge on the ground of mistaken identity.

Still another matter of importance was considered by the commission—the status of Joe Jacobs as a manager and second for Tony Galento. Why this should have been taken up at all, in view of General Phelan's statement when the "gimmick" charge was made by Yussel, is a mystery. At that time the commission announced publicly that with Joe's withdrawal of the laughable charge, the matter was considered closed, and upon that withdrawal, a license was granted to Joe to manage and to second Tony Galento in his bout with Joe Louis for the world's heavyweight championship.

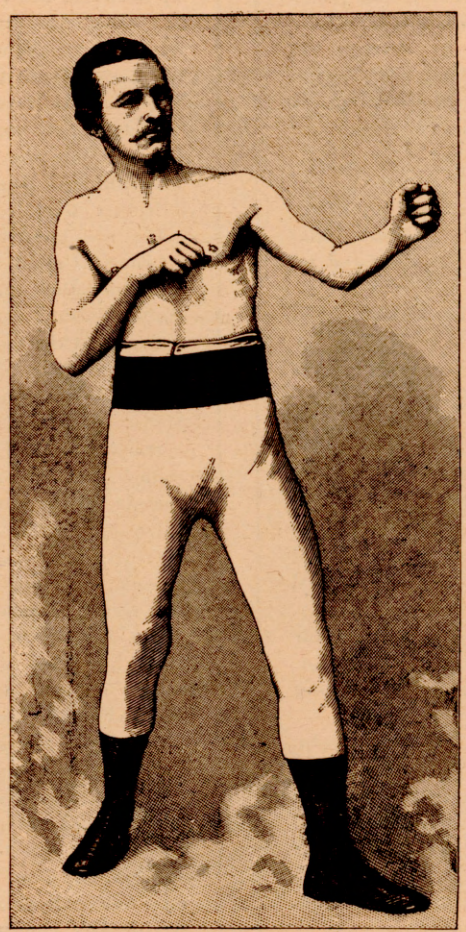
By reopening the case and announcing that Joe Jacobs has been banned from appearance as a licensed manager and second in New York, the commission at its latest meeting, two months after the "squawk," opened itself to charges of favoritism. If the commission saw fit at this late date to refuse to license Joe, then why did it not do so when he applied for a license for the Nova-Louis affair which was promoted in the Empire State?

Would Joe Jacobs have been banned in New York if that fight were staged in New York, as was the Galento-Louis battle? I dare say no.

I have no love for the manager of Galento, but I can't help but call attention to this weird ruling.

* * *

WHILE on the subject of inconsistencies, let me tell of another act of the body that calls itself the ruling organization of boxing in America—the National Boxing Association. Recently I had the pleasure of refereeing a bout between Joey Archibald, world featherweight champion, and Simon Chavez, South American title-holder, in which Simon won the duke. That victory caused the South American promoter, Tony Cuervo, to negotiate for a world championship fight between this same pair.



Australian Billy Murphy, who recently died in Auckland, New Zealand.

While the negotiations were on, the N. B. A. sent a message to South America to the Venezuelan Commission, pleading with it "in the name of good, clean sportsmanship, please don't permit the signing of a world championship fight between Joey and Simon, because the N. B. A. recognizes Pete Scalzo as the world's outstanding featherweight contender and insists that Archibald must first fight Scalzo before he can engage in a title fight with any other man. We are not interested in Chavez."

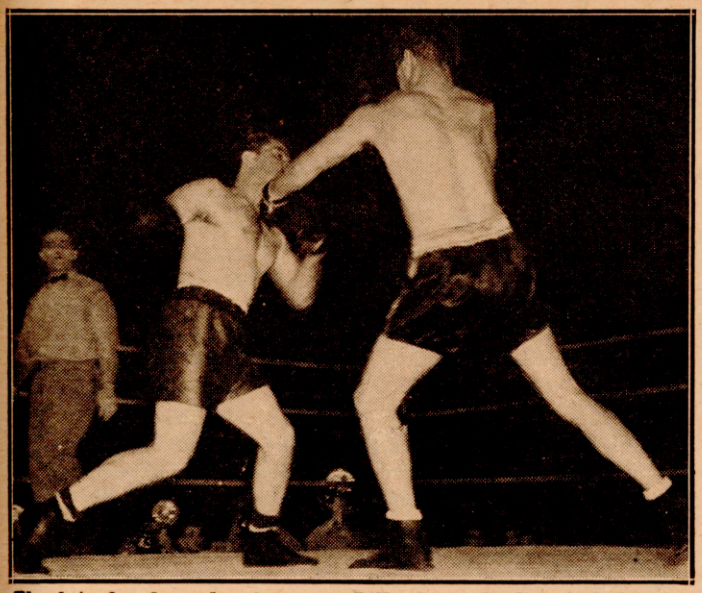
A fortnight after this message was sent by the N. B. A., Archibald and Harry Jeffra, former bantam king, were signed for a fifteen-round titular contest in Washington. By doing so, the N. B. A. absolutely ignored the "sportsmanship" which the organization preached to the Venezuelan Commission.

It went far beyond that—it tossed overboard the man whom it had regarded as its No. 1 featherweight contender, Pete Scalzo, and to whom it had pledged first shot at Joey Archibald's crown.

Is this the kind of "sportsmanship" which a national body that pretends to rule the sport practices?

Pity it doesn't practice what it preaches!

Perhaps now the N. B. A. will again name Pete Scalzo as the number one



The left that brought victory to Billy Conn, leading light-heavyweight, over Gus Dorazio in Philadelphia.

contender should he whip Simon Chavez in Venezuela, where he went following his failure to get Archibald. Or it might name Simon Chavez as its chief contender if he wins the coming battle, and then suddenly again find some reason for shifting.

Well, it was ever thus! Each commission looking after its own interests!

As for Al Weill, manager of Joey Archibald, I know it to be a fact that both he and Joey were eager to fill a championship engagement with Scalzo for the N. B. A. convention, but the promoter could not meet the terms.

* * *

AUSTRALIAN BILLY MURPHY, "Torpedo Billy" they called him, is dead.

When that message recently flashed across the seas, it notified the sports world that one of the greatest featherweights of all time had passed into the Great Beyond.

Four years ago, when Murphy was injured in an automobile accident, a similar report had been broadcast and this publication devoted several pages to a story on the only Dominion-born boxer to hold a world crown, only to receive a letter from Billy, telling the Editor that, like Mark Twain, Murphy had read his obituary but must deny that he is dead. The Murphy who then had died was another fellow by the same name, but this time, the report of Billy's death is correct.

Australian Billy Murphy is dead. The last gong sounded for him at the Auckland Hospital on July 26 at the age of 77 after a short illness. The cable which I received from my pal, Bill Doherty, telling me of the passing of Billy, sent me to my "morgue" to read up a bit on the thrilling fistic deeds of "The Little Man With the Big Wallop." I drew a handful of clippings and letters from his envelope, and the one thing that interested me most was Murphy's letter to me in which he told me how much he enjoyed reading my article on "his death." Here it is:

"Just a few lines to tell you how much I chuckled over your fine story about me in THE RING. It is great to be able to read of one's death and to see what real pals think of your deeds on this earth. Well, Nat, I am still on this earth and am feeling as good as anyone on earth can feel after going through what I have.

"I am writing this while sitting here with an old crony, Charley Cameron, one of the best sparring partners I ever had and one of the best men at his weight in New Zealand. I get THE RING and enjoy every line, especially your great stories of the old-timers.

"Your accounts of them and those of other writers in THE RING are not always true, so far as I remember the facts, but good, fine reading nevertheless. Perhaps my memory is slipping on some of the facts and you or your star writers are correct. Don't get me wrong, Nat. I'm not criticizing, but I know that you like to have a true expression of opinion and that's why I'm writing this as I am.

"We don't get fighters today, Nat, like the great Bob Fitzsimmons, John L. Sullivan, Peter Jackson and Jim Corbett—God bless their souls. Kid McCoy was another great fighter I loved to watch.

"The likes of that bunch don't appear any more in today's rings. They belong to my era—the era of thrilling fights and great fighters. Today, money is the king of the fighters. In our day, the sport meant more to us. The love of the ring, the resin and the romantic figures meant more. At least, I think so.

"Little enough did we get for bruising, thrilling battles that made ring history. Try to get some of today's boys to fight the number of rounds we did for the kind of purses that were offered. Our money, if we made any at all, was from the side bets, and if we lost, we got nothing for our efforts.

"The old bunch is rapidly disappearing. Bill Doherty is still hale and hearty—a fine chap. Dan Creedon is still with us. A few of the old-timers are living in New Zealand or Australia, but mighty few.

"The old hands are all near gone. My age is seventy-eight, but not known as much by those who write about the sport. They think I am younger, but seventy-eight it is. I note where you say I 'died at the age of seventy-four.' If the good Lord takes care of me as he has in my recent accident, then I'll promise you that I'll stick around for five or more years. Good luck. God bless you.

"Faithfully your friend,

"Billy, the Only Billy Murphy on Earth."

* * *

BILLY did last just five years after his letter was written. His age may be incorrect, but I note that the report of his death doesn't jibe with Billy's report of his age five years ago. If 78 then, he would have been 83 at the time of his death and not 77 as the reports have it.

I cherish that letter of Billy's and I'm sure that our readers will find much of human interest in its contents. That's why I'm publishing it.

With the death of Billy, Auckland lost one of its most picturesque characters. Fifty years ago, the gallant little fellow was the pride of the Dominion. Likewise he was the pride of the American fistic followers who thought highly of him as a pugilist.

In his youth, Billy was an apprentice to a tailor and in his old age he went back to the tailoring business. He conducted a cleaning establishment. As a fighter, he came to America after he had made his way in New Zealand, and possessed with a powerful right, a devastating punch, he had no trouble gaining prestige. His first visit to America was in 1889.

It was at San Francisco in 1891 that he won the featherweight title. On that visit he defeated Johnny Griffen in three rounds, drew with Frank Murphy over forty-seven rounds, despite the fact that bones in his hands were broken, and then knocked out Spider Ike Weir and became featherweight world champion.

He came back to New Zealand in top hat and frock coat, with the champion's belt in his handbag.

In 1892 he went back to America, accepted a challenge from Weir for a title fight, and cornered the former champion in the eleventh round. Maneuvering for a position to launch his killing right hook, "Billy" missed his mark, fell off the staging, and was counted out before he could return to the ring.

Till then, "Billy" had been rising. But now began the decline. He went to England, but his former power and speed were dimmed and in 1895 he returned to New Zealand for good. He fought for the last time in Stratford thirty years ago.

After he had ended his active career, "Torpedo Billy"—that was his title when world champion—lived in the district where he was born. White-haired, frail, but still possessed of a fighting heart, he never tired of recounting his remarkable story to any who cared to listen. He claimed that although he was over seventy years of age, he was still capable of mixing gloves with some of the present-day fighters.

(Continued on page 47)

hands were by his sides as he sidestepped to avoid the rush. But the Kid miscalculated the distance by a hairsbreadth. Only that—but it was enough to bring disaster. McCormick's wildly swinging right lashed squarely on the chin and the Kid went down and out!

It was the worst kind of a fluke, but for the time being it made McCormick an important figure. From all parts of the country came theatrical offers, and promoters fell over each other trying to get the services of the man who licked Kid McCoy. Had McCormick been well advised, he could have toured the United States for a year, appearing on the vaudeville stage, and netted himself a nice fortune.

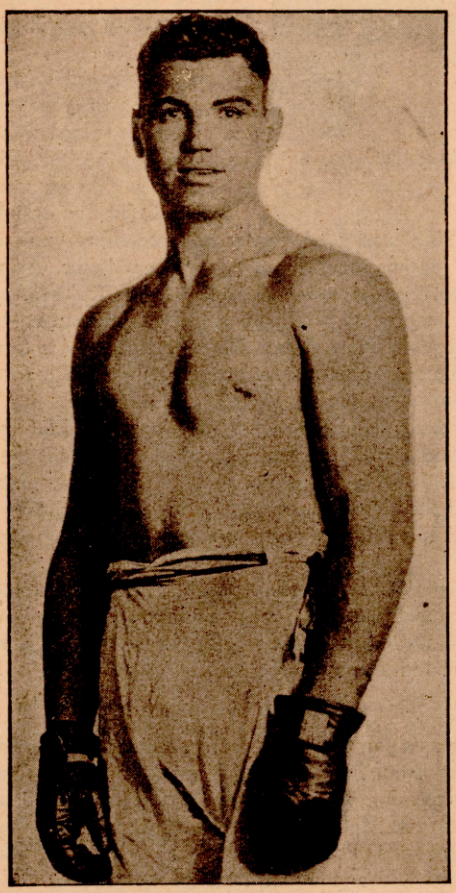
But, as often happens in such cases, the victory went to McCormick's head. He believed he had whipped McCoy on his merits and that he could do it again. So when he was guaranteed five thousand dollars to fight the Kid before a New York club, Jack accepted at once.

The result was what might have been expected. McCoy, out for revenge, literally cut the unhappy McCormick to bloody ribbons. The Kid could have stopped him at any time after the opening round. But he played with his giant victim as a cat does with a mouse, beating him groggy, then allowing him to recover and slicing him up again. It was an ugly exhibition, and those who witnessed it were glad when the big chap failed to come up for the ninth round.

* * *

SOME years later McCoy was to figure in another ring upset. That was in 1903, when he met Jack Root at Detroit for the light-heavyweight championship title. The new grade was invented by Lou Houseman. Jeffries was then reigning champion and had exhausted the heavyweight field. There were good men in the heavyweight division, but none that carried bulk enough to oppose Jim Jeffries. Or, at least, that was what the newspaper experts figured.

Houseman conceived the idea of establishing a class between the genuine big sluggers and the middleweight division. He put the notion into execution after he and the late Jack Curley went into conference and decided that they could get away with it. And they did!



Jack Dempsey, who lost his laurels to Gene Tunney at a time when few figured the New Yorker to win.

From Coast to Coast the boxing writers—there were no boxing commissions then to handle the new movement—agreed with Houseman that a light-heavyweight division was badly needed to develop scrappers who lacked the bulk to compete in the real heavyweight grade.

And so the light-heavyweight title came into being! McCoy and Root were matched to box ten rounds. It was pretty much a gala festival. McCoy's name was still a tremendous drawing card. Root was known as a young Westerner who had gradually made his name known as a terror to the middleweights. He was under Houseman's managerial wing, and that most astute promoter and sports editor saw to it that Jack got all that was coming to him in the publicity line.

Jess Willard, whose downfall in bout with Dempsey was unexpected.

Root deserved all that was published about him. As a middleweight, he had beaten the choice crop of the day. Dan Creedon went out before him in a round, he kayoed Alec Gareggains, whipped Tommy West, kayoed Dick O'Brien, beat George Gardner at San Francisco, stopped Kid Carter, and knocked out Australian Jim Ryan.

Root was "hot stuff" in the most modern meaning of the word when he was matched with McCoy. Yet, curiously enough, the magic of McCoy's name, slightly tarnished by the passage of the years, was still strong enough to make him a betting favorite in the Detroit scrap.

* * *

NEW YORK was strong for the ever versatile Kid. The Gotham sports hired a special train and went in hundreds to the Detroit battlefield. The late Jack Curley told me that he never had been in a worse spot in his life. Jack was one of the few who knew how dangerous Root really was, and that McCoy had passed his effectiveness as a kayo artist. His loyalty to Houseman forbade him coming out downright and advising his Eastern friends not to be too brash in stringing bets on the supposedly invincible McCoy.

Curley ventured to hint to George Considine that Root had better than an even chance to whip McCoy. But Considine only laughed at him. After all, from George's viewpoint—there was only one McCoy!

But Root whipped McCoy—whipped him so decisively that there could be no kick about the matter. McCoy, always ready with an alibi, sent out a statement to the press claiming that he had been drugged by some stuff placed by Root's seconds on the latter's gloves. That only got a laugh from all concerned. McCoy was beaten by a man with an unerring left hand, a right that carried kayo possibilities, and the grand quality of youthful endurance which has dismayed many a veteran in the past.

* * *

TOMMY BURNS, who forged to the front as world's heavyweight champ, only to lose the title to Jack Johnson at a later period, created considerable disorder among the sure-thing betting chaps when he fought Bill Squires of Australia before a California club in 1907. Squires came to this country to the accompaniment of a terrific newspaper ballyhoo begun and maintained by the late Bill Naughton of the Hearst papers. Naughton sat up nights trying to find new adjectives to describe the prowess of the latest importation from the pugilistic colony of the Antipodes.

Naughton boosted Squires, explaining that his scrapping nom-de-plume of "Boshter" Bill meant magnificent—and that Bill was every whit as magnificent as the slang phrase itself. Now, as a matter of fact, Squires wasn't a bad fighter. He did very well in Australia, and there was every reason to expect that he would score a high record in the United States. Heavyweight talent wasn't at a very high mark just then. Jeffries had retired. Johnson was vainly yelling for recognition. Tommy Burns topped the heap, such as it was.

(Continued on page 44)

An Appreciation

By TREVOR WIGNALL

NOBODY asked me to write this, and nobody knew it had been written until it was delivered. The idea to compose a piece of this kind had indeed whirled in my head long before I received a typical Nat Fleischer letter, years before, for although I have been a regular reader and admirer of THE RING from its first issue, it long ago dawned on me that I had never seen in its pages anything that dealt exclusively, with Nat, or anything in the nature of a pen picture of an appreciation of its founder, editor and publisher. I felt this to be an oversight that called for rectification.

So that day recently when the letter from Nat arrived—it contained, among other things, a statement that he was sending me yet another autographed book—I decided to sit down on the porch of my Beverly Hills bungalow and repair what appeared to me as an omission. Not that I want to do much writing these days. A statistician recently informed me that in my 37 years of newspaper work, what with books and novels and magazine articles, I have knocked off the handsome total of 25,000,000 words. That is an appalling number, so appalling that some day I shall have to ask some other tabulator how many pencils, pens and typewriters I have worn out in the fairly lengthy period.

Perhaps I ought to explain that here in California I am rounding off my newspaper career. I am on my last assignment as a reporter; if, that is to say, the fates and employers don't bother me too much to continue. I know I shall find it hard not to get pieces ready for print, for that is what I have been doing ever since 1902, when in a Welsh town I turned my back on soldiering to learn the tricks of journalism. The craft has carried me far since then.

* * *

IT gave me fifty trips to the United States—this is the fiftieth I am now completing—and it also sent me hurrying to many corners of the earth. Now, getting ready to sit back, I am able to assess the years that the locusts have eaten.

Millions on millions of words have appeared under my name in British newspapers, but it is the most curious of all my reflections that those that were most eagerly devoured, those that gave me most prominence, those that helped most to mould my career, were connected with boxing. I admit I have not been kind to the pugilistic game. I have attacked it roundly and labelled it with names it perhaps did not deserve. But I am here to confess it did more for me than all the interviews and all the word-paintings I ever cabled on politicians, gangsters, or film stars.

I think I have written every mortal thing that could appear in a modern newspaper. I have gone from A to Z and back again—but it was fighting that brought me either the loudest applause or the heaviest kicks.

Now whom do you suppose I regard as one of the most remarkable men in the peculiar industry of fisticuffs. Yes, that's right, you've guessed it—Nat Fleischer, author, editor, publisher. Actually I am writing this to convey, if I can, to the thousands who have never seen him, an impression of the man who knows more about the game, and who wields a bigger influence, in boxing, world-wide, than any other I can nominate.

In my own homeland, and especially in London, I am frequently asked what manner of man this Nat Fleischer might be. I am willing to wager that the same question is repeatedly asked in Australia, in New Zealand, in Canada, in South Africa, and in fact in all other lands where THE RING circulates.

Well, he isn't very tall and he isn't very broad, but it would be exaggeration to state that he is stumpy or fat. Nat, in stature, is the sort of fellow you may meet any day in any street in any country under the sun.

He is a normal man of normal height and girth, and if he has a characteristic at all, it is a slight East to West swaying of the body as he walks in an upright position. He is made picturesque by a smile that probably dawns with the arising from his bed, and that unwinds itself slowly as he moves towards an acquaintance.

He has a trick of bending to his right as he shakes hands, and it is perhaps an oddity that when you grasp the hand, you find the palm is almost turned over.

His middle name should be Kindliness. I have never known a person from whom innate kindness exuded so readily. I do not know what Nat is like with people for whom he has no admiration, but I am willing to swear that for those on his list of friendship he is willing to turn the world upside down.

Nothing is too much trouble, no task too weighty for him to undertake. If I say he has an encyclopedic knowledge of boxing and its history, I am probably relating something that is common knowledge. He has written 38 books, biographical and technical on boxing and wrestling.

It remains a fact that he has frequently knocked me flat with the rapidity with which he can answer queries on boxing. The last time I sat with him was at the Yankee Stadium in New York on the night of the bout between Joe Louis and Tony Galento. I was not really hard up for material, but five minutes after I started to chat with Nat, I scrapped all the stuff I had laboriously collected. His was so much fresher, and so very much on the inside.

Before that evening, Nat had been very useful to me, as he must have been to other wandering newspaper men. The man is a human mine, and it is high among his assets that he chooses to share his facts and figures with those less favorably positioned to gather them. He never withholds that which will aid his fellow scribes.

* * *

I HAVE sat in his office in New York, and marvelled at the callers and telephone messages. He can be hurt, of course, and hurt severely. The injured expression usually arrives when someone without much ground to stand on tears into boxing and strives to rip down its structure with a few pithy phrases.

I am afraid Nat is not very long-suffering with that kind of person. Not that he thinks boxing is pure and holy, or that it is always undeserving of the attacks that have been its portion ever since it was born. Nat knows, as you and I know, that there are ills in boxing that call to high heaven for a cure, but what he cannot stand, are the sneers and the sniffs of those who, hanging on to the fringe of its skirts, plaster it with abuse.

Nat, I am sure, would not stand for anything that threatened a promotional monopoly. Nor would I, if I were asked to vote. The big organizers, with their high-pressure methods, are necessary to the success of professional boxing, if only for the wide-world publicity their championship contests create, but the little man, with his small, inconspicuous hall and his even smaller profits, is equally essential. That's why Nat, though friendly with Mike Jacobs, opposes his monopolistic trend.

Many times, in recent years, I have been invited to join in promotional ventures. I declined because I prefer to be without the headaches. There is much to be said in favor of the showmen of boxing, who take so many chances, but it would be an evil day for the game if it ever got into the hands of one individual or syndicate. That, I'm sorry to say, as Nat has pointed out editorially in THE RING, is what is happening today. I can remember boxing when ballyhoo was the tiniest of its attributes. These days it lives on drum-thumping. We should not object to that, if only for the fact that it takes the minds of the troubled from the worries of these troubled days.

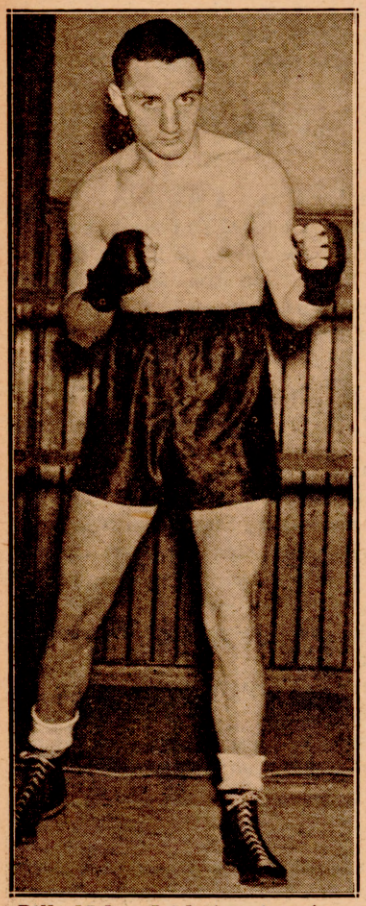
I recall when boxing in England was a hole and corner affair that was mainly made up of rooms behind public houses, and naphtha lamps and saw-dusted floors. I saw it bloom and grow into a business that today is as much a social event as a sports occasion. The first fight *(Continued on page 42)*

NEW FACES

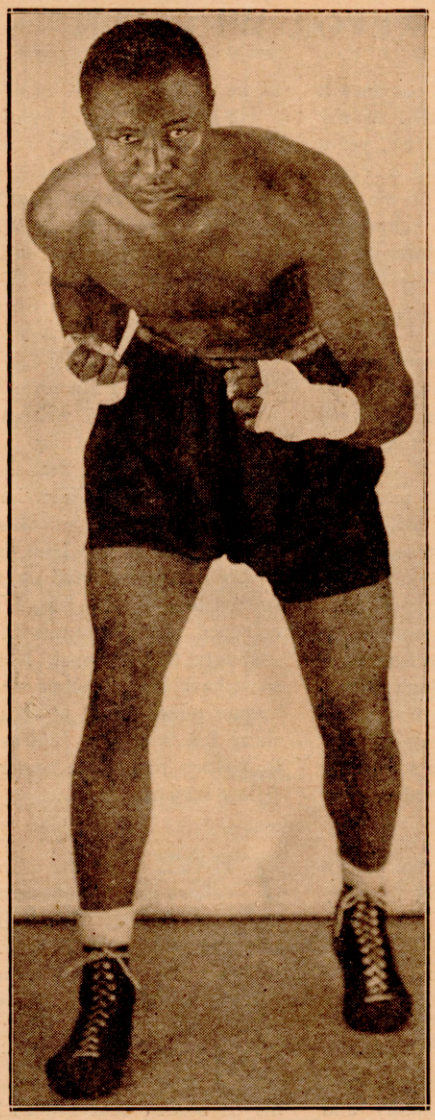
The Ring Presents to Its Readers Short Biographical Sketches of Boys Who Have Come Up During the Past Year and Should Do Well in 1939—Some Are Veterans, Others Novices

By

RIGHT CROSS



Billy Maher, Irish-American from Philadelphia.



Odell Polee, colored boy from San Jose, Cal.

HONOLULU may not be the busiest fighting center in the world, but it has served as a nursing school for many a capable fighter. Some of those who have gone out to seek bigger laurels after trying their wings here are Sgt. Sammy Baker, Little Dempsey, Varias Milling, Little Pancho, Red Farmer and Kui Kong Young, to name only a few. And right now Honolulu can boast of having one of the best lightweight prospects in its history. He is known to all fans as Clever Henry, although his real name is George H. V. Burdett.

Coming here highly touted as the lightweight and welterweight champion of the Orient, Clever Henry quickly proved his worth. He beat opponent after opponent with his speed and cunning. In about a year of fighting, he has piled up a record of fifteen wins in sixteen bouts and his record includes two knockouts and one technical kayo.

He has two victories each over Otto Blackwell, Johnny Dias, Sonny Valdez and Tommy Jones, and has beaten Benny Ahakuelo, Young Peter Jackson and Frankie Klick. The only defeat against him was chalked up in his latest fight with Otto Blackwell. Outweighed by about a dozen pounds, Clever Henry nevertheless fought gamely throughout the ten rounds. He suffered a cut over his left eye earlier in the fight and that didn't help him any. He lost the decision but won the plaudits of the audience by his fighting heart.

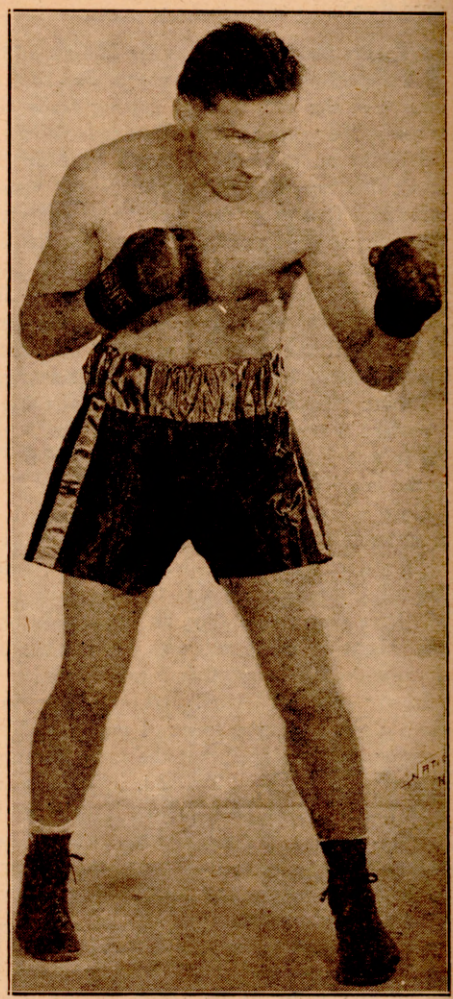
Clever Henry's lifetime record is even more remarkable. In all, he has engaged in about 147 fights in his four years in the ring and has been defeated only four times. Two of these were at the hands of the late Andre Shelaeff, who recently died. He won 96 of them by knockouts and 20 of them by technical knockouts.

Henry modestly admits that his debut in the fight game was strictly an accident. He substituted for someone who didn't show up and won his first fight by a knockout. This started him off and he didn't stop until he had the lightweight and welterweight belts of the Orient safely under his arms.

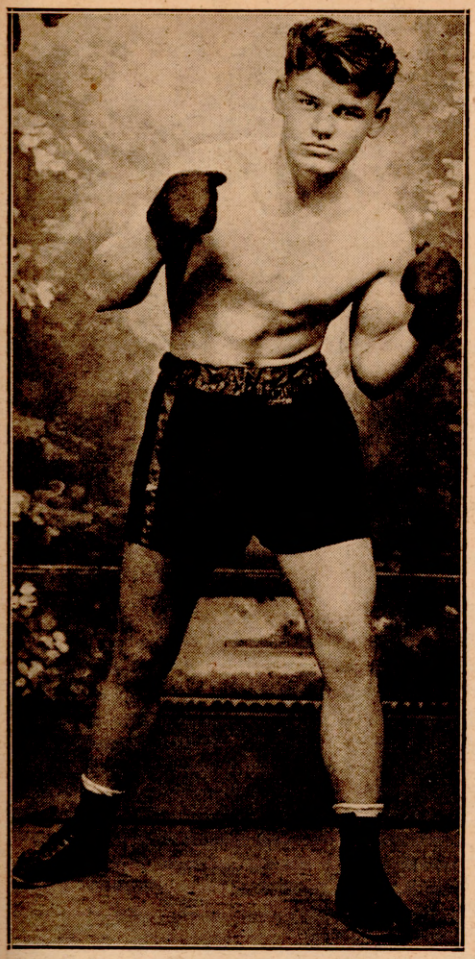
He won the lightweight championship by beating Fighting Avordo in 1936 and won the welterweight title by defeating Young Narsing in Australia.

He also has a knockout victory over Al Bloods and a decision over De Guzman to his credit.

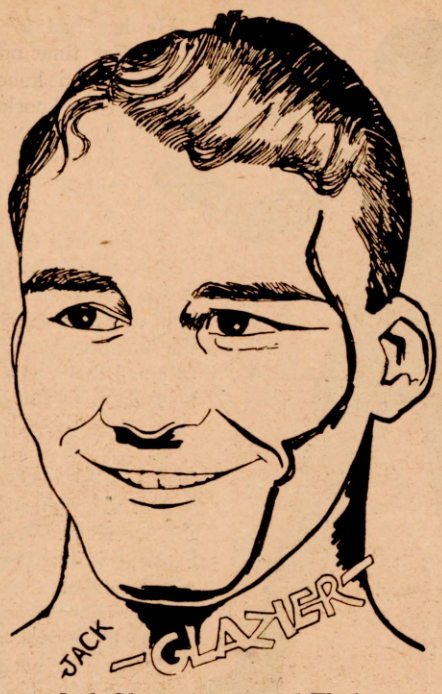
As his name indicates, Henry is quite a clever



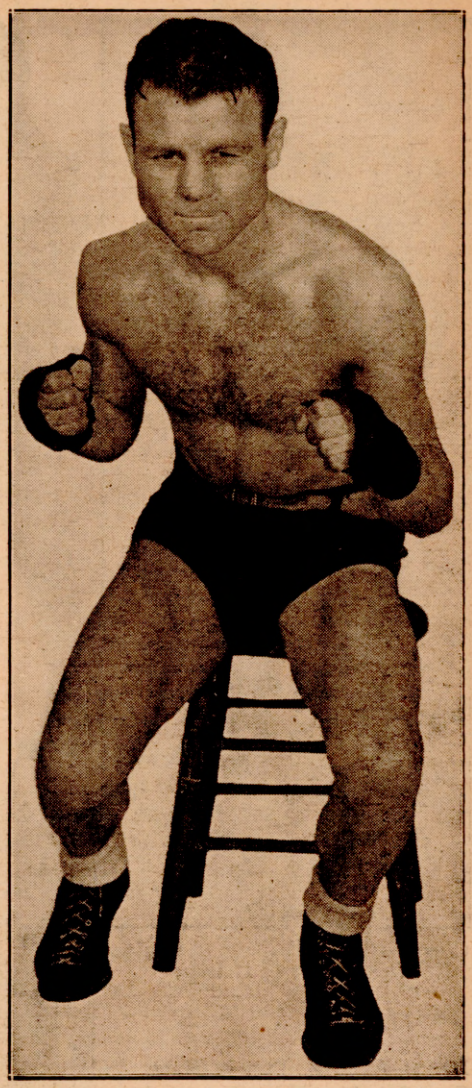
Pete Koloff of New York City.



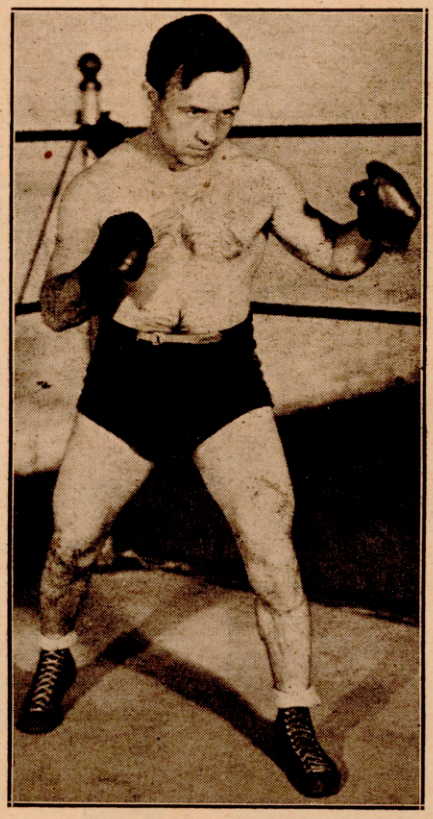
Ronnie MacNeil of Glace Bay, Nova Scotia.



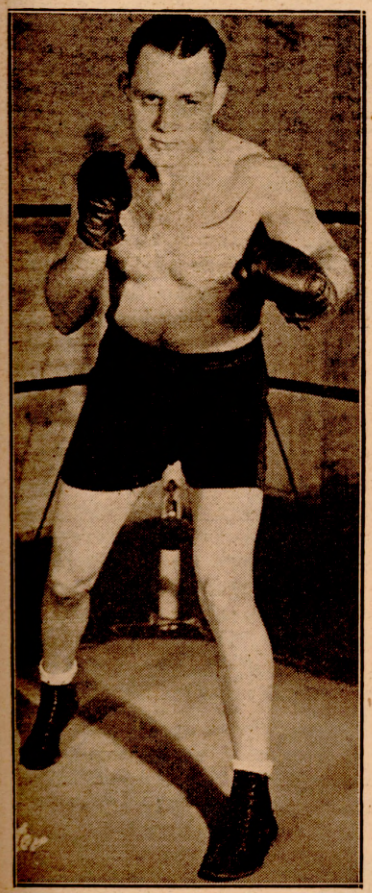
Jack Glazier, protege of Wesley Ramey.



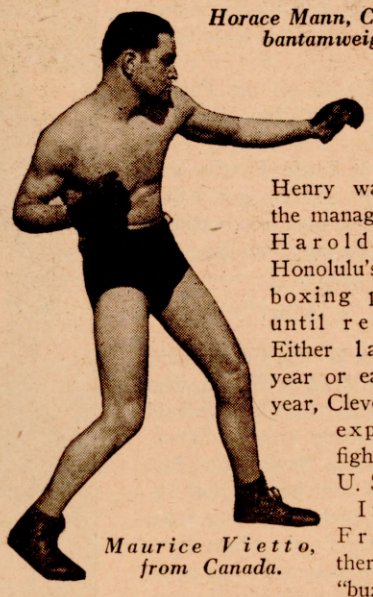
Horace Mann, California bantamweight.



Billy Passan, Philadelphia bantamweight.



Jack Carter, Philadelphia middleweight.



Maurice Vietto, from Canada.

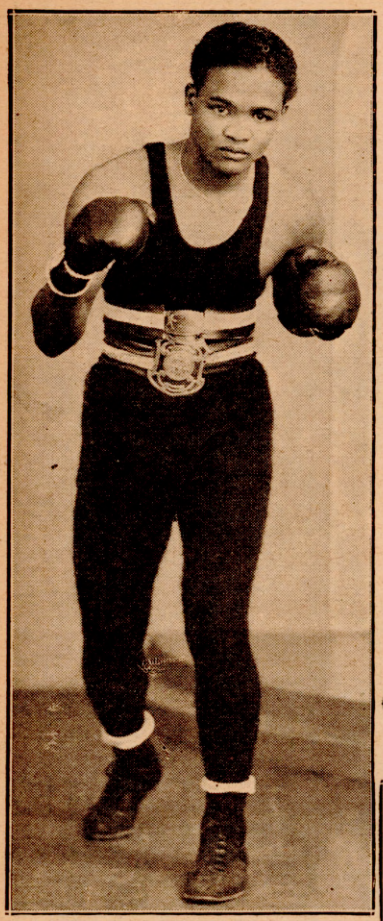
chap. His bouncing tactics make him as hard to hit as a shadow and it is said that no one hits him on the same spot the second time.

He only recently celebrated his twenty-first birthday, so his best years are still ahead of him.

Henry was under the management of Harold Fong, Honolulu's current boxing promoter, until recently. Either late this year or early next year, Clever Henry expects to fight in the U. S.

In San Francisco there is a "buzz - saw" battler, a fine crowd pleaser, Horace Mann by name. He is a bantamweight, 22 years old, who started his career as an amateur. He won the California amateur featherweight title and was on the Inter-City Golden Gloves team. He had thirty-eight fights, winning most of them. He turned professional in January, 1936, and so far has had forty-one contests of which he won thirty, drew five times and lost six. Twenty-one of his pro contests have been against the leading bantams of California.

Among the better boys who were whipped by Mann are Star Frisco, Santos Hugo, Speedy Dado (twice), Johnny Ladeo,



Clever Henry, Filipino champion lightweight of Hawaii.

Danny Laverne, Donnie Maes, Serio Mendoza, Tony Souza and Owen Hink. He drew with Tony Oliveras.

He is known on the Pacific Coast as the Filipino Jinx, because he has licked every Filipino except Little Pancho and Little Dado. Pancho got a disputed decision over him recently. Frank Conway handles the affairs of Mann.

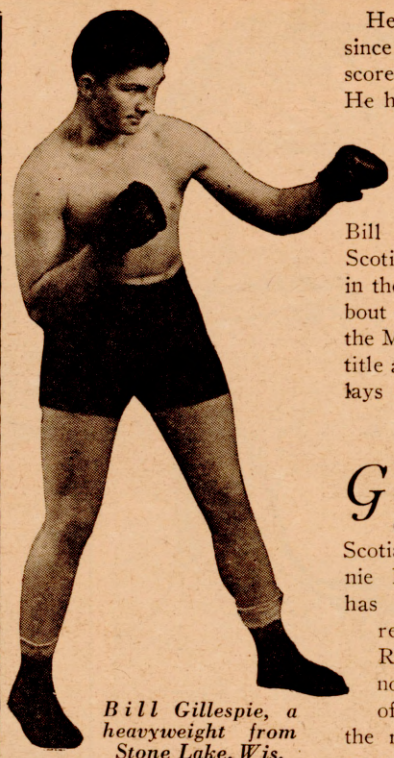
* * *

IN New Haven, Connecticut, Jimmy Bell, a welter, who fought on the Rodak-Archibald card, is cutting quite a figure. He hails from Revloc, Pa., just outside of Pittsburgh, and received his early schooling from John Henry Lewis. Since moving to New Haven he has made great strides and is now one of the city's leading attractions. He is handled by Charlie Brown and Al Blondi.

Jimmie is 18 years old, stands 5 feet, 7 inches, and scales around 145 pounds.

* * *

GEORGE LESLIE, who claims the Maritime heavyweight championship, is a native of Prince Edward Island. George is 26 years old, stands 6 feet, 3 inches, weighs 205 pounds, and was a member of the Jack Dempsey white hope tournament.



Bill Gillespie, a heavyweight from Stone Lake, Wis.

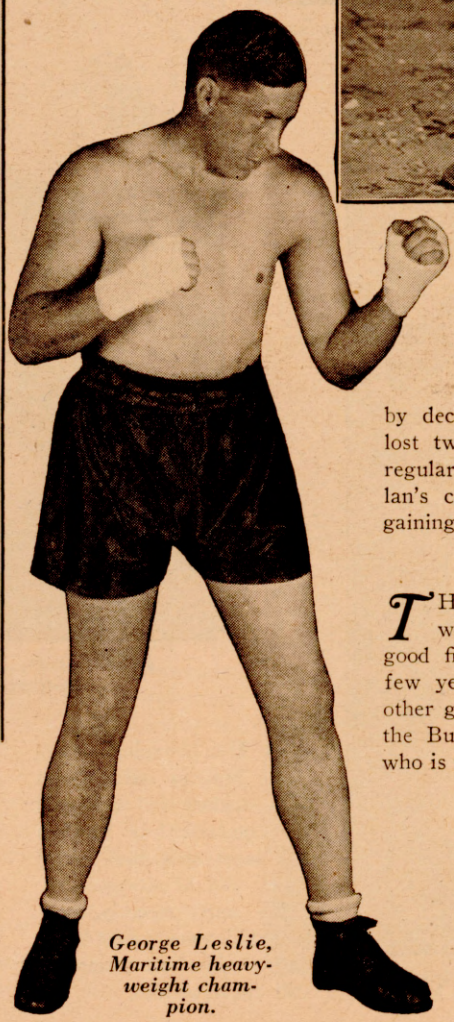
Harris Blake, Negro lightweight.

He has had 27 fights since that time and has scored fifteen knockouts. He has been knocked out four times and lost three decisions. His latest victory was over Bill Sparks of Nova Scotia, whom he stopped in the fourth round. That bout was advertised as for the Maritime heavyweight title and that's why Leslie lays claim to the honors.

* * *

GUSSIE MACLELLAN, fight promoter of Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, thinks that in Ronnie MacNeil that place has a fighter who is really going places. Ronnie is only a novice in the sport of fisticuffs, but he has the mettle to go a long way judging by the showing he has made in his competition to date.

Two years ago Gussie started Ronnie off as an amateur and he won four and lost one bout. Then



George Leslie, Maritime heavyweight champion.

Jimmie Bell, New Haven welterweight.

Ronnie turned pro and made good almost from the start. He won four bouts by knockouts, five by decisions, drew in one and lost two contests. Ronnie is a regular on Promoter MacLellan's cards and by degrees is gaining a good following.

* * *

THE state of Georgia, which has produced many good fighting men in the past few years, has sent forth another good lad in Harris Blake, the Buffalo Negro lightweight, who is under the management of J. M. Zementsh of that city. Young Blake was born in a little Georgia town on December 2, 1917, but as a boy he moved with his parents to Buffalo, N. Y.

(Continued on page 43)

U.S. Boxer Thrills Orient

By H. E. B. DE MEL

FROM Port Said to Hong Kong, the main street and boulevards of the cities of the Orient have been treated from time to time by a picturesque personality—an American Negro—known and idolized by the fight fans of the East as Gunboat Jack. This globe-trotting boxer has thrilled Oriental crowds with spectacular displays. Gunboat Jack commenced his boxing career in New England in 1919 and fought some of the leading light, welter and even middleweight boxers in that vicinity.

James Wilsen Colzie was born in Ocalla, Florida, on February 1, 1900. The wanderlust seizing him at seven, he ran away from home to join a minstrel show to which he was attached for three years. He then joined a carnival and worked on the erection and dismantling of a motor-drome carnival feature. At the age of twelve, he performed the remarkable feat of riding a motorcycle around the walls of the drome, being the first colored youngster in the world to achieve this feat.

For several years afterward he toured the country with his amazing exhibitions of stunt riding. While on his tours he engaged in various unrecorded bouts and kept learning the essentials of the fight game. He settled in Hartford, Conn., but ring engagements were few and far between due to the state authorities prohibiting mixed matches in that state. He went to Lawrence, Mass., and adopted the ring name of Gunboat Jack and it was in Lowell that he had his first real fight on Christmas Day, 1919. Gunboat Jack's opponent was Young Joe Delmont, an experienced and clever fighter whom he knocked out in the sixth round with a smashing straight right to the jaw.

He then fought a draw with Spider Murphy of Manchester, N. H. Still a featherweight, he learned something from each fight and soon came to acquire excellent footwork and ring-sense and possessed a powerful punch in either hand. All told, Gunboat Jack had seven fights in 1920. The year 1921 saw Jack climbing higher on the ladder of fame and he engaged in fourteen bouts and was now tackling 135-pounders. One of his first fights of the year was against Young Shorty Gans whom he knocked out in the second round to gain the colored lightweight championship of New England. Throughout the year he kept knocking his men out and toward the end of the year he issued a challenge to the New England champion, Sailor Byron.

* * *

BY now Jack was fighting main events and was reckoned a formidable fighting force. This meant, of course, that the better known boys with good reputations were only too glad to sidestep the classy and accomplished ring warrior that Jack had now become. In the succeeding years he rose to great heights under the management of Bill Conley and met and defeated some of the best lightweights and welterweights in New England. Among his most notable victories, there may be mentioned won on knockouts against Joe Delmont, Jimmy Hughes, Young Shorty Gans, Kewpie Roy, Frankie Buff (welterweight), Memphis Kid Green, Larry Robinson (welter), young Jamaica Kid, Tommy Flanagan, George La Blanc (welter), Buck Whalen, Todd Smith, Young Miller and Sammy Marco.

Among those he beat on points were:—Whitey Welsh, Eddie Boyle, Arthur Kid Sullivan, Spike Hennessey, Kid Pippin, Archie Kelley, Ray O'Brien, Dusty Dumont, Frankie Quill and Jackie Williams.

He fought draws with Kewpie Roy, Joe St. Hilaire, Porky Diggins and Spider Murphy. He lost to Tommy Jordan, K. O. LaRue, Joe St. Hilaire, Walter Lee and Billie Woods, the latter being the leading welterweight in New England at the time.

Todd Smith, who was knocked out in the third round, was the well-known Canton, Ohio, battler who at the time was tentatively matched with Jimmy Goodrich for the world's title. Young Miller, another victim, had defeated Lew Tendler. Frankie Quill, who was beaten on points by Jack, was later to meet Pete Latzo. It should be mentioned that the matches in which Jack came out on the short end of the decision were with one exception severely criticized in the press.

On a trip to South America, our hero knocked out the champion lightweight of that country in the twenty-fourth round. Early in 1925 he defeated Frankie Quill and dropped close decisions to Young Willie Gradwell and Pete August (all welterweights), the second named boxer having fought Benny Leonard some years previously.

In the same year he joined up with an American showman, Harry E. Handy, with the permission of his manager, and embarked from New York to India, which he toured as a star attraction for a mammoth carnival show. And thus after five years of hard fighting in the New England states, Connecticut, Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Vermont and Rhode Island, this colored soldier of fortune set out to taste the glamor of the East, where he has remained ever since as boxer and showman.

* * *

ARRIVING in India, Jack was primarily engaged as a trick rider in his motor-drome act, astonishing the thousands of spectators who saw him perform. The Maharajahdhiraj Bahadur of Burdwan was so impressed with Jack's skill and courage that he presented the fearless rider who daily flirted with death with a handsome gold medal.

Great showman as he is and known throughout the leading cities of the Orient, it is as a fighter, however, that he is the greatest box office attraction. Gunboat Jack himself describes his fighting as a sideline, in spite of his wizardry in the roped square, but competent critics agree that at his best he could have secured the lightweight championship of the world and the welterweight crown when he outgrew the former division.

In the Orient he cleaned up all opposition with comparative ease. Since December, 1925, he has had 139 fights in the East, losing but ten, nine of these defeats being against men who outweighed him. He cheerfully accepted bouts with light-heavyweight and middleweight boxers and never once has he asked anyone to make weight for him. He was early recognized as a fistic genius by Hindu critics.

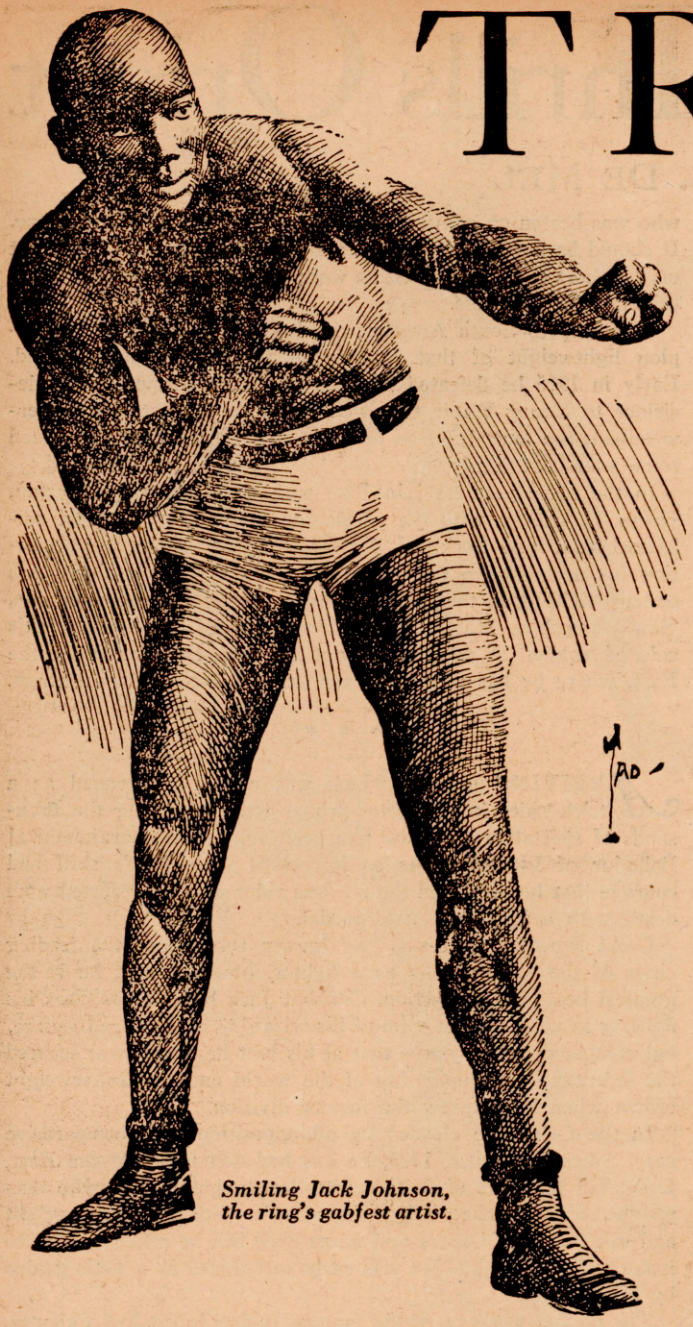
The boxing reporter of the famous Indian journal of Calcutta, *The Statesman,* wrote as follows in the issue of that paper which appeared on December 27th, 1925:—"Gunboat Jack proved to be of real class and it is doubtful if there is a lightweight in the country to lower his colors. He is remarkably well developed and has a wonderfully quick left and a right which comes from all angles."

Among the men he has met in the East are Kid D' Silva, Milton Kubes, Petty Officer Fred Titcombe, Seaman Nobbie Hall, Gunner Melvin, Johnny Alba, Ignacio Fernandez, Pet Mills and S. Mazloumides.

Several of these are known in the United States, Australia and England. Milton Kubes was a slashing welterweight who was popular in Australia. Fred Titcombe, to whom Jack dropped a decision and then knocked out in two rounds in a return encounter, was light-heavyweight champion of the British navy at the time.

Pat Mills will be remembered in the United States as a top-flight English welter, a clever and crafty fighter who fought with success in America, clashing with such stars as Mushy Graham, Joe Tiplitz and other top-notchers. Ignacio Fernandez, it will be remembered, knocked out Al Singer at Madison Square Garden, clashed with Bat Battalino for the title, and fought Tony Canzoneri three times. Johnny Alba, a sterling lightweight, later met Kid Chocolate and other stars of America. Seaman Nobbie Hall, whom Jack beat, had just lost the lightweight championship of Europe.

TRICKS



Smiling Jack Johnson, the ring's gabfest artist.

SAM LANGFORD never was a clown of the ring in the accepted sense of the word. Old "Tham" attended pretty much to business and business usually consisted in hooking a victim on the chin and removing him from the picture with as little pain and commotion as possible.

Jim Flynn was one of Sam's hated rivals and all because the Pueblo fireman thought he could lick Sam. To be truthful, game old Jim was sure he could annihilate anybody who ever lived. You had to admire him for his courage.

Jim talked an astounding story. He had fought Sam in San Francisco and wasn't satisfied with his first effort which didn't find Sam cold on the floor, as Jim had predicted. A few months later they met again, in Los Angeles, and Flynn had sold himself to "Beanie" Walker, who had followed Charles E. Van Loan as sports editor of the Los Angeles *Examiner*. "Beanie" picked Flynn to win the fight. He even opined that Sam, starting to peter out somewhat, would be "stretched" in seven or eight rounds after a hard fight.

"Beanie" built his story around the Fireman's story of his showing in the first encounter with Langford, which had been short and sweet. "Beanie" wrote a lot of caustic stuff about Sam's ability and for once in his career, Langford went into the ring seeing red.

The fight was hot! No doubt about that! The Fireman was bravely trying to live up to the promise he had made to "Beanie." Sam knew that and along in the seventh round Sam had Flynn pinned on the ropes, raking him fore and aft with cruel body blows. Holding Flynn close to his body, Langford peeked over Jim's shoulders and down at "Beanie."

"Oh, there yo' all is, Mistuh 'Beanie.' See what a licking Ah'm gibbin' yo' shootin' stah? See that las' drive to the heart, Mistuh 'Beanie?' Nice wallop, eh? Well, watch, Mistuh 'Beanie.' De nex' bust Ah hit dis guy, Ah'm gonna knock him right in yo' lap."

Never was there a more deadly avowal. Nor a harder punch. The Fireman went right over the ropes and landed with a sickening thud, dead as a mackerel, in "Beanie" Walker's lap!

* * *

SEATED with Tad, the Dickens of the caricaturist's pen, I watched Sam fighting John Lester Johnson in the old Atlantic Gardens, on the Bowery in New York. The fight wasn't much, because John Lester, a capable fellow, scared to death, was running for his life around the ring, with squatty Sam in rapid pursuit. Sam couldn't get a solid crack at John Lester and he kept trying to pin Johnson in a corner for the coup-de-grace. Sam finally got his man, knocking him out with the strangest blow ever delivered in the ring.

As John Lester sashayed past Sam, the Boston Tar Baby let fly with a looping right-hander and the blow caught John Lester low down on the last vertebrae of his spine. The punch flattened Johnson out like a rug, paralyzing Johnson's whole body.

Jim Johnson, a colored second of Lester's, ran over to Tad and yelled:

"Tad, did you see that blow? That's no fair blow. That blow hit John Lester in the bustle and it don't count, nohow."

It counted, all right! John Lester wasn't able to move for an hour or more and was carried to his dressing room.

Sam told me of a fight he had with Harry Wills in Los Angeles. "Mah left eye was going bad on me at the time," said Sam. "It went dead blind after a while. Wills had a mean left hook and I kept away from it by moving with mah good right eye, toward his right. That went along swell, just as Ah planned. He landed a couple of rights on me and they hurt. Ah said to myself, 'Ah'll fool him next time. He'll cock to throw that right. Ah'll move toward his left just as he throws the right. Make him miss me a mile and Ah'll get in a counter punch.'

"That's all Ah remembered for a while. As Ah moved to the left with my blind eye, Ah waits fo' the right to come again. He fooled me. Ah couldn't see his left as it came hooking fo' mah jaw. Ah expected him by land but he come by wattuh!"

* * *

JOHN L. SULLIVAN and Young Griffo, the will o' the wisp Australian boxing genius, had a mutual admiration for each other. John liked the little blighter and the genius of the boxing world thought that there was nobody like the mighty Boston Boy.

Griffo came to Boston to box Jimmy Dime, at that time considered a dangerous puncher, though he was as skinny as a string of fish. Griffo called on "John L." at his hotel and on the afternoon of the fight to pay his respects. John L. was highly complimented and ordered a quart of champagne. Then another, and another. Finally they were stripped to the waist and John L. was showing Griffo a right-hand body punch to the heart.

"It is just the thing to tame Dime, Kid," bellowed Sullivan. "Just keep driving it in there and you'll get him," John advised. Sullivan had been dethroned by Jim Corbett two years before but the old love of the game still lurked in Sullivan's heart.

He and the gifted Australian got pie-eyed as the afternoon wore on, Griffo seemingly having forgotten his fight with Dime. The promoters had a hunch and they began the search for Griffo. It lasted all day and they finally found him. Griffo was dumped into

of the TRADE

By HYPE IGOE

a cold bath and by the time the fight began, he was in pretty fair shape.

Sullivan sat in a seat near the ring and all through the fight he kept bellowing:

"The right, Kid, the right, like I told you."

Griffo pranced around Dime in faultless fashion. Every now and then he'd drive in the right to the heart and call down to Sullivan:

"Is that it, Johnny? Is that the punch you was a-showin' me, Johnny?"

And he kept up this running line of conversation right up to the end of the fight. Griffo hardly noticed Dime. He was all eyes for John L., anxious to show his famous teacher that he hadn't forgot how to land the right to the heart.

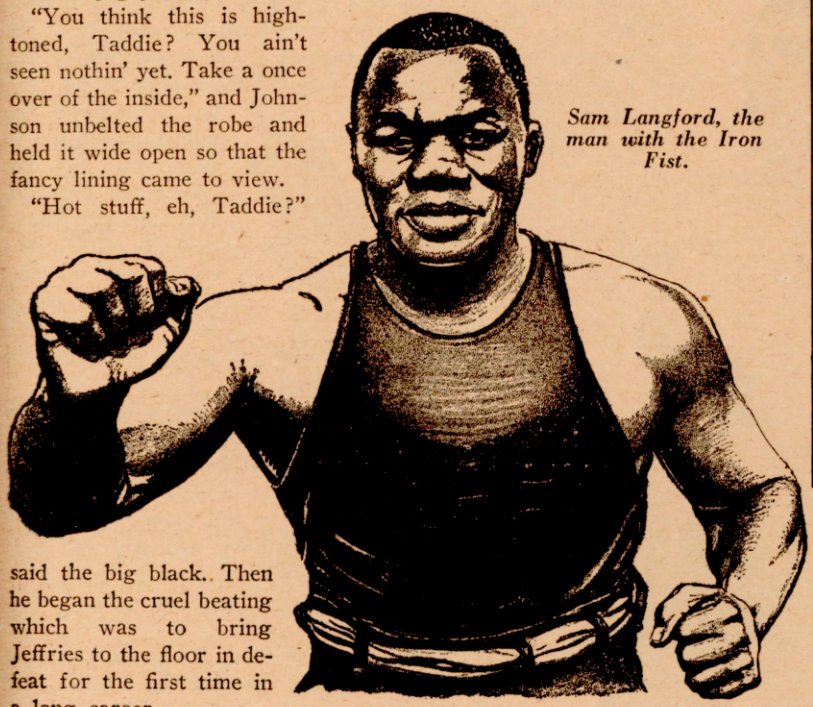
* * *

WHEN Jack Johnson slipped through the ropes at Reno, Nev., to fight Jim Jeffries for the undisputed heavyweight championship of the world, he wore a gaudy dressing gown and Tad, the *Journal* cartoonist, called up to Johnson and said:

"Pretty gay robe, Arthur."

"You think this is high-toned, Taddie? You ain't seen nothin' yet. Take a once over of the inside," and Johnson unbelted the robe and held it wide open so that the fancy lining came to view.

"Hot stuff, eh, Taddie?"



Sam Langford, the man with the Iron Fist.

said the big black. Then he began the cruel beating which was to bring Jeffries to the floor in defeat for the first time in a long career.

Jeffries, knowing that he was doomed, fell to clinching a lot. He couldn't get past Johnson's remarkable defense and was discouraged about it. If there was anything which Jeffries hated, it was being shown up by his opponent. In one of the clinches, Johnson said aloud:

"Stop lovin' me, Jimmy, stop lovin' me, I say."

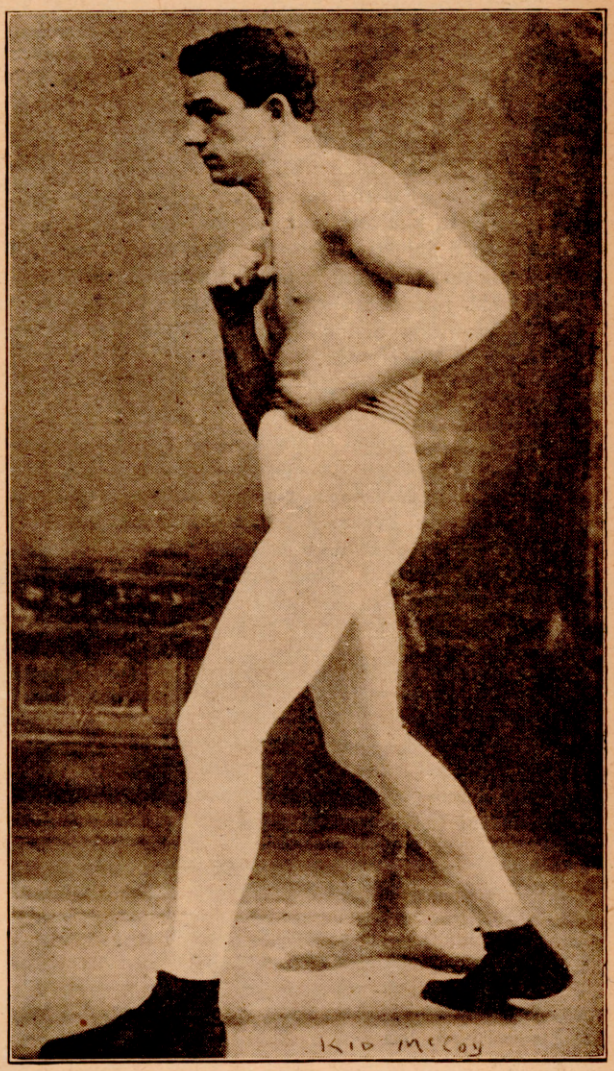
Jeffries, seeking to make Johnson respect him a little, growled back:

"I'll love you before I'm through with you."

All through the fight Johnson rode Jim Corbett unmercifully. Jim was trying some of his well known psychology on Johnson while acting as Jeff's chief adviser but it wasn't working. Johnson was the coolest man in the arena and every now and then Johnson would lean over Jeffries' shoulder and say sneeringly:

"Soft touch this, Jimmy. When I knock him out I want you to stay around and I'll take you on, one-handed and knock you out, too."

After awhile Corbett, smart at reparte, let up on Johnson because Jim was getting decidedly the worst of the verbal bargain.



Kid McCoy, the master of ring trickery.

PERHAPS the most fantastic and weird performer in the ring was Ike Weir, the "Belfast Spider." The little Irishman was witty, clever with song and quip and was an amazing athlete who carried his agility into the ring.

He was beloved by the fight fans and he had them in stitches with his pranks while fighting the best men in the world. His favorite trick was to back toward the ring posts and when his infuriated opponent rushed him, do a forward somersault over the other fighter's head, landing in a fighting position in back of him while the antagonist usually crashed into the ring posts to crack up his hands.

This penchant for clowning cost Weir the featherweight championship of the world on January 13, 1890, in San Francisco. He met Australian Billy Murphy, a terrific puncher, at the old California Athletic Club, the same club in which Jim Corbett boxed 61 rounds to "no decision" against Peter Jackson and where the immortal freckled one, Bob Fitzsimmons, made his American debut.

Weir was boxing rings around Murphy and he delighted in making the hard puncher miss his best shots. Murphy had seen Weir fight and was wise to some of the Irishman's antics, including those impromptu somersaults while the other fellow was plunging in after him trying to land a punch.

Weir tried it on the Australian and just as Weir started his vault, Murphy quickly backed away and Weir landed, unsteadily,

in front of Murphy instead of in back of him and as the Irishman's toes touched the canvas, Murphy let fly with the right which he had wound up, catching the "Belfast Spider" flush on the jaw and knocking him out as cold as a wedge. That defeat just about broke Weir's heart. He won subsequent battles yet was never again the same cocky, confident jumping jack of the ring.

* * *

JIM CORBETT was fighting Jim Jeffries in his second attempt to regain the heavyweight championship of the world. Jim had made a holy show of Jeffries in twenty-three rounds at Coney Island before the greatly discouraged Jeffries caught up with him and knocked him out.

This second fight took place in San Francisco and Jim, though not putting up a winning fight, was doing pretty well for a man 37 years old. Jeffries rushed Jim to the ropes and Corbett ducked under a haymaker and clinched. He spun Jeff around so that Corbett faced the crowd:

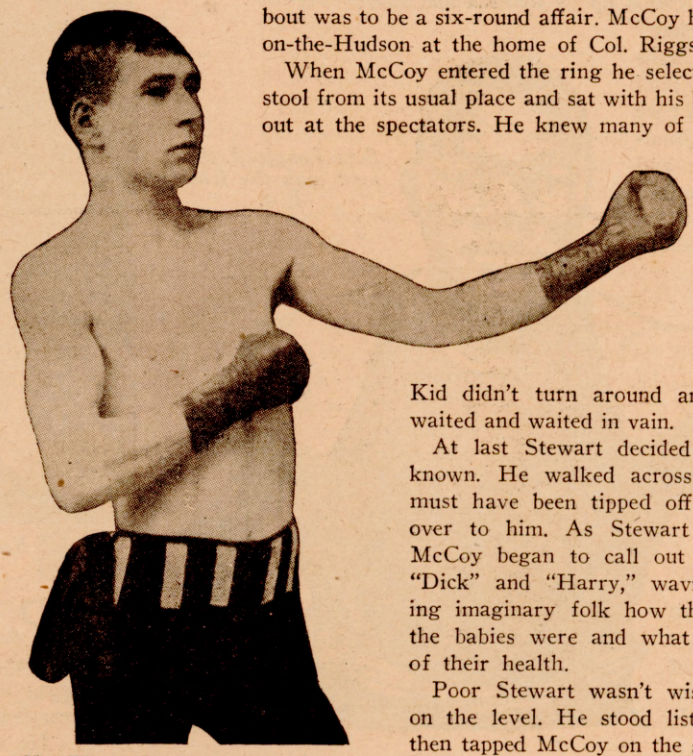
"Pretty good for an old man, eh, fellers?" chirped Corbett, a pretty tired fighter even then, yet possessed of all his wit and cunning. The youth and strength of the former boilermaker was too much for Jim in the end and a terrific left hook to the stomach brought him down with the most agonized look of pain on his face ever I've seen in the ring.

Jim Corbett, a next door neighbor of mine in Bayside, L. I., New York, died from cancer of the stomach and when I look back on the fights with Fitzsimmons at Carson City, Nev., or this one with Jeffries, I wonder if those two terrible blows to Jim's middle had anything to do with the growth of a cancer. Who knows? The trouble could have been generated by the solar plexus punch of Fitzsimmons or that dreadful left swing administered by Jim Jeffries!

* * *

KID BROAD was fighting Aurelio Herrera in Chicago. The Mexican was, to my way of thinking, the hardest puncher, inch for inch, that ever lived. He was a right-handed killer. He had a peculiar habit of moving in on a man with his left glove held high in front of him for all the world as if waving to someone.

Broad was watching the right hand. All of them had to watch that right. It had the deadly devastation of a hand grenade. The Mexican stalked grimly and Broad became fascinated with the action of that waving left hand. They were boxing in Tattersalls, Chicago, with boxes forming the outer edge of the balcony.



Ike Weir, the boxing acrobat.

"I thought that 'Reelio had a gal up in one of the boxes and was waving to her," said Broad. "I was certain of it when his eyes seemed to follow his left hand, so I made up my mind that if she was that important in Herrera's life, I'd have to have a peek at her. So the next time he waved, I looked up. When I came to, they were pinching my nose and squirting ice-water into my face. I never saw the gal. I never saw that right-hand punch, either!"

* * *

KID McCOY wasn't what you'd call a funny man in the ring. He was sneering, cruel and as tricky as a bear stealing honey. He always aimed to outwit his opponents and often did.

He was up to a hundred tricks in the ring and a fellow who opposed him always had to be on the sharp lookout for fear the Kid would sneak over a punch that would ruin the foeman's chances. McCoy brought his tricks to England when he went there to fight. Jack Scales faced McCoy one night and the easy-going Kid began to disarm the Englishman's fear of being trapped by the wily American's noted penchant for trickery.

McCoy spoke of the weather, asked Scales how the family was and when he was coming to the States where big purses were the rule. Surely thought Scales, this fellow is a pleasant chap and he began to disbelieve the stories of treachery on McCoy's part.

They had no sooner propped away for the first round when McCoy looked down at Scales' fighting shoes and drawled, pleasantly:

"What a strange custom you have over here. Why the pink shoe-laces?"

"Pink laces"—and Scales looked down—and somebody hit him over the head with the Tower of London!

That was an old McCoy trick and poor Scales fell for it.

* * *

McCOY made a comeback in 1908 and was matched with Jim Stewart, a young architect who had come along with great strides. They met in the old horse market in 24th Street, New York, then known as the National Sporting Club. Stewart was green and McCoy old and foxy.

McCoy planned a disquieting reception for Stewart. The Kid made certain that he would be the first man in the ring. The bout was to be a six-round affair. McCoy had trained at Hastings-on-the-Hudson at the home of Col. Riggs, a country gentleman.

When McCoy entered the ring he selected his corner, took the stool from its usual place and sat with his back to the ring, gazing out at the spectators. He knew many of those close to the ring by name and he talked pleasantly to them, awaiting the coming of Stewart. Jim finally came, took his place in the corner left for him by McCoy and began to wonder why the Kid didn't turn around and greet him. Stewart waited and waited in vain.

At last Stewart decided to make his presence known. He walked across the ring and McCoy must have been tipped off that Jim was coming over to him. As Stewart neared the old-timer, McCoy began to call out the names of "Tom," "Dick" and "Harry," waving furiously and asking imaginary folk how their family fared, how the babies were and what was the present state of their health.

Poor Stewart wasn't wise. He thought it was on the level. He stood listening for a while and then tapped McCoy on the shoulder. Not once, but half a dozen times. Finally Stewart shook McCoy's shoulder gently and said:

"It's ME, Mister McCoy, ME, Jim Stewart." McCoy looked around carelessly over his shoulder, nodded and said "Hello" without so much as offering his hand and then deliberately turned his back on Stewart again and began to call out to other friends who really weren't there at all.

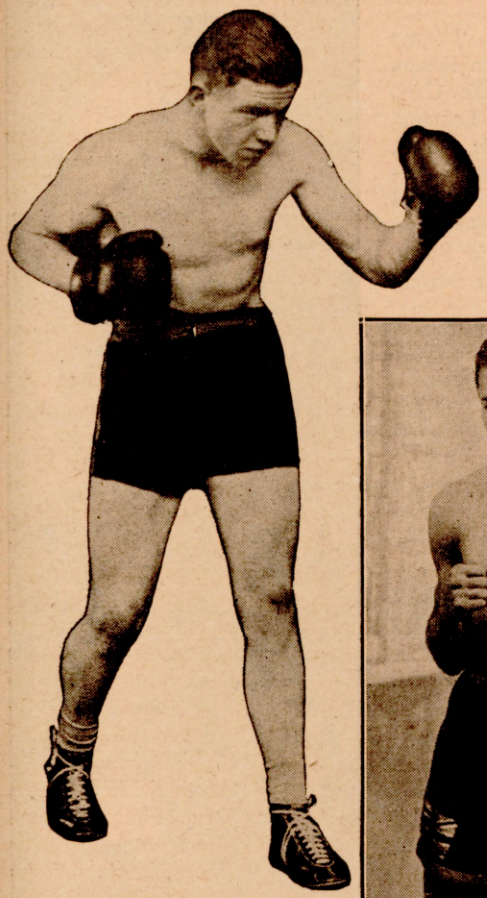
The effect was demoralizing to Stewart. He had been actually snubbed. Didn't McCoy know that here was the fellow he was going to fight? Didn't he take Stewart seriously?

When the bell rang, it was plain to be seen that the hard hitting architect had been cowed. He wasn't frightened, mind you, but he was flabbergasted by McCoy's nonchalance, a feeling that amounted to profound respect. That's the way Stewart fought.

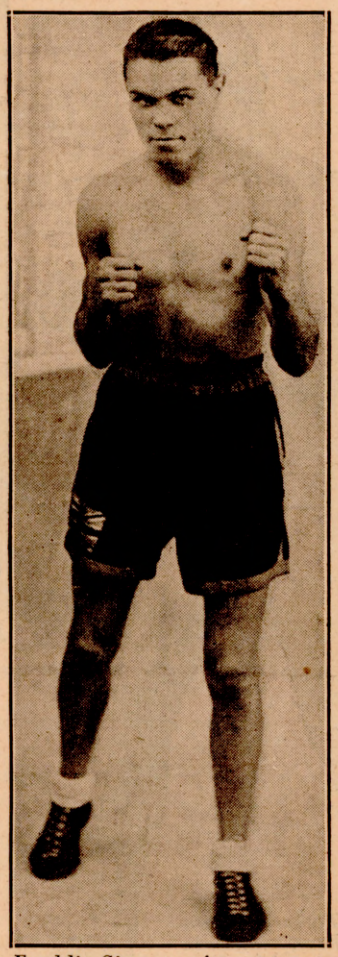
McCoy went the six-round distance by playing the fox from one bell to the other. He kept the famous McCoy left "corkscrew" punch churning the air and Stewart showed it absolute respect by keeping out of range, just the thing the washed up "Kid" wished. There was no decision in those days and the newspaper writers said that the Kid had had the better of the argument!

BOXING in ENGLAND

By GEORGE FARMER



Noel Wagener, a six-foot British heavyweight.



Freddie Simpson, former amateur lightweight king.

JOHN CUSICK, Manchester featherweight, found the spotlight when he recently stopped Jim (Spider) Kelly of Ireland in twelve heats to annex the British and Empire featherweight titles.

Cusick is twenty-one years of age, and had two previous victories over the Irish lad, but he confounded lots of sports writers and fans when he won in sensational style over the title-holder in a slate 15-round go with the crown at stake.

The new champion has never been given full marks for power of punch. He is accurate and speedy with his deliveries. He has a fine defense, but somehow has always seemed to lack the wallop that knocks 'em cold. He demonstrated against Kelly, however, that the punch was there by walking in and knocking the game son of Erin off his throne.

The British featherweight king is a seasoned campaigner. He started in the fight game at an early age. His victims are too numerous to mention here, but glancing through his record we find that many top liners have bowed the knee to Cusick.

Among them are such notables as: George Marsden, Billy Miller, Len Hampston, Mog Mason, Fred Morris, Johnny King, British bantamweight champion; Benny Sharkey, Len Beynon, Welsh featherweight title-holder; Harry Edwards, K.O. Morgan, who was disqualified; Tommy Burns, Frankie McCudden, former Scots featherweight kingpin; Alex Alston, Frank Harsen, ex-lightweight champion of France; Billy Charlton and Frankie Parkes. Cusick has won and lost to Benny Caplan and was knocked out in seven heats by Freddie Miller, former world's title-holder.

Miller has a tough job with the crafty Cusick, who moved about the ring like a will-o-the-wisp. Fred had a hard time finding a chink in the perfect defense of the Manchester lad, who was holding his own until Miller managed to tag him with a couple of heavy blows that spelt disaster for Cusick.

After the battle, Freddie admitted that Cusick's defense and ring work made him very hard to hit and said that he was one of the hardest men to tag that he had ever squared up to.

Outside the arena John is a quiet, soft-spoken lad who, with his slim physique and unmarked features bears small resemblance to a fighter, but once in the ring the opposition is liable to find things different. He boxes in strictly orthodox style. He has one of the best educated left hands in the business. John Cusick today reigns as British featherweight king.

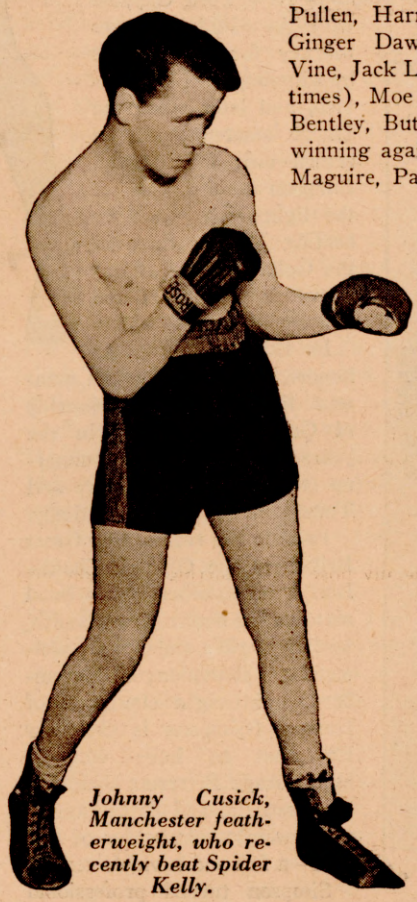
* * *

IN this story on the British fighters, we give another survey on the fistic material of the Old Country, not necessarily all champions or title contenders, but lads who are giving their best in the game of hit and stop, and boys who we think are worthy of a little mention. With that little introduction we get under way and first on our list is Freddie Mills, brilliant young Bournemouth middleweight, who is rapidly coming to the forefront in his division.

Mills is only nineteen years of age and is a two-fisted lad who bids fair to become a title contender with his present rate of progress. He is a good looking fighter with a hefty dig in either hand. His love of two-fisted fighting is dominant when he is in action although Mills can turn to the pretty stuff when the occasion demands it.

Despite the fact that he has been boxing with much success, Mills has yet to make the grade at a big-time promotion, but if he continues to show his present form, he'll get there before long.

Among the many who have bowed before Mills are: Fred Clements, Jack McKnight, twice, Red Pullen, Harry Lister (New Zealand), Ginger Dawkins, Ted Barter, Harry Vine, Jack Lewis, Charlie Parkin (three times), Moe Moss, Tom Curran, Yorkie Bentley, Butcher Gascoigne, losing and winning against Dave McCleave, Eddie Maguire, Paul Schaeffer, drawing with Nat Franks and narrowly losing on points to Arthur Sadd, brilliant middleweight title contender.



Johnny Cusick, Manchester featherweight, who recently beat Spider Kelly.

Mills has all the hallmarks of a first rate performer and if he continues to show improvement, will earn himself a title tilt before he is much older.

He is a stiff hitter, who shows little respect for the opposition. He can take a punch well, and while being handy at mixing it, can box with the best on demand.

Mills carries himself with the assurance of a veteran and no middleweight has any need to go hollering for opponents with this fine performer around.

He is managed and trained by Bob Turner,

who has gone out of his way to make the pugilistic path lighter for his charge. Since he started boxing professionally when but sixteen and a half, Mills has taken part in some fifty-odd fights, he has won forty-six of these and scored twenty-five wins via the K.O. route, a fine testimony to his power of punch.

* * *

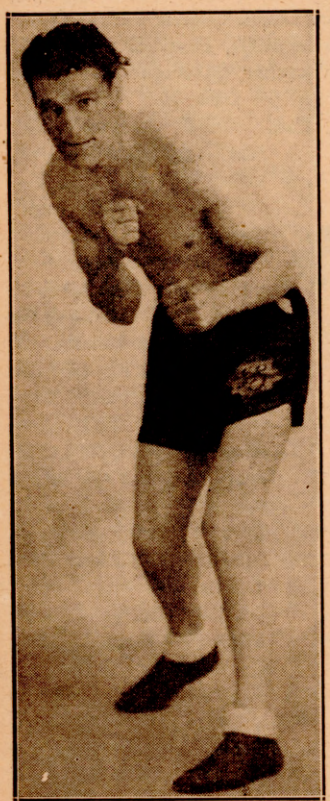
JOE SHEPHERD, Newcastle fight manager, has an eighteen-year-old youngster who is a promising piece of heavyweight timber. This boy is Noel Wagener, six feet tall and weighing around 180 pounds. Naturally at the start of his career as a moneyed fighter, Noel has only been meeting opposition of his own class. With a young lad such as he, his mentor can well afford to bide his time, but to date Wagener has scored nine knockouts out of ten starts, which at least proves that he has a wallop.

His best punches are a smashing left hook and a useful right-hand dig. Before taking up fighting, Wagener was a welder and it was through a fellow worker and boxer that he was initiated into the glove game, the lad who introduced him being Harry Craster, prominent Northern fighter. Noel is rapidly fulfilling the confidence placed in him and is becoming the idol of his home town in spite of his short career. He has the wallop that knocks 'em kicking and that's what draws the crowd.

* * *

DOWN in Basingstoke, in the county of Hampshire, the fight fans will tell the world that the next lightweight champion of Great Britain is Freddie Simpson, the former simon-pure lightweight king, whose amateur record is second to none, and who is now thrilling the cash customers with fine exhibitions of fast and lively boxing. Simpson is a former schoolboy champion of Great Britain, winning that honor in 1930. Later, 1934, Freddie carried off the A.B.A. Southwest divisional championship at the lightweight limit, a title that he annexed in the succeeding years of 1935, 1936, 1937 and 1938.

When only seventeen years of age, he journeyed to the States, where at the Yankee Stadium, New York City, he won the Golden Gloves tourney for lightweights by whipping Murray Kravich, and later when the U. S. amateurs paid a return visit to England, Simpson again carried off the lightweight prize by beating Marcus Conn in the Golden Gloves championships, staged at the Empire Pool, Wembley.



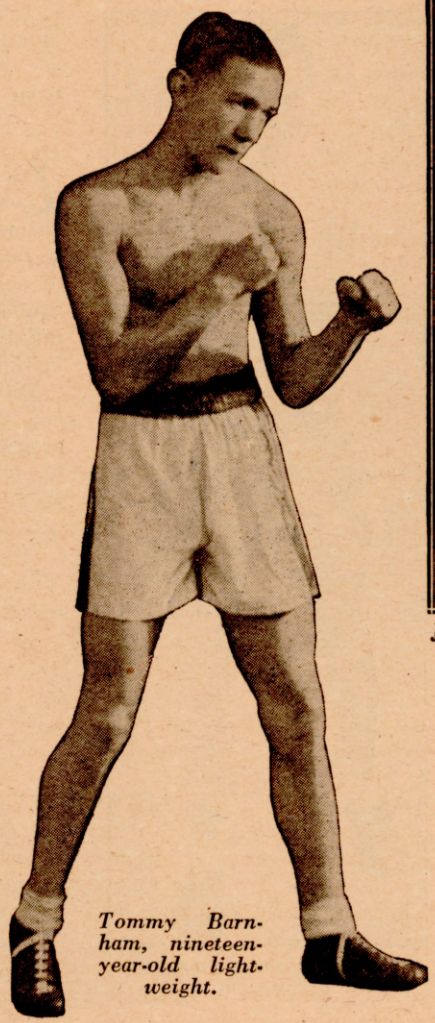
Joe Slark, a lightweight of promise.

In 1936, among other honors, Simpson won the amateur lightweight championship of Great Britain, and in the years of '37 and '38 was runner-up to Arthur Danahar and Tommy McGrath, respectively.

Freddie has represented Great Britain at the Olympic Games, Berlin, and in other international matches has beaten Ernie Smith, former world's simon-pure welterweight champion; H. Nuremberg, lightweight champion of Europe (Simpson is the only European to have whipped him); Aage Peterson, champion of Denmark; and Erik Aagren, welterweight title-holder of Europe—a fine and enviable record.

Simpson turned professional in June, 1938, and to date has gone to the starting post fourteen times and has yet to suffer defeat.

He has beaten Johnny Jones, Johnny Cunningham, Bob Savage, Freddie Carr, Jackie Clark, Len Lemaux, Jim Anderson, Eric Dolby, Frank Meachem, Les Greenaway, Jimmy Duffy, Al Lyttle, lightweight champion of Ireland, and Joe Slark, on the Roderick-Armstrong card. Simpson's current fight at this writing was against Johnny Ward on the Harvey-McAvoy bill. The referee called them even in this contest, although more than one sports writer opined that the verdict should have gone to Simpson.



Tommy Barnham, nineteen-year-old lightweight.

Simpson is one of the best lightweight prospects in Great Britain and is out with an open challenge to any lightweight in the country. He is a fine boxer, possessing a lancing left jab that really hurts, while he has a hefty dig in his right. Freddie is anything but a cream-puff puncher.

That he will go far in the professional ranks goes without saying. He is a natural lightweight and is managed by his father, John Simpson, a boxing-wise man who shows a great pride in the achievements of his highly capable son.

* * *

JEFF SMITH, now fighting out of London, is an excellent bantamweight prospect and a fine club fighter. He is a fast, two-handed scrapper, who is likely to make plenty of trouble no matter who he meets. Smith won an open bantamweight tourney that was organized by the Crystal Palace promoters, and has beaten, among others, Kid Chocolate of Jamaica, Ron Kingston, Willie Smith and Nat Stewart.

He has fought a draw with the National Sporting Club protege, Hugh Cameron, fought a close contest with Eric Jones, Southern Area flyweight champion, and beaten Johnny Boom.

Smith is an easy lad to handle, *(Continued on page 44)*

Jeff Smith, a fine bantamweight prospect.

The OLD MASTER

By BILL DOHERTY

Ex-heavyweight champion of Australia and middleweight champion of South Africa. Author of "In the Days of the Giants."

I HAVE been reading Volumes 3 and 4 of Nat Fleischer's "Black Dynamite" series, which when completed will tell the complete story of the Negro in the prize ring and boxing ring; and I hasten to write that not for many years have I turned the pages of a book with more interest and genuine satisfaction.

The world famous figures who make their bow in the captivating pages of these volumes were made of the sort of stuff that even a writer of mediocre ability and experience could have turned to good account, and it is therefore no wonder that Nat Fleischer, with his wide experience of fight description, unexcelled knowledge of the game and with the backing of the finest library in the world on the noble art—it is no wonder, I say, that he should have succeeded in producing a series of biographies that are classics in the realm of boxing literature.

Jack Johnson, Joe Jeannette, Sam Langford, Joe Walcott, Joe Gans and George Dixon, to quote but a few, are some of the heroes of Volumes 3 and 4, and one does not need to be a member of an older generation to realize that the story of these black gladiators is virtually the story of every great fighter, white or black, who flourished in the great and spacious days before the War.

* * *

THE books are worth buying and reading for the sake of two sections alone—the section in Volume 3 that deals with Joe Gans, and the one in Volume 4 that features Sam Langford. Better human "copy" perhaps never walked the earth than Gans and Langford, and yet it is surprising that a single author has been able to do complete justice to them both in the way that Nat Fleischer has done, because the men were as far apart as the poles in temperament, appearance, and in ring methods, and it is difficult to realize that one writer could succeed in dealing sympathetically and understandingly with either man without failing somewhat in affording a due measure of appreciation to the other.

Langford was a joker, a man with a rich fund of humor who met his troubles with a laugh and who conquered them often enough by refusing to take them seriously. His wants were simple and his skill and hitting power so great that satisfying those wants came easily enough to him in his palmy days when we learn that he could name the round that a fight would end whenever he was pitted against a boxer who was not absolutely first class.

From the time of Sam Langford's appearance, "in company with a yellow dog of uncertain parentage" at a Boston drug store in quest of a hand-out of which both dog and man were obviously in need, up to the pinnacle of his greatness when he was lionized by titled sportsmen in London after knocking out the English champion, the career of the ever popular Tar-Baby is outlined with skill, sympathy and a multitude of welcome humorous touches in Volume 4.

* * *

IT is a section that will be enjoyed not only by followers of boxing but by anyone who likes a good story, who has a sense of humor and who can appreciate the life story of a man who mastered the profession by which he earned his living and who, to quote the author, "could always smile in the face of trouble."

I have a soft spot in my heart for Sam Langford and would give something to grasp him once again by the hand in a grip of friendship as I did when he was in Australia; but I must admit that it is the section on Gans in Volume 3 that has made the greatest hit with me. The story of Joe Gans, "The Old Master," excels in human interest anything that I have ever read.

Nothing came easy to Joe Gans, and in that respect alone the account of his career must strike a sympathetic chord in the hearts of millions of ordinary human beings, of whom the present writer is one. We can all admire the man who scales the heights with scarcely an effort who, born with the ability to conquer or excel, leaps barrier after barrier with ease in the pursuit of fame or riches.

But there is something more than mere admiration in our hearts for the man who achieves nothing easily, because we know that we ourselves are like that. We have often tasted the bitterness of defeat after long and earnest effort, and our victories have been won only after the expense of an amount of energy and effort so great as almost to eclipse the value of the reward.

We have a fellow feeling for Joe Gans, and there is no envy, no regret in our hearts when we learn that Joe, unlike us, was able to rise after being defeated, humiliated and even disgraced, to the topmost heights in his chosen field of activity, the roped square.

* * *

NOTHING came easy to "The Old Master," but it often seems to me that if he lived his life over again, he would not want it to work out much different from the way it did. He was not a playboy and cared nothing for the past, nor a very great deal for the future. Always while he lived he strove to grapple earnestly with the problems of the present time, and his career shows that while his health continued his philosophy of life was successfully carried out.

He was terribly thrashed in the ring by men who were classed as second-raters in those days but who would probably be able to achieve a quite different ranking nowadays—Dal Hawkins, Bobby Dobbs, George McFadden, Kid McPartland, Frank Erne and Sam Langford, but with the exception of Sam Langford, Joe Gans lived to meet those men again, and to avenge the defeats or punishments. Sometimes it took him several fights to avenge completely the previous setback, but he always won out when the opportunity was given him to make good.

The terrible beatings that Gans took, even in his drawn battles with men such as Griffo, Siddons, McBride, Crosby, Walcott and Mike Sullivan, did not make him great, of course. Lord knows the most ordinary amongst us would be famous if a thrashing was all that was needed to achieve fame—but what happened afterward certainly did tend to add lustre to the name of "The Old Master."

Sometimes, the second fight after a defeat resulted in nothing better than a draw—a hard fought 25-round draw—but the "Old Master," who had learned not to expect things to come easy, was content and when the third fight came off, as likely as not he would win, either by points or by a K.O.

His fights with George "Elbows" McFadden, as recounted by Nat Fleischer in Volume 3, will tell more about the temperament and capabilities of the "Old Master" that could be learned elsewhere in years of study. The first clash spelled disaster for Gans because McFadden knocked him out at the end of twenty-three of the fiercest rounds of fighting ever witnessed in New York, and the defeat was a bitter blow to the loser by reason of the fact that he had been challenging the reigning lightweight champion, Kid Lavigne, for a title battle and had been on the verge of having the challenge accepted.

The defeat by McFadden robbed Gans of the right to meet Lavigne, a right which was conceded to McFadden, who promptly made good by K.O.'ing the redoubtable Kid in nineteen rounds. Kid Lavigne, invincible at his best, was then past his zenith, and it is certain that had Gans succeeded in beating McFadden he would have fought and beaten Lavigne and thus gained the lightweight championship of the world three years earlier than he did.

* * *

THE second fight between Gans and McFadden went twenty-five rounds and resulted in a draw, but the "Old Master" was grimly content with the way things were going, for in the long, hard and bloody battle he had kept his feet all through whereas McFadden had hit the *(Continued on page 44)*

How Referees Decide Bouts

RECENTLY I took a flying trip to Venezuela and one to New Orleans, where I officiated as third man in the ring in the bouts between Simon Chavez and Joey Archibald and between Leo Rodak and Nick Camarata, and since my return I have been bombarded with queries, both in personal interviews and in letters, on the subject of refereeing.

"Weren't you afraid that you might give a wrong decision when you refereed in Venezuela, and what the reaction might be," a newspaperman asked me. "It must be quite dangerous for an American to give the deciding verdict in such places as you so frequently have visited," he continued.

"It's a pretty risky business," remarked another as we were discussing fights in Venezuela, Puerto Rico, Cuba and other Central and South American countries that I have visited. "It would be worth your life if the judges disagreed and you were forced to hold up the hand of the winner and your decision didn't meet with popular approval."

To all of which I replied that it was no more dangerous to act in a foreign country if the people have faith in you and know that you are a square shooter than it is for one to referee in New York. I don't profess to know all there is about officiating, nor do I profess to be infallible in judging a fight, but I do know that the fans believe in my honesty though my decision may not be theirs, as was the case in New Orleans, where the fans thought Rodak won and I gave my decision to Camarata.

Arthur Donovan, New York's leading referee.

* * *

IN all my dealings with the fight fans of foreign lands or the fans of our own country, I have always worked on one theory—the people who go to see a fight know as much about the game as I do, or do others who are termed "experts."

You must meet them and treat them on an equal basis. You must realize that they can judge a fight with the same amount of accuracy as you, the referee, and that if they are not prejudiced, if they are not partisan rooters, they will follow the progress of a bout with the same keen interest that the referee shows.

A referee should not underrate his audience. He should not enter the ring with a feeling that one fighter is superior to the other and probably will win. If he does, he'll have a tough time giving the so-called under-dog a square deal. He should not assume a "know-it-all" attitude.

When a referee and judges render a decision at the end of a stipulated number of rounds in states where three officials take part in giving the verdict, all three open themselves to severe criticism from partisan rooters. If the decision is unanimous, invariably the majority of the fans agree with the verdict, but when there is a split decision, the hooting and howling that accompanies the announcement indicates to what extent the fans favor one or the other contestant. Often even in the case of a unanimous decision, unfairness on the part of the officials is openly charged, as was the case in New Orleans.

The crowd usually fails to take cognizance of the points as do the officials. They often ignore what has taken place in the first part of a fight and see only the finish in rendering their opinion as opposed to that of the officials. "Points" to them mean nothing. If they kept score as do the officials, much of the dissension at the end of a bout would never take place. Too many fans trust to memory.

On the other hand, many spectators are as keen judges of a fight as are the best of paid officials. They score the points according to a system that enables them to judge accurately.

What are the points that are considered by good judges? Often I have found that even referees and judges base their decision on aggressiveness, regardless of what other line of activity is pursued, and in that they err. This class of officials is gradually being eliminated. It is a division in which we find old-time pugs who were of the tearing-in type, the sluggers, those who would take an awful shellacking to get over a haymaker. To them, cleverness, clean jabs, an excellent defense, good countering, excellent feinting and other fine points of the game are ignored.

* * *

IN every state where boxing is legalized, the commission has listed a number of items that constitute points in scoring a fight. A referee should render his verdict as he sees it. He must pay no attention to reputation of fighter, manager or promoter, and must not heed the shouts of the fans.

Unfortunately, too many states have nothing in their rules pertaining to fouls. That is the case in New Orleans, where it is left wholly to the discretion of the referee to decide what to do when fouls are committed. The only stipulation in the state of Louisiana is that a boy who is hit low might be given a chance to recuperate through a rest period. Nothing is said by the commission regarding other types of fouls, and that's why the fight fans raised such a rumpus after the verdict was delivered in favor of Camarata in his recent fight with Rodak.

Since the boxing commission of Louisiana leaves it to the referee to decide on a penalty, if any is to be given for infringement of rules, I acted according to that ruling and penalized Rodak five points for two drastic fouls. The fans couldn't see it that way. If the penalties had not been recorded, Rodak would have won by 52 to 48 points.

Now, what I want to ask of the New Orleans fans is whether, in their opinion, a fighter who fights cleanly as against one who fouls, should not be given some credit for his fair fight. Should he be forced to suffer the consequences of rough and tumble battling by an opponent who is to be permitted to get away with it? I cannot see that at all.

In some states aggressiveness counts for more than does good, clever boxing, but it is my opinion that aggressiveness minus clean hitting must be ignored in scoring. Aggressiveness should get a big count when it is accompanied by clean hits, and when the hits are hard ones, then the fighter who lands the punches and shows his aggressiveness must get the bulk of the points for that round.

There is no set rule as to how much to give. That is left to the judgment of the officials. For my part, all other things being on a par, I would give the round to the aggressor.

Too often an official is fooled and so is the crowd in giving a fighter credit for boring-in tactics, for aggressiveness, despite

System Varies in Many Sections—Some Give Preference to Cleverness Over Slugging, Others to Aggressiveness Regardless of Safe Hits—Clean Hitting, Good Defense and Leading Are Most Important

By "THE RING" EDITOR

the fact that he seldom lands a blow and often his misses are a mile wide. Such aggressiveness means little in point scoring. Many officials also are fooled on the "last-minute rush." They fail to realize that mere aggressiveness can be offset by perfect counter-punching.

* * *

THERE are many excellent referees in various parts of the country, a number of whom are so efficient that they are often called upon to act as guest referee in other states. The man who has been honored most by commissions other than in New York, is Arthur Donovan, as capable an official as is to be found anywhere.

George Blake of California is another. George, a high class referee of the old school, officiated in Cleveland at the Stribling-Schmeling fight and recently handled the Nova-Galento contest in Philadelphia. Patsy Haley of New York, Jack O'Sullivan and Johnny McAvoy, also of New York, have likewise been "imported" because of their fine work. Jack Dempsey, who temporarily has given up his work as referee, rates high in that line.

Among the nation's best referees, besides those already mentioned are Frank Fullam and Ged Gahan of New York; Billy Cavanaugh of West Point; Slim McClelland of Detroit; Gene Roman of New Jersey; Phil Collins of Chicago; Lieut. Jack Kennedy of San Francisco; Toby Irwin of San Francisco; Alex Fidler of Des Moines; Benny Leonard, former lightweight king of New York, who has been doing good work throughout the Union; Leo Shea of St. Louis; Dave Miller of Chicago; Leo Houck of Allentown, Pa.; Matt Brock of Cleveland; Jimmy Moran, Red Dolan and Jimmy Lascola of New Orleans; Joe McGuigan of Philadelphia, and Charley Randolph of Los Angeles.

There are many more, but the above are the outstanding men in their profession. A talented referee who has the good will of the public, who is recognized for his ability and courage, is not born overnight. It takes much experience to develop that type.

George Blake, best of Pacific Coast officials.

Courage, honesty ability, knowledge of the intricacies of boxing—those are the essential points in judging a good referee.

* * *

RING followers, as a rule, have come to regard a "point" as a blow squarely landed, although, as a matter of fact, many other things come under this head in a boxing or sparring match.

To many it seems odd that a man who is fighting all the time by forcing matters in every round and by trying repeatedly to knock his opponent's head off by heavy swings should be declared beaten at the end of a bout because his rival, though apparently on the defensive all the time, has succeeded in landing the greater number of jabs and counters. The man who shows a willingness to fight all the time and who is still driving his antagonist before him at the end of the battle naturally has the support of ring followers who care little about the science of the game.

The fight between Battling Nelson and James Britt was an excellent illustration of this sort of work in the ring. Nelson was coming all the time. He was boring in with his heavy swings and rough-house tactics, and was as strong as a lion on his feet at the windup. But Britt, with superior science, kept out of harm's way, and at the same time succeeded in landing a greater number of clean blows.

Although the referee did not actually count those "points," he saw enough of the general style of the men to decide which was the master from a scientific point of view. Yet after the decision had been rendered, there was a howl from the Nelson crowd to the effect that as Battling had done "all the work" he should have won, or might have had a draw at the very worst.

Men who have gone into this question of "points" generally allow more when a fighter leads and lands a blow than they do if his antagonist is clever enough to counter and reach his mark. In a word, they believe that the man who does the leading takes greater chances and is, therefore, entitled to more credit, while the man who hangs back in his attack deserves to be penalized, unless he forces misses and connects with counter shots.

* * *

IN sizing up two fighters, in addition to watching the blows and their effect, a referee is supposed to take account of the parrying, blocking, side-stepping, slipping, ducking and general footwork, and is also expected to resort to radical measures when a fighter deliberately runs away from an opponent, butts, heels, gouges, backhands and strikes low.

Many times arguments arise in favor of the "tin can" pugilist, as a runner is called, set forth by the statement that the ring, under Marquis of Queensberry rules, must be twenty-four feet square, so that a pugilist may have plenty of room in which to maneuver.

"What is the ring for?" is a question one can hear seconds ask of a fighter who is inclined to clinch to avoid punishment. "Use the ring! Get in some footwork!" the seconds cry as their man is wobbling about under a heavy fusillade of punches. In such a case a man who runs cannot be blamed, because he must necessarily try to do his best to escape a knockout. But the rank and file of ring followers would rather see the two men stand up and wallop each other than look at a running match in which a sprinter who is quick with his hands in the matter of scoring "points" is declared victor.

Charley White, one of the most competent referees in the country, could tell at a glance whether a man who was retreating was really clever or possessed a yellow streak.

Jim Corbett, perhaps, was the means of showing how a scientific man could score points while in full retreat before an aggressive opponent. It was in his battle with Jim Jeffries at Coney Island that Corbett was running around the ring for twenty-two rounds jabbing the champion in the face, beating a tattoo on his head with his busy left and at the same time making it impossible for Jeff to land a solid blow.

Corbett's wonderful footwork, by which he used every inch of the floor space, was admired by lovers of clean boxing, but it was also condemned by those who preferred the knockdown and drag-out article. George Considine,

(Continued on page 42)

NEWS *of the* MAT WORLD

By "THE MATMAN"

WHEN Jim Londos, generally recognized as world heavyweight wrestling king, left these shores for a trip around the world, he was the last of the remaining big shots, other than the famous Dusek troupe, to embark for the lucrative shores of New Zealand and Australia where at this writing, most of the leading American talent is to be found. Londos hopes to combine his honeymoon with competition that will find him meeting about fifty American and foreign grapplers before he returns to California.

If the war situation eases, he may come back by way of Europe where he hopes, if it can be satisfactorily arranged, to have a meeting with Jack Sherry to settle the matter of supremacy. This is one match THE RING would like to see. Sherry, despite the claim of Londos that he has beaten him once and that when their second meeting was contemplated, circumstances prevented the affair from being consummated, insists that he can prove to the world that he is Londos' master. In view of the fact that he has been hurling challenges at the Greek Adonis and even posted a huge forfeit with THE RING Editor for such a bout, there is no reason why Londos should ignore Sherry's challenge. He, above all, deserves a match for the title and Jack is willing to face Londos in England, South Africa, New Zealand or Australia for such purpose. Earl McCready likewise is eager for such a title contest and may get it.

Londos, upon reaching Hawaii, his first stop, sent a letter to THE RING, which he had written in Los Angeles, California, with a request that it be printed in order to offset the items that already have been published in this magazine in which the claimant to the world crown has been belittled because of his refusal to place the title in competition against the best world wrestlers instead of those whom he has been meeting, time and again. THE RING, always fair in its treatment of boxers and wrestlers, is glad to have the opportunity to print Londos' side of the controversy. Here it is:

"Tomorrow will be a momentous day in my career. I am being married and will leave immediately after the ceremony on a tour of the world. This will be the third time I have gone around the world. But the first time I have been married.

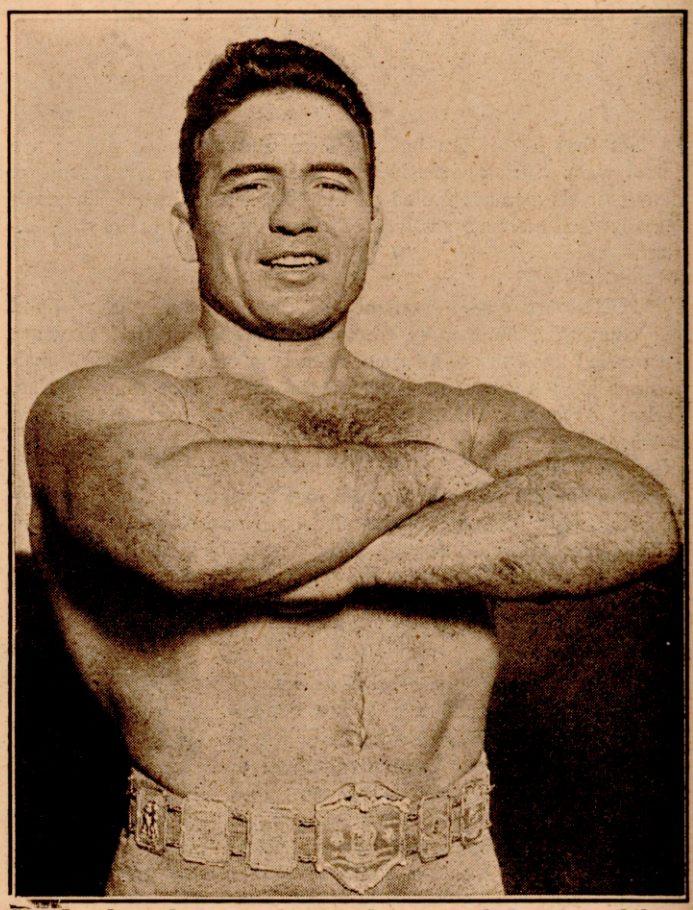
"Since reading an article in a recent issue of your magazine about our game, I have earnestly wanted to write you so I am dropping you this note tonight, in spite of all the excitement attendant upon the big happenings tomorrow.

"You know, Nat, I really love the wrestling game. I wrestled for years for the pure love of the sport as an amateur. My father and grandfathers wrestled most of their lives as amateurs. As a champion I have not waited for contenders to come to me. I have gone around the world in search of opposition. And I leave again tomorrow prepared to meet the best wrestlers in the world and with my title at stake.

"Each time I tour the world I find new pretenders have set up claims since my last visit. In every instance I agree to wrestle them but they fail to meet me. The federations and commissions governing the sport in the particular section of the world set aside their claims and force me to defend my title against one they select.

"It was thus in Paris in 1937. De Glane and O'Mahony were going to wrestle for a European title and I was asked by promoters if I would wrestle either one. I wired my acceptance—both refused to wrestle me. The promoter then, under supervision of the Wrestling Federation of France, conducted a tournament which was won by Karl Novina and I was ordered to meet Novina, which I did, and the match was recognized as a world's championship match by the press and by the Federation.

"The president of the Federation was present at the contest. I won the match and the recognition as the champion. Once again De Glane became the champion of France and not of the world.



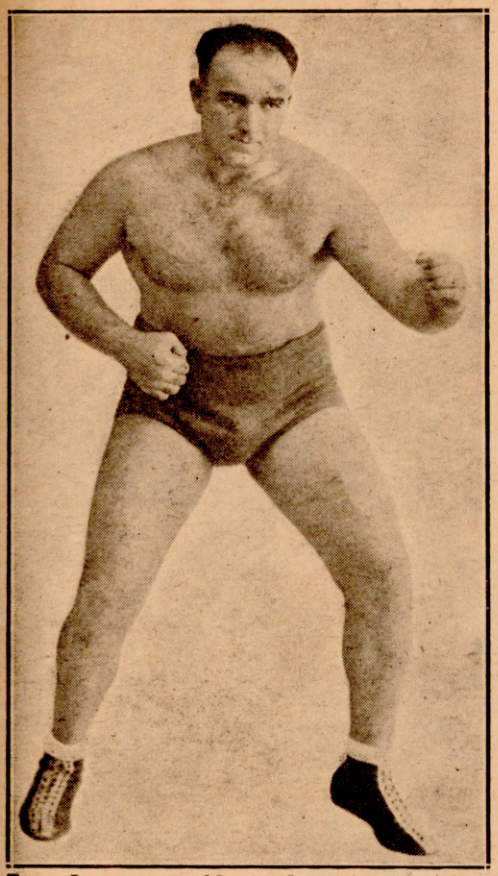
Jim Londos, who is combining pleasure with business while on his honeymoon in a world tour.

"In England, the press and most of the promoters referred to me as the champion of the world. Promoter Athol Oakley of Manchester, England, offered me a purse of seven thousand pounds to meet Jack Sherry, who asserts he is the world title-holder. I promptly accepted the offer, but through no fault of mine, the match never materialized and after waiting for months for the match to take place, the promoters sent to South Africa for Johan Van Der Walt, who was considered the greatest South African wrestler. I met and defeated him in a match in Earl's Court in London and by my victory I feel I clinched the international title.

"The Turks are considered by all as the greatest wrestlers in the world. I met the mighty son of Yousoff Hussain in Athens before one hundred thousand people. Hussain had won a tournament in Constantinople in which the greatest wrestlers in Turkey participated and he was considered the outstanding wrestler in the world by those people.

"I do not believe any wrestler can claim a record such as mine. I have lost only one match in ten years. I have invaded all corners of the world and wrestled all comers under strange rules and regulations. I have wrestled in every state in the Union. I have never refused to meet any man, your opinion to the contrary notwithstanding.

"I toured the world and earned my title on the mat and then came back to find Bronco Nagurski set up here as the champion through a long run of victories. He was undefeated in all his matches and had bowled over all contenders and claimants. It was everywhere accepted that the winner of this match would



Tony Lamaro, world traveler, now in Asia.

"Now I find there are men setting up claims as champions. I am starting out to meet them, Sherry included. If they will have patience, I will be in their countries soon enough.

"I am heading directly for Australia and New Zealand and will completely encircle the globe before I return.

"You have long been a booster for this game I love and it is for this reason I have set these few facts down as I want you for our ally—we need friends like you. THE RING is the bible for boxers and wrestlers. I should know. That's why we need THE RING'S support in our game.

"From time to time new sport magazines come out. They all declare they are the 'Greatest,' 'Finest and most complete,' etc.

"You cannot stop this, nor can you prohibit them from so advertising. All you can do is keep on printing the finest and greatest sport magazine of them all.

"Then you let the people decide. We all know the results. You continue on and others fail.

"It is the same with me. I keep on winning my laurels on the mat. I cannot help what others claim. But sooner or later they must meet me. And until I am beaten on the mat, I still insist I am the champion of the world."

Well, Jim, here's wishing you and yours a most happy married life and the best of luck. Be assured that THE RING *Editor finds it most difficult to be compelled to rap a sport he loves, just as you do, and for the sake of the future of wrestling, I trust that you will fill your obligations to the mat game by placing your title against the best available talent.*

THE RING *has never declared that you were not the world champion. That crown you hold, so far as this publication is concerned, though Jack Sherry is the recognized title-holder so far as England is concerned, and Earl McCready is recognized as world champion by others. But why don't you meet Sherry and settle the matter of supremacy?*

be champion without doubt. You yourself unhesitatingly declared the winner would hold undisputed claim to the title. You know I defeated Nagurski fairly and squarely.

Let's put an end to the bickerings that have killed the sport in America. It can be done. Wrestling can once again hold the spotlight as it did when you were in your prime. All it needs is a better understanding, cleaner tactics by promoters, the elimination of those who have made a joke of wrestling.

THE RING *will offer its wholehearted support if promoters will help to clean up the rubbish.*

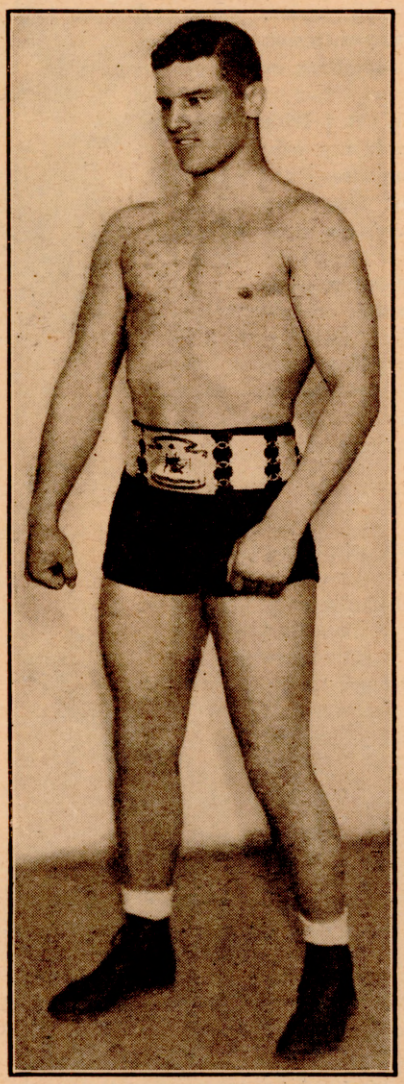
* * *

EUROPEAN WRESTLING HIGHLIGHTS, by Charles "Spider" Mascall, follow: The British Wrestling Board of Control appears to grow stronger every day. Their rules are being enforced and there exists scarcely a wrestler unlicensed by the Board. The B. W. B. C. is a step in the right direction for, as the saying goes, "where there is unity, there is strength." And British wrestling has need of plenty of that.

Promoters abroad should take a good look at the success of the sport in New Zealand, where the strongest controlling body in the history of modern wrestling holds the governing reins . . . . In Paris, tales are going the rounds that Jimmy Londos, Dean Detton and Dave Levin may open at the Palais des Sports, with Jeff Dickson doing the promoting chores. Ray Fabiani, the Philadelphia mat czar, is said to be assisting Dickson. He is now in Paris.

Among the newcomers barnstorming in England is Frankie Hart, the "Flying Dutchman." Others whom the British public warmly welcomed were Al Korman, Rene La Belle and Johnny Demchuk.

Karl Pojello, advertised in English wrestling papers as "the man who defied Jack Sherry," dashed back to England from Geneva, Switzerland, to fulfill a number of engagements . . . . Next month in Sweden the annual heavyweight tournament is due to take place. Among those expected to enter are Bulldog Bill Garnon, former British champion; Dick Shikat, ex-world titlist; Oscar Nygren of Sweden; Paul Shikat, the younger brother of Dick,



Leroy McGuirk, crowned N.W.A. light-heavyweight king in the United States.

Art Mahony, one of the leading light-heavyweights in the South.

and Henri (Milo) Steinborn, the weight-lifting star.

Ali the Wicked, the "Iron Turk," will be back in Europe during October, according to reports received by the columnist. Ali, last season, was one of the best drawing cards that the North of England ever had. He was a key-man for famous George de Relwyskow, the former Olympic champion.

Of the top-notch wrestlers located in England, few have retained their popularity more than Whipper Billy Watson, handsome Irish-Canadian. Billy has been campaigning abroad for the past four years and can still pack 'em in. His specialty hold is the "whip-lock" that Danno O'Mahony made famous.

Bob Fife, burly Scottish-Canadian middleweight, is another wrestler whom the British fans love to see in action. Fife is a tough little fellow and has wrestled every champion in Europe. He knows the ins and outs of wrestling as well as he knows the palm of his hand.

Paddy Casey, who was unable to join his noted Irish brothers in the United States because of a back injury, only recently returned to the mat. Tom and Jim Casey are coming back to England this fall, says Paddy. They have been headlining all over the States and will receive a great welcome.

Benny Sherman, the American-Jewish light-heavy, manages to maintain his top place amongst the wrestling celebrities barnstorming in Europe. Only one, Jim Atlas, the Greek, has given Sherman any trouble. Others have been challenging him, but the promoters just can't bring them together. Make no mistake, Benny Sherman is a great wrestler. Personally, we doubt if there is a light-heavyweight in the business who can touch him.

* * *

THE Dusek clan has been cleaning up in Eastern mat competition during the summer. While most of the stars of the mat game were on tour or idle during the summer months, the Dusek boys—five of 'em—were furnishing wrestling acrobatic entertainment in many parts of the country. Rudy Dusek, the manager of his troupe, thinks there is more money to be had in this country than in foreign lands and has repeatedly turned down offers to send his men abroad or to New Zealand and Australia.

With the leading international figures out of the country, the Dusek boys have been in big demand and will continue to be during the indoor season. Whatever else might be said about them, at least it must be admitted that there are no better showmen in the game than Rudy and his gang.

* * *

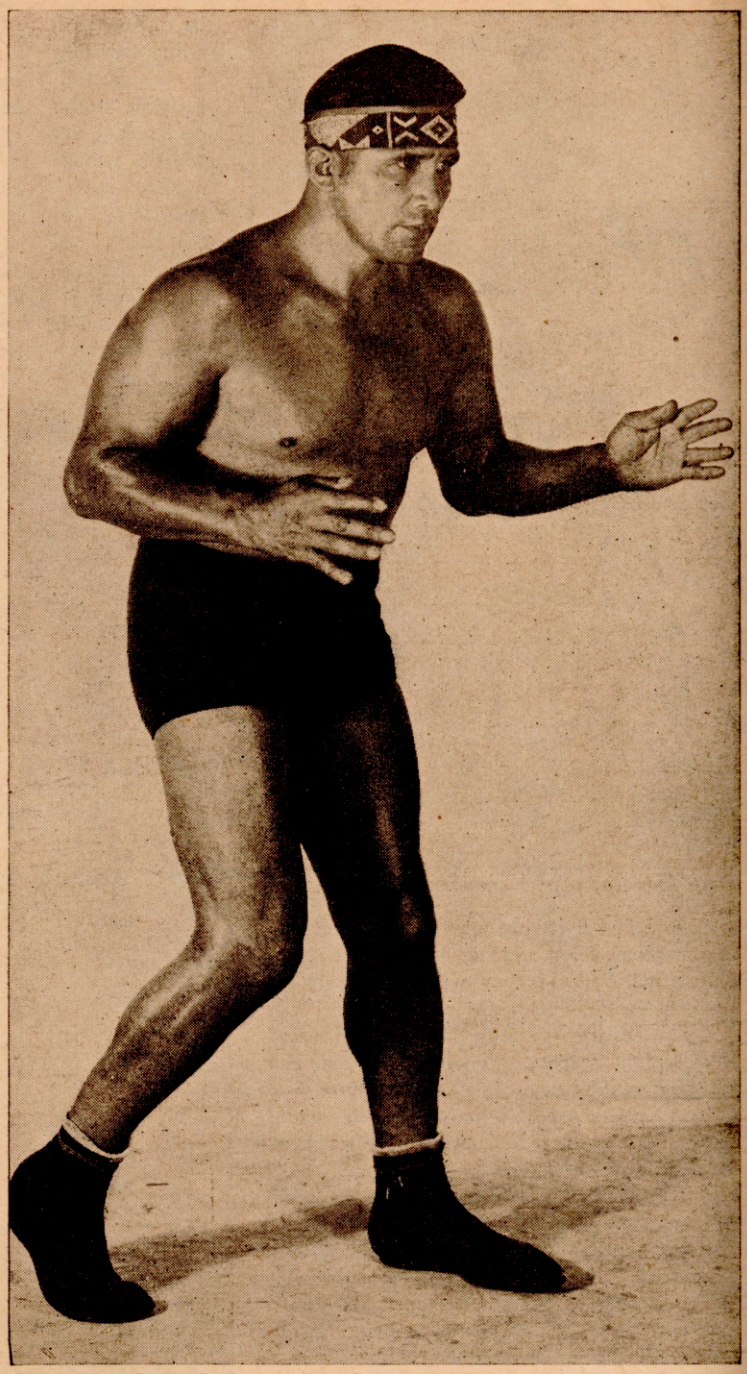
WRESTLERS as a rule, if they have any ability, are world travelers, because they find that their services are in demand. One of the leading world travellers is Tony Lamaro, an Italian-born grappler, whose parents took him to Australia when he was only a lad and who, upon reaching maturity, turned to sports and has made fine headway in his specialty, wrestling. For the past seven years he has wrestled in all parts of Australia, New Zealand, Fiji Islands, China, Malaya, Siam, Burma, Ceylon, and is now trying his skill against the Hindus in India.

In writing from India, Lamaro says:

"THE RING follows me wherever I go. No matter how small the town I visit, I find THE RING. In Malaya, Burma and India, where I figured it would be difficult to get a copy of your publication, I found THE RING on a newsstand rack. It is indeed the bible of world boxers and wrestlers.

"The people who follow these sports swear by THE RING, and unless THE RING says something good about an athlete, he hasn't a chance in these far-off lands. That's why I'm asking THE RING Editor to get me a few lines so that I can carry on. Your circulation is world wide—I should know."

[*Thanks a lot, Tony. Here you are. I've obliged, and I hope you get plenty of work. Send me some souvenirs for our* RING *Museum. Pick 'em up in your world travels. This goes for other wrestlers on world tours.—The Editor*]



Chief Thunderbird, the most popular wrestler in Hawaii. He has been cleaning up all opposition.

* * *

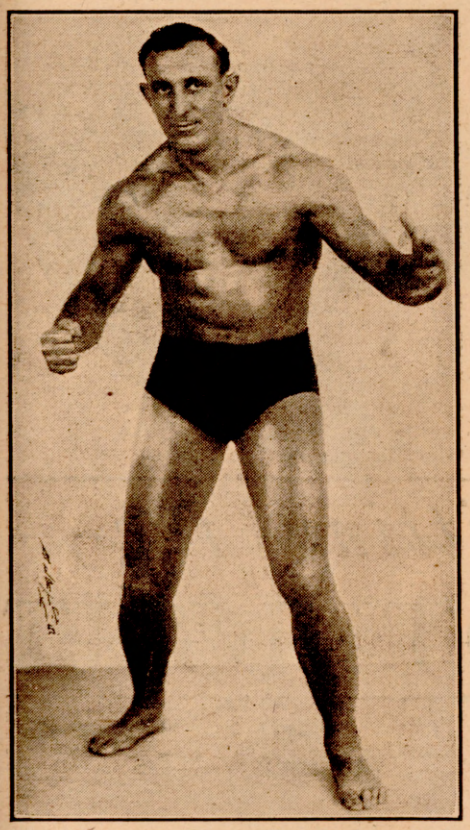
WRESTLING championships are nothing new to LeRoy McGuirk, currently recognized by the National Wrestling Association as the junior heavyweight champion in the United States. In fact, the canny Scot, who annexed his present title from John Swenski in the Hollywood Stadium last June, has held some sort of mat recognition almost from the day he slipped into his first pair of long tights as a high school lad in Tulsa, Oklahoma.

During the past six years, the Oklahoman has been on or near the top of the annual rankings made by the National Wrestling Association for his weight division. For three and a half years, McGuirk held the N. W. A. light-heavyweight belt, losing it only when the rigors of reducing a growing body down to the 175-pound limit sapped his strength and stamina. Now a full-fledged junior heavy at 187 pounds and still growing, there is a possibility that he may some day add the

(Continued on page 45)

Wrestling Pickups

By NAT FRANK



Abe Yourist, world traveller, back in U. S. for fall and winter campaign.

but that Wagner has succeeded in accomplishing what he set out to do. He has become known as the "villain of villains." Wagner has already made his reputation as the "excitement maker" extraordinary. The Oregonian has stepped into rings in various sections of the country and has always managed to become the target of the fans' ire.

He was born in Portland, Oregon, on October 2, 1910. At the age of fourteen he started out to earn his "living." And what's more he took the dangerous trades. He wanted no "sissy" jobs. From the first day he got a job as a garage mechanic, until he turned to professional wrestling less than six years ago, Wagner has worked only in danger posts.

As a wrestler, this 5 feet 11 inch, 240-pound gripsmith has made his reputation by pounding his foes into unconsciousness. His favorite means of attacks are the back-breaker, the rolling headlock, and the corner post crash.

* * *

IT took a complete tour of the four corners of the globe to convince the wrestling fans that Abe Yourist, 6 feet 3 inch, 235-pound Hebrew wrestler is to be reckoned with seriously as one of the foremost contenders for the highest honors in the sport.

Approximately four years ago, Yourist, who has starred on the University of Washington football team, cast away his pigskin regalia and embarked on a wrestling career. From the very outset, this far-westerner made good. It didn't take Yourist long to decide he had to show the promoters that he was of championship calibre. And the only way to do that would be to travel to foreign soil. No sooner did the idea strike than he began to pack bag and baggage and grab the first boat out of San Francisco, Hawaii bound. There the unknown Hebrew started out on a mat career and made good.

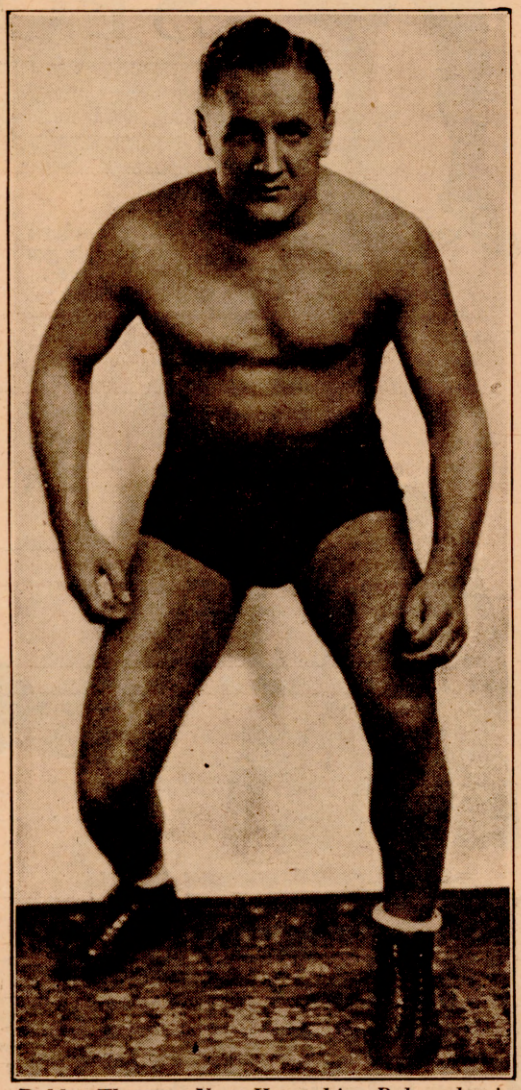
He vanquished all rivals. From there, when he found that there were no more worthy foes to conquer, he traveled to the Philippines, then to Japan, Korea, Australia, Africa, Europe and South America. It took him exactly three and a half years of traveling to convince the foreign grappling fans that he was just the type gripster to make good in the mat field. He won more than 95 per cent of his engagements.

Today Yourist is back in the United States, no longer a "greenhorn," no more a wrestler seeking a future—but a matster with pronounced ability and capable of holding his own with the elite in the profession.

The Jewish bone bender is an orthodox gripster. He combines the Greco-Roman style of tussling with the modern catch-as-catch-can.

BOB WAGNER wanted to become a wrestler, not so much because he was confident of making the grade, but because he loved excitement. And so we have with us now the mat maniac, Bob Wagner, one-time thriller in a racing automobile, ex-pugilist, former airplane stunt man, erstwhile trouble shooter with the telephone company, retired lumberjack, and deep sea diver.

There is no doubt



Bobby Wagner, New Hampshire Pole, who is one of the rough boys of the mat sport.

* * *

Alfred Aceta, long connected with Ray Fabiani, wrestling promoter of Philadelphia, was recently granted a matchmaker's license by Chairman Leon L. Rains of the Pennsylvania State Athletic Commission.

* * *

Allan Eustace, Kansas wrestling star, began his mat career when he was but fifteen years of age. A victim of an accident, in which the doctors feared he might be crippled for life, he was told to try the bone bending exercises. This he did and today, a seasoned veteran of the profession, the clever and well-liked Kansan is rated well up in wrestling.

* * *

Leon Balkin, well known in mat circles around the Metropolitan area, is now making Detroit his home. He is interested in the promotion of outstanding mat matches in the Motor City as well as in Cleveland.

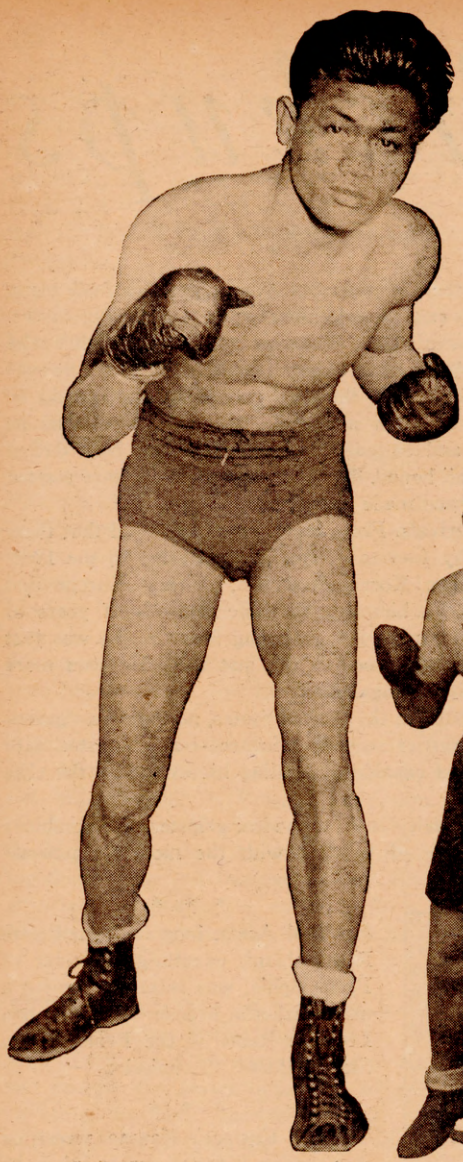
* * *

Irish Jack Kennedy, Texas luminary, is doing his bone bending chores around the Middle West. According to reports received here, the Lone Star Stater has endeared himself into the hearts of all followers of this thrilling sport.

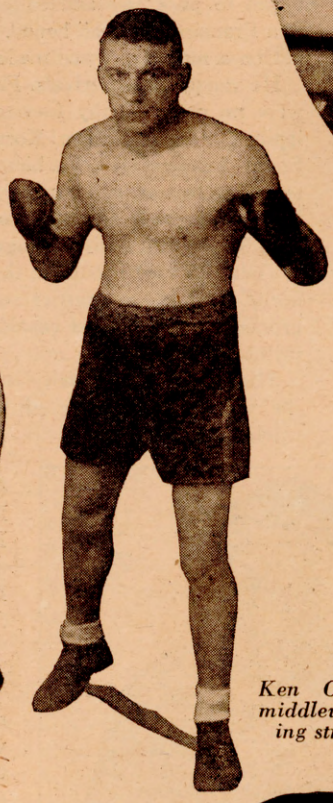
* * *

Another matman long seen around these parts who is doing quite well around the Mississippi Valley is that dreaded Alabama Assassin, Ed "Strangler" *(Continued on page 45)*

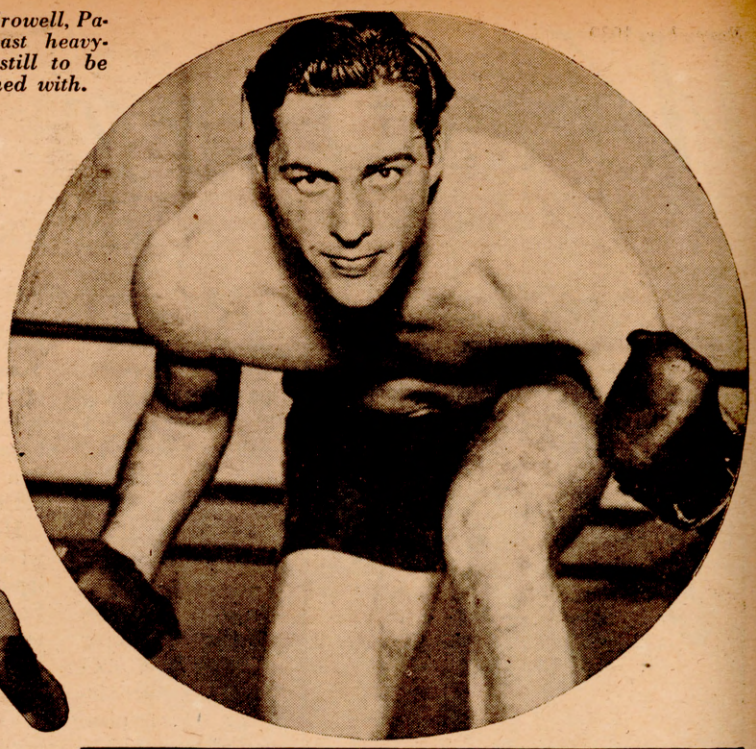
Hitting the SPOTLIGHT



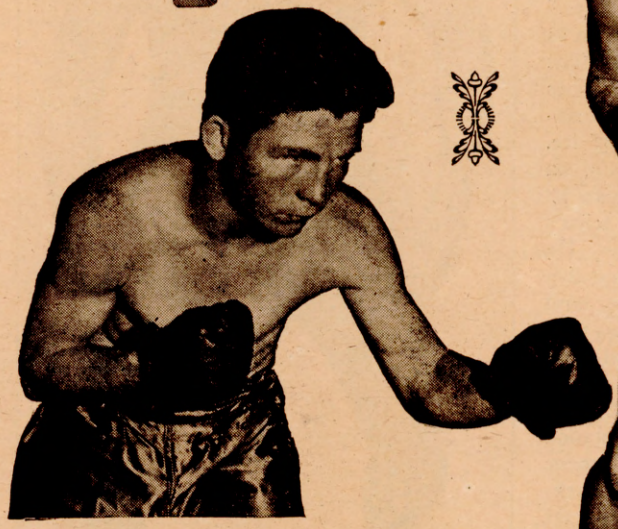
Little Dado, Filipino flyweight, who is the class of that division.



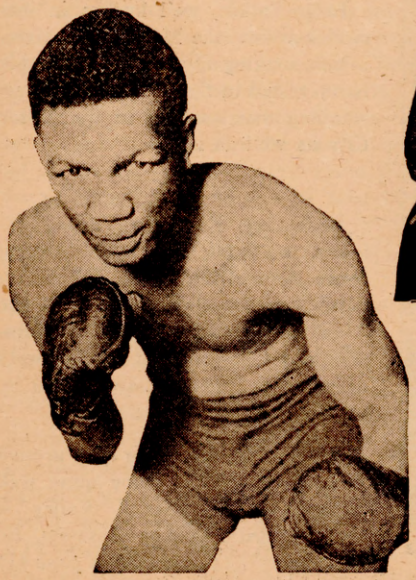
Chuck Crowell, Pacific Coast heavyweight, still to be reckoned with.



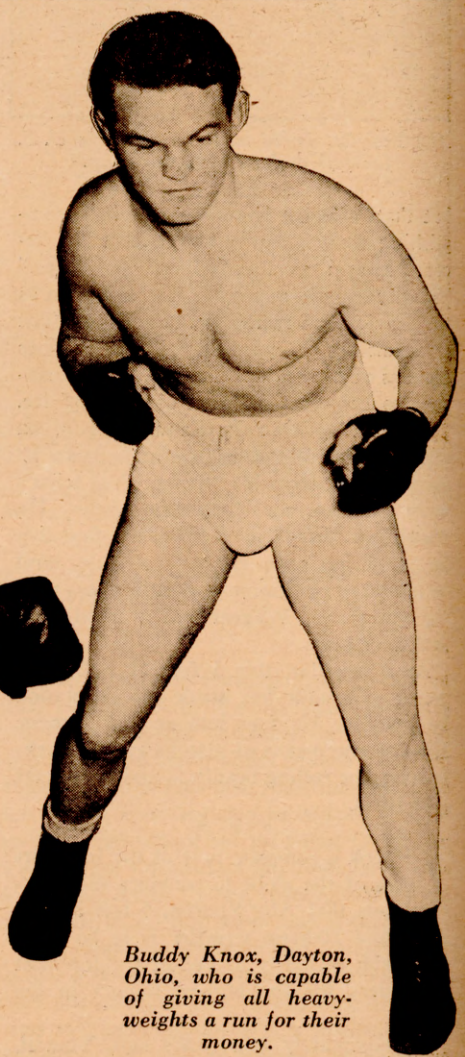
Ken Overlin, Southern middleweight, who is going stronger than ever.



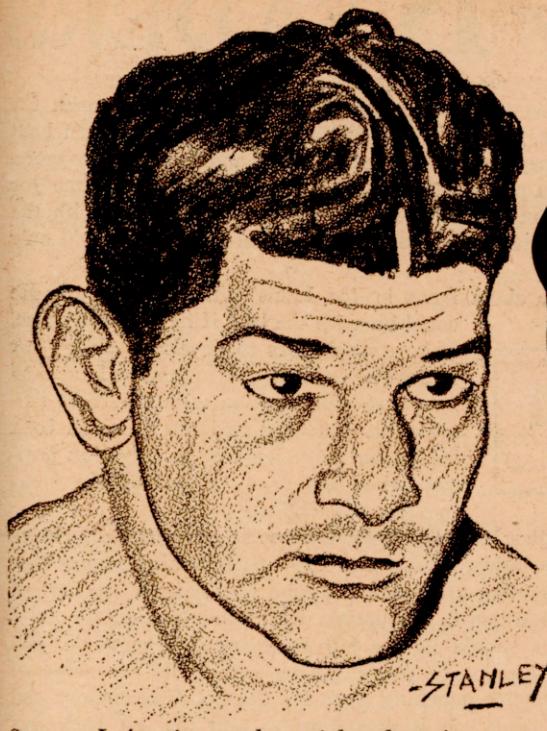
Red Cochrane, rugged Newark, N. J., welterweight, who helped to put Jersey on the map last summer.



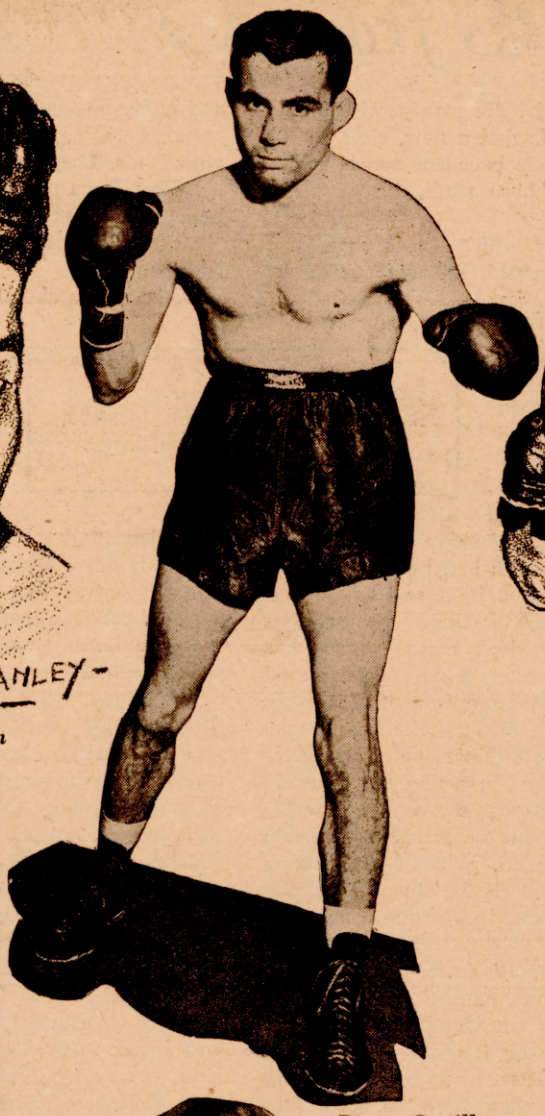
Chalky Wright, the pride and joy of Gus Wilson's stable. A classy featherweight, now in the East.



Buddy Knox, Dayton, Ohio, who is capable of giving all heavyweights a run for their money.

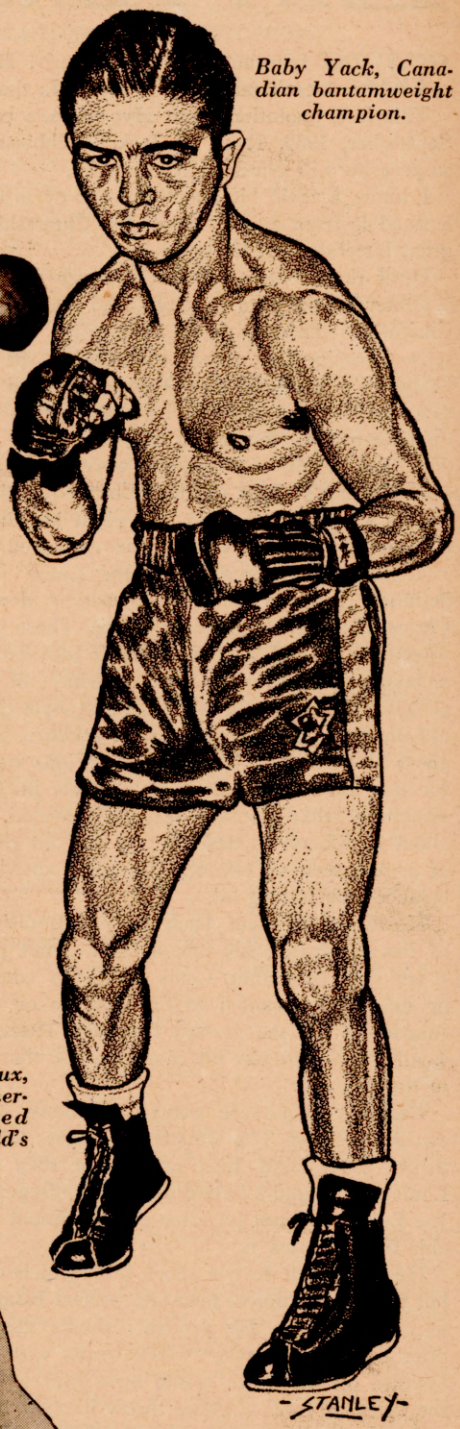


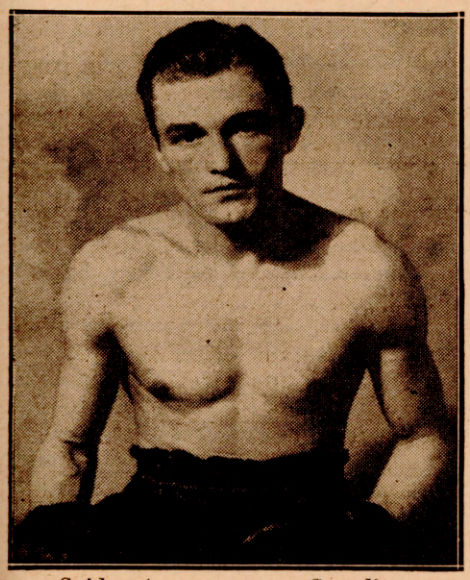
Sammy Luftspring, welterweight champion of Canada.



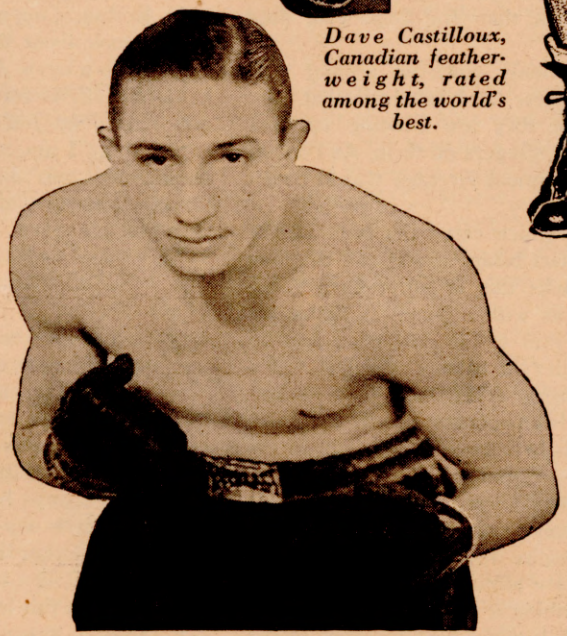
Dave Castilloux, Canadian featherweight, rated among the world's best.

Baby Yack, Canadian bantamweight champion.





Spider Armstrong, star Canadian featherweight.



Maxie Berger, Canadian ace, whose victories have gained for him a high ranking.

War Calls

(Continued from page 3)

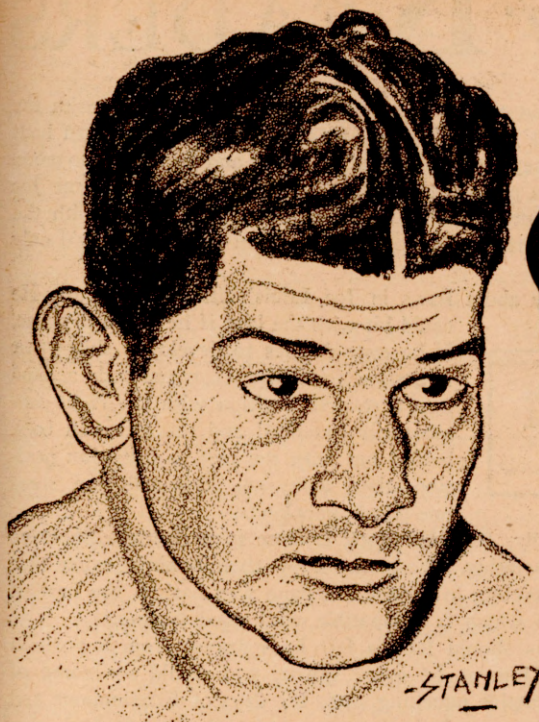
About ten years ago, when traveling through Canada I chanced to meet Jack Munroe. Remember him? Recall how he gained world fame by dropping Jim Jeffries in an exhibition and then lost all the prestige he had gained by being knocked out in a return engagement with the California Grizzly Bear, only to become internationally famous again by his heroic deeds as a member of the famous Princess Pats in the World War?

The battle-scarred hero of Vimy Ridge, the man who, when his arm was blown off by shrapnel, fought with an axe, is one of the world's shining examples of courageousness, both in the ring and out of it. Had he possessed the least element of fear, he never would have faced the giant Jeffries, the most talked of fighter of his day. Had he not possessed the instincts of a fighting man, he would not have performed the great deeds credited to him on the French battlefields.

Tales like those told of him, will undoubtedly find their way into print when this war is over.

* * *

IN 1914 when war was declared by England and Canada, Jack Munroe, a peaceful miner who was enjoying his health and was well-to-do, dropped his business and answered the first call to arms. He enlisted, went to the front, and took part in many desperate engagements on fields where the Canadians covered themselves with glory. He was severely wounded several times, but upon each recovery, he insisted on returning to his regiment. *(Continued on page 45)*



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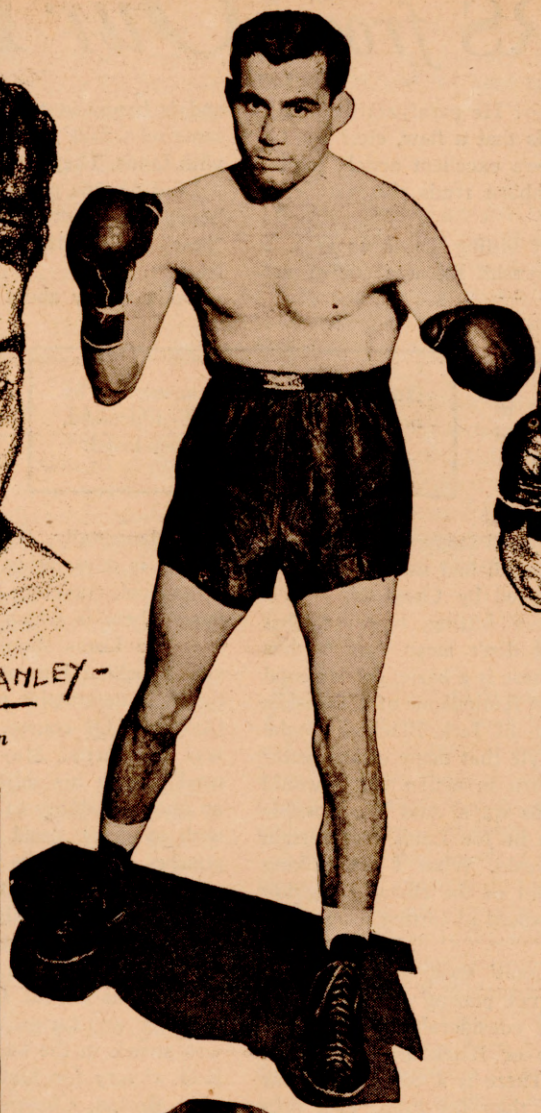

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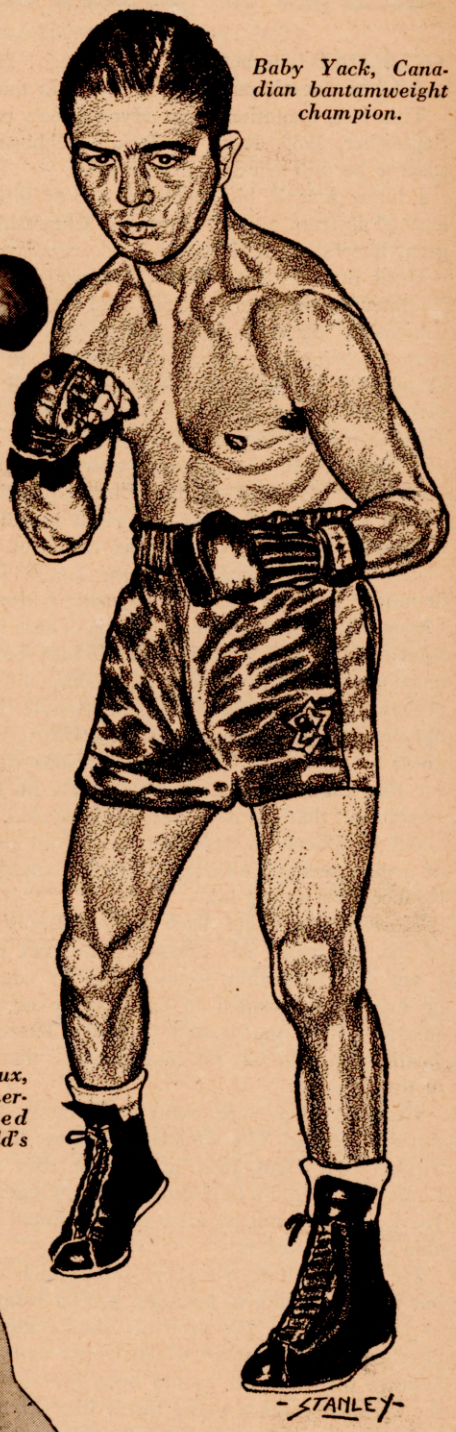

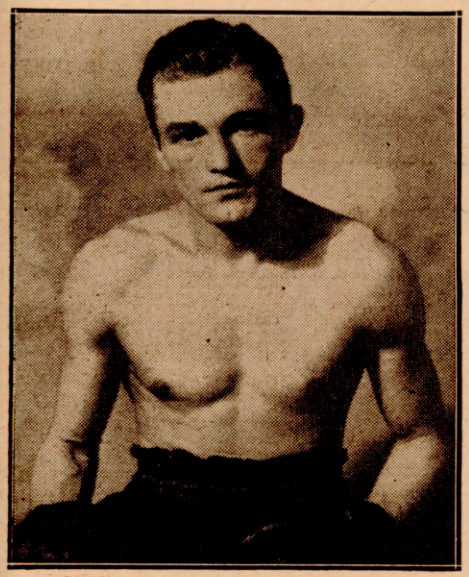

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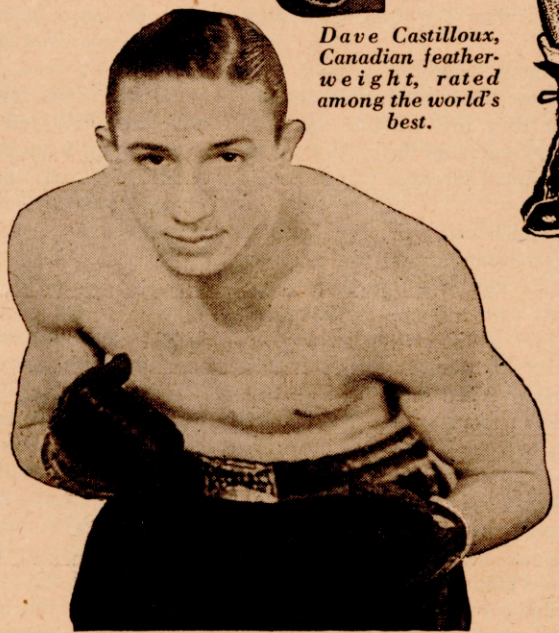

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LETTERS *from Our* READERS

"WHAT is wrong with Joe's punch? He paralyzes them, but he doesn't put them to sleep. Is that a flaw, etc.?"

This is a quotation from Hype Igoe's excellent article in the September, 1939, RING. If Jack Blackburn reads this article, I suspect he will chuckle to himself.

I know a little bit about the art of hitting (it is an art). I learned it from another Joe—Joe Choynski. He was one of the great hitters of all time.

Until the advent of Louis, I never saw a fighter on the modern scene who hit like Choynski. Tunney's short, countering left jabs occasionally were reminiscent of Choynski's left jab. But Tunney stopped there. Gene's jab did not have the power of Choynski's who could KO an opponent with a jab if conditions were favorable. Tunney's slight similarity to Choynski stopped with the jab. Gene's so-called left hook and right smash had nothing in common with the same punches as employed by Choynski.

No letters will be answered by mail unless a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.

There is something about Joe Louis' hitting, however, that definitely reminds me of Choynski. I don't mean that he has Choynski's style. It is subtle, vague. There is a basic, fundamental something about Joe Louis' punches that reminds me of Choynski's technique. I suspect it is the reflection of Jack Blackburn, who probably employed the same general style that many of the better old-timers used. I never saw Blackburn in action but I would guess he resembled Choynski in various ways. And it is possible for that reason that there now exists in Joe Louis that certain something that reminds me of Choynski. What I am talking about is difficult to describe: It is a tilt of the elbow, a rigidity of arm, a seeming effortless, blinding speed of hitting, continuing balance after having hit.

However, let's get back to Joe Louis' flaw, which consists of his paralyzing his opponents but not putting them to sleep. I am convinced that Louis could hit considerably harder than he does if he wanted to but that he or Blackburn consider it smarter to use the present methods. There is a cop here in our small town who can hit much harder than Joe Louis ever does in the ring.

Probably there are many individuals scattered around who can do likewise. The trouble with these hard hitters is that they throw from right field and while they are winding up, Joe Louis would land a half-dozen of his stingers on them. As I see it, Joe Louis does not go after the maximum leverage that is available if he wanted it.

He is content to use short jolts which carry the body weight but yet permit him to maintain perfect balance so he can continue to pour them in. He probably thinks this is better than going after the greater power which comes with a punch of wider arc because the wide arc would open him up in proportion and, in the event of a miss, would throw him off balance.

Another angle on this flaw business. When have we ever had a fighter who actually frightened his opponents like Joe Louis? Probably never. Why this fear? It is because Joe Louis' opponents REMEMBER his punches. They remember the terrific shock and the momentary loss of control and the increasing numbness that continues until the referee comes to their aid.

Such recollections are apt to inspire fear. One victim passes it on to the next prospect. Some are affected more than others. Max Baer was pitiful. Galento, without a great deal of imagination, was affected very little. But look at the list who were scared to death before they climbed in the ring.

Is it a flaw to inspire such fear? If Joe Louis was a one-punch knockout artist there would be no such fear. And he probably would not be champion. One-punch knockout artists are often victims of their own kind. Such knockout artists rarely inspire great fear.

If he lands his pet punch, the lights merely go out for the victim and he wakens from a deep sleep. He remembers nothing and is happy at the prospect of trying his luck again with the same man. But you don't hear many clamoring for a return bout with Louis. They remember what happened and they want no more.

Does anyone pretend that if the referee failed to intervene Joe Louis would not knock his opponents senseless? Even with the "flaw" in his hitting, Joe could knock them all out if they'd only let him.

Don't worry about flaws in Joe Louis' hitting, Mr. Igoe. He could hit with the best if he chose to do so. If he ever decides to develop a shift—that is, a right feint that pivots the body around into a reverse position with the right momentarily extended and the left well back behind but with the feet in orthodox position—then look out. You will see some one-punch knockouts.

Fundamentally, Joe's left hook is close to perfection. Short as it is, it is devastating. Those who know their boxing realize that a left hook traveling in a wide arc from way back is the hardest punch there is which is compatible with good boxing.

If Joe Louis should let his left hook travel from a position as far behind him as he could get it, you would see some of the most destructive punching since the days of Fitzsimmons and Choynski. Of course, it is dangerous to pull the left back this way ordinarily. Maybe Blackburn has vetoed it. Fitzsimmons used it with his shift which was a sort of feint. Choynski had an uncanny ability to actually step in and lead with such a punch with so great speed he invariably beat any attempted counter-punches. The results were usually disastrous.

Perhaps I am a bit prejudiced in my admiration of Choynski. I knew him personally and admired him for many reasons. But I think he was a greater fighter than most fans realize. Many of his so-called defeats were rank robbery. His alleged kayo by McCoy was a steal. Choynski was winning. After the bell, when his back was turned and when he was walking to his corner, he was struck in the back of the neck by McCoy. They called it a K.O. victory for McCoy.

In Boston, Choynski actually knocked out Fitzsimmons. The referee took about 40 seconds to count nine over Fitz and the bout went on to a draw decision. Choynski, weighing 160, punched the head off Jeffries for twenty rounds in a so-called draw, yet Fitz was K.O.'d by Jeff without the latter extending himself.

So far as I am concerned, just as long as I can see anything about Joe Louis' hitting that is reminiscent of Joe Choynski's hitting technique, there will be no flaws in Louis' hitting to worry about.

L. D. B.,
Bethlehem, Pa.

* * *

FOR a good many years now I have been an ardent reader and admirer of you and your magazine: the very splendid RING Magazine edited by you and your excellent staff. I have my complete set for this year up to and including the August issue. However, this is my first attempt to write you a letter concerning any opinion or controversy which the great manly art of Boxing always has and always will produce. Therefore, inasmuch as this is my first letter of complaint and protest of certain recent unfair and unjust criticism of one of the greatest champions of all times (Joe Louis), I beg humbly and beseech you to publish this letter in your next issue of the RING Magazine.

Recently I wrote a letter to the Sports Editor of one of our most widely read newspapers here in the Capitol City and the State: The *Daily Mail*, and in this letter I spoke of giving a great champion his due. The editor was very kind and gracious enough to insert a goodly portion of my letter under his column in the sport section of the paper captioned: "Let's Give a Great Champion His Due."

I asked him as I am asking you, why all the recent criticism of Louis because of his having been knocked down by the coura-

geous Galento? Right now he is the most talked about person in the world (outside of Hitler). It seems that the "so-called" experts and critics think that Louis has lost his high rank or his prestige because he got up off the floor to give a man the worst beating he has ever had in his long, checkered career.

Nat, they all go down if and when they are hit hard enough, from Sullivan to the great Louis. The great champions did not go out with Sullivan, Corbett, or even Dempsey. There are great men in this age and I am tired of hearing writers and newspaper reporters cry about the peerless days of boxing gone by.

Firpo knocked Dempsey clean through the ropes and he got up (with assistance by news men) and licked Luis. Louis got up by himself and gave Galento the punching of his life. That is what I call a really great champion. What do you say?

I went on to say further, that one does not expect the ugly head of narrow-mindedness, racial hatred and prejudice, jealousy or any of its attendants to show itself at this stage of great intelligence and scientific progress—above all, not in America, who takes it upon herself to preach democracy to the entire world.

It has been very gratifying to note that you have stood for fair play, justice and goodness all through your brilliant, long career as one of the greatest boxing critics of all times. Never have you shown prejudice, or hate or deliberate ignorance on any occasion (and I've read your articles a long, long time).

I am in a position to rate the mighty Joe Louis as having the greatest left jab in ring history and as being a man who possesses everything—as Donovan and other capable critics have said, it happens once in a lifetime.

I have seen them from the great Jack Johnson on through, and Joe ranks with (if not above) the best of them. I am not a member of his race nor do I think that has anything to do with it. In the words of our great First Lady, Mrs. F. D. Roosevelt: "Great and artistic achievements transcend any race or creed."

We great blue-blooded Americans should try living democracy for a change, or else stop fooling ourselves as well as the other fellow. Hitler isn't the only one who believes in race hatred or race persecution.

Here is to a great magazine that serves a greater purpose and a grand fellow whom I admire.

A True Fan and Friend,
White Front Inn, Charleston, W. Va.

* * *

I HAVE to thank you for your "Black Dynamite" series of books. They will make a very welcome addition to my boxing library.

Several days ago I learned of the effort by an Australian fight manager to discredit Borden and Gross in American fight circles. I was amazed, for take it from me, Borden and Gross were always on the level here. We tabbed them as "Fair Dinkum" sports. That is the accolade as far as Australian praise is concerned.

When the pair left, the sports writers of every paper gathered at the festive board. I climbed out of a sick bed and hobbled on crutches to the farewell. I wouldn't have performed the trick for the biggest politician in the land.

Borden made no claims while here that he was a big shot writer. He was well known as a result of his Ring grading. He wrote articles for various papers but would not accept payment. I found him helpful and trustworthy.

To suggest that Lesnevich wasn't a success is ridiculous. Gus gave Richards a great fight. He climbed off the floor, fought four rounds in a fog, took terrific punishment and tried until the end. Lesnevich beat the Alabama Kid in terrific heat—97—at ringside. I spent the next day in my pajamas. My only endeavor was to ring for a taxi for more beer.

I had a kid protege, Les Jobson, on the same bill. The boy collapsed as a result of the heat and spent six days in a hospital.

The Lesnevich-Olin fight was unfortunate. Olin was through. Lesnevich beat him every round.

Don't forget that Lesnevich outpointed Palmer. No other white fighter had pulled the trick. That was a magnificent performance. And now he has beaten in your country the N.B.A. No. 1 man, Dave Clark. Poor fighter, eh?

So, you'll see that the suggestions concerning Lesnevich's fights were the greatest boloney. He made a hit in our country. Borden had only to nod his head to get set for £100 wager.

George Thatcher,
Melbourne, Australia.

* * *

I AM serving on the H.M.S. Sussex in the Mediterranean, and have had the N.A.A.F.I. get for me the life story of Joe Louis and Henry Armstrong from your Book Shop, and I must tell you that it is a fine book, and I have enjoyed reading it. I have plenty of my shipmates anxious to read it, so I have told them how to get it. I also have The Ring sent to me every month, and look forward to its arrival in the ship because it gives me all the latest news about boxing.

I would like you to tell me how I can get an autographed photo of Joe Louis, but before I close I must tell you from quite a lot of my shipmates, and there happen to be 650 on the H.M.S. Sussex, that (regardless of creed or color) they would like to see just one more fight between Joe Louis and Max Schmeling. So I will close now, wishing you plenty of success.

A British Tar,
In Mediterranean Sea.

* * *

I WANT to thank you for entertaining and showing me around your office and book shop on my recent visit to New York and also for phoning and showing me the way to Champion Joe Louis' training camp. I found the big boy in fine humor and I certainly enjoyed looking at the world's heavyweight champion and watch him go through his training session.

I am also glad to say I arrived home safe and in time to sit by my own ringside, the radio, and listen to the champ again annihilate his late opponent, Two-Ton Tony Galento.

And now here is another for the welfare of the game that I love above all other. It seems to me like we are having a little too much of this T.K.O. business. I was at the ringside of the Nova-Baer fight in the Yankee Stadium on June 1, and it seemed to me like it would have been better for every one concerned if that fight had continued a little longer. Listen, Mr. Fleischer, we all know Max was whipped but he had not even taken a little trip to the canvas, and I don't think you could even call it "OUT ON HIS FEET," for he protested. Max had shaken Nova from head to heels with several well timed rights and I think Lou was as physically glad as Max when the halt was called. Max might have been biding his time for a last minute rally. I think referees should use more discretion in halting fights.

And now, Mr. Fleischer, I think it's about time someone started giving you some reward. You give belts, medals, etc., but no one ever gives you anything for the tireless efforts you make in taking the fight game to all parts of the globe through the medium of your wonderful magazine and your personal appearances. We, way back here in the sticks, could not even determine a fighter's worth were it not for The Ring. We would not know who is who, but through your magazine we are able to argue, bet, and write about the fighters even though we are far away from the scene.

Richard M. James,
La Lima, Honduras, Central America.

* * *

I WATCHED the recent contest between Joe Louis and Tony Galento on the newsreel, and it shows definitely that Joe Louis is not only a great champion, but a courageous one, who can take it as well as dish it out. A lot has been said against Louis, but it must be admitted he is one of the greatest champions of all time. He will take on all comers.

We did not believe you had a fighter who was the next best thing to perpetual motion like Henry Armstrong. He even had the commentator tongue-tied. Half the time when he mentioned Roderick's name he meant Armstrong.

M. O'Brien,
South Croyden, Surrey, England.

History Repeats Itself

(Continued from page 5)

that was followed by a left and as Ambers tried to get out of range, he slipped for the only down of the fight.

It was in that session that Lou smashed a right to Henry's mouth, dislodging the protector and bringing the claret. Henry also drew blood when a right opened a gash over Ambers' left eye.

The fifth was lost by Henry when a blow below the belt cost him the round. He tore furiously into Lou and smashed away at his body with a two-fisted attack, but Ambers was willing to mix it. He stood his ground and fired shot for shot for several seconds. Lefts and rights to the head didn't cause Henry to back away. A right to the sore mouth, brought more blood and again dislodged the mouthpiece.

Ambers then took the initiative and by connecting with more punches and landing truer, he gained the round but Referee Donovan made doubly sure, by awarding it to him on a foul.

Armstrong was handicapped a little more in the sixth when a cut over the right eye was opened with two hard left hooks. Henry then essayed a body attack. He got in close and fired away and his body punching was so effective that on several occasions Ambers winced. But Lou was not discouraged. He gave Hank plenty and according to my scoring, gained the session by a six to four margin.

The seventh should have gone to Armstrong had not Donovan penalized him for the blow to the belt line which I already have discussed.

* * *

IT was a tough looking, angered Armstrong who swept out of his corner in the eighth round. He smothered Lou with punches and took the session by a large margin but dropped the 10th again by a low one below the belt line.

Henry was more cautious in the ninth and kept playing his attack for the chest to avoid more fouling. He was on top of Lou throughout the round and gained possession of that one only to drop the 11th which Henry would have won except for the penalty. He blasted away at Lou's body and frequently pinned him against the ropes from which position Ambers was unable to extricate himself.

The situation became tense in the rival corners as the fight progressed and Al Weill and Ed Mead threatened each other after Ed had admonished Referee Donovan for favoritism. The crowd took up the cries and pandemonium reigned as the yells, pro and con, rent the air.

Armstrong, in my scoring won the last four rounds, two by big margins with the fourteenth his best session. He kept after his man who was up against the ropes often, unable to protect himself or toss punches, so relentless was Henry's attack. Only at times did Ambers come through in flashes. He was tired, looked haggard, yet when the fight was over, he appeared more fresh than did Armstrong because of the blood flowing from the cut eye and mouth.

Henry's clean shots to the body hurt Lou. When the final session got under way, Ambers found little reserve strength left. Armstrong knew he was in a tight spot and fought viciously battering his opponent against the ropes with only a few returns. He was on Lou at all times. Twice Ambers rallied but there was insufficient strength left to do much damage. As the bout neared the end, Armstrong became exhausted and the final clang brought sweet music to the ears of both.

How Referees Decide Bouts

(Continued from page 33)

who was in Corbett's corner that night, was enthusiastic as "Gentleman Jim" came to his chair after the twentieth round.

"Keep on the move, Jim," said Considine. "Don't let him put a glove on you and you cannot lose on points! You have outclassed him!"

Corbett promised to keep away but his personal pride beat him. Some of Jeff's followers, notably Bill Brady and Billy Delaney, began to yell at Corbett in the twenty-first round:

"Why don't you stand up and fight like a man, instead of running away like a yellow dog?"

Corbett turned white with rage and also paid no heed to the warnings from Considine. Just to show the people that he was not running away, therefore, Corbett stopped short in the middle of the twenty-third round and met Jeffries face to face. The Boilermaker had been looking for this chance from the very first tap of the gong and in less time than it takes to tell it he knocked Corbett clean out with a heavy smash on the jaw.

Had Corbett kept away to the end of the twenty-fifth round he would have won the heavyweight championship of the world on points, although Jeffries was in every particular the master in point of strength and bulldog fighting makeup.

* * *

FRANK ERNE, another fine boxer, was wont to employ similar tactics. He met George Dixon when the former featherweight champion of the world was in his prime and by running away from the little colored fighter for twenty rounds he got a decision on points that created a howl of disappointment.

"If I had not done the leading," said Dixon afterward, "there would have been no fight. Erne refused to mix it with me, and so I simply went to him. If I had held my hands behind me from the first moment we stood up not a blow would have been struck. Yet Erne gets the decision."

Dixon fought Erne in the usual way, rushing incessantly and sending in first the left and then the right. Erne was quick on his feet, escaping many of these swings, and at the same time putting in numerous light counters to the face until Dixon's nose bled. At no time did Erne lead, so that the decision was very unpopular, though it was considered fair by some partisans. A draw would have been more suitable.

* * *

TAKE the memorable fight of twenty-five rounds between Jeffries and Sharkey at Coney Island, for another example. Sharkey did all of the leading. Jeffries had a weak left arm, and the Sailor, with Tom O'Rourke behind him, was told to go right at his man from the first round. Sharkey obeyed the command to the letter. He never let up on Jeff for a moment.

It was swing, swing, swing for the head and body, Jeff blocking many of the wild blows with either hand, and also countering on Sharkey's body with tremendous punches. Sharkey received a terrific beating in this way, and yet he stood up to the game, forcing the fight to the end.

George Siler of Chicago, who was the referee, gave the fight to Jeffries for the reason that he had landed more blows than Sharkey, who was in bad shape physically at the windup. There was a yell of protest from Sharkey and his manager, but the decision was eminently fair.

An Appreciation

(Continued from page 21)

I ever covered in America attracted an audience of a few thousand. But I was also here or hereabouts during the Tex Rickard reign, and I was sitting out so far from Nat Fleischer that night at Chicago when the largest crowd that has ever watched a fight saw Gene Tunney retain his title against Jack Dempsey.

My pugilistic voyage has shown me both ends of the rainbow, but even so, that rainbow is a tiny one compared with that manufactured by Nat. His great monument is this magazine. It has no rival, actually no competitor.

It sells in Britain almost as well as it sells in the United States, and I happen to know that in my country it is accepted as the be-all and end-all of controversial matters.

Some notion of my attachment to THE RING is conveyed by the statement that I keep it in my home in bound volumes. I have long been on the mailing list, and have perhaps paid for that privilege by the frequency with which I have quoted it; but I pay back in kind by purchasing two copies of every issue to send to hospitals where I know there are men who will read it with the maximum of pleasure.

If Nat Fleischer never does another thing in the years that are left to him he will still have the satisfaction of knowing that he placed at our disposal a magazine that stands bracketed for top place with any printed in the world. His own contributions, biographies of famous fighters, I would not willingly miss. They are so sane, so newsy, so excellently styled. Every boxing lover should have them in his library.

It has been a great delight to me to witness the strides of its popularity. I watched it being raised, I knew something of the difficulties of its upbringing—and I now say to Nat Fleischer that every time he looks at a copy, he should feel proud.

It is a great tribute to any magazine when it can truthfully be said of it that it can be left anywhere without the fear that its raising from a shelf or table will start a blush or cause a frown.

That's THE RING, a magazine that not only reflects its Editor and Publisher, but that is no more out of place in a boys' school, than it is in a training camp.

I never heard of a Hall of Fame in connection with boxing. But if there was one, I know who would be my first nominee—Nat Fleischer, Editor, Publisher, Author.

New Faces

(Continued from page 24)

Blake's boxing career started in 1932 when the little colored boy weighed only 99 pounds. His snappy fighting soon won him favor in all of the amateur ranks in New York State. He won the Niagara Senior A.A.U. lightweight title in 1935–36-37. He also was Golden Gloves champion and New York inter-city title-holder. He fought four and one-half years as an amateur.

Blake turned professional on November 28, 1938. Since his debut, Blake has won eight decisions and was held to one draw. His record to date follows: Mel Glinna, won, six; Don Eddy, won, six; Tony Canzoneri, won, ten; Paul Ducet, won six (2); Jackie Donovan, draw, six; Mike Martyk, won, six; Tony Scilino, won, six; Tommy Tedesco, won, six.

* * *

KARL OGREN, former boxer and Stone Lake, Wis., sportsman, has a find in young Billy Gillespie, an image of the great Dempsey, not only in looks, but in knockout power.

Gillespie is a youngster of 21 years, weighing 190 pounds and stands six feet tall. He is of good fighting extraction, of German-Irish parentage.

Ogren does not believe in rushing his laddie. Unlike other managers, over-anxious to cash in on their charges, Karl has been content to fight Gillespie against home town competition. His outstanding victories to date were a decision over Billy Miske, the son of the old-time heavyweight, and a knockout over Marv Wason in St. Paul. Both of these matches jammed the Twin City ball park. Gillespie's impressive record to date:

Oct. 4, 1938, Chet Mason, won, K.O., two; Oct. 21, 1938, Clarence Brown, won, four; Oct. 28, 1938, Ken Pearson, won, six; Nov. 11, 1938, Jack Jersey, won, T.K.O., four; Nov. 18, 1938, Gene Clark, won, K.O., one; Dec. 5, 1938, Ernie Potter, won, T.K.O., four; Dec. 16, 1938, Bill Palmer, won, four; Dec. 19, 1938, Clarence Brown, draw, four; Jan. 12, 1939, Roy Jeffries, won, T.K.O., four; Jan. 23, 1939, Billy Miske, won, six; March 6, 1939, Billy Miske, lost, ten; May 5, 1939, Danny LaMar, won, five; July 20, 1939, Marv Wason, won, K.O., five.

* * *

BILLY PASSAN is a Philadelphia bantam who has had close to thirty pro fights and has lost only three. He has been tackling the best in his state and often has been compelled to give away from eight to ten pounds because he has tackled feathers when the boys in his own division were not available. Charley Daggert handles the lad. Passan is a good club battler. One of his best triumphs was over Al Reid. Other victories were scored over Johnny Marcelline, Philadelphia Al Brown, Katzumi Morioka, Cristobal Jaramillo, Raymond Rodriquez and Willie Roach. He lost to Indian Quintana and Jimmy Tygh and drew with Tommy Forte.

Among the other good boys who are in the Daggert stable are Jack Carter, a middleweight; Tommy Nelson, a welter; Billy Gallagher, lightweight; Chick Wilson, lightweight; Gene Kirk, feather; Bobby Masters, welter; Pat Mangino, welter; Danny Russell, Joe Strack and Hughie Civette, all feathers.

* * *

JACK MOORE of New York City has a good welterweight in Pete Koloff, a husky lad who has been winning consistently. He is a fighter who loves action. So far this year at this writing he has had six fights and won them all. He started with a six-round victory over Ernest Robinson in February and since then he has beaten Meyer Zager, six; Joe Pennino, six; Doug Marsh, six; and has scored knockouts over Nick Pastore in two and Joe Bologna in one round.

Pete hopes to get into the big shot contests around New York clubs the coming indoor season.

* * *

PHILADELPHIA has a good prospect in Billy Maher, an Irish-American fighter who stands 5 feet, eight, and scales within the lightweight limit. Billy boxed as an amateur for about a year during which time he won thirty-five fights and lost four decisions.

He began fighting as a pro two years ago and won twelve straight before he lost a split decision to the veteran Lew Massey. It was Maher who broke Jimmy Tygh's winning streak of thirty pro bouts and in a return engagement, Jimmy turned the tables on Billy.

Among Maher's victims are Jack Sheppard, Johnny Morgan, Bobby Masters (twice), and Eddie Zivic. His record to date is twenty-two victories and two losses. He has scored seven knockouts. Mickey Diamond is his manager.

* * *

HUGH AMATO, who guides Odell Polee, a colored boy from San Jose, California, thinks he has in that boxer the makings of a bright prospect. Odell is six feet tall, weighs 190 pounds, has a good solid punch, can box well and is fast. He can take a healthy wallop without flinching.

Odell has lost to date only one fight as a pro, Maxie Rosenbloom being his conqueror. Maxie cut Odell's eye so that the referee was forced to intercede. That was in Polee's tenth professional battle. Odell has stopped every other opponent he has faced. He is twenty-one years old, is a native of Los Angeles and has a good education. Here is a list of some of Odell's best bouts:

Johnny Stiner, kayoed twice in first round; Jack Wooford, kayoed three times, twice in first and once in third session; Frankie Connolly, kayo, four; Joe Williams, kayo, one; Hugh Glass, kayo, one; Gene Garner, kayo; three; Russ Wasser, kayo, four; Chuck Crowell, kayo, two; Frank Riggi, kayo, one; and Lorenzo Pedro, stopped in eighth.

This is a most impressive record and speaks well of the ability of Polee. His mentor hopes to get Odell placed in New York this winter.

* * *

CANADIANS are always proud of their fistic talent, especially when the boy happens to make good. Such is the case now with Mushy Callahan, born Maurice Vietto, a 24-year-old middleweight who is rated No. 2 man in Western Canada where Kid Dalke holds the crown. Canadians in that sector hope that Dalke and Vietto will soon meet.

On November 25th, 1914, at Monte Carlo, Maurice Vietto was born, his parents came to Canada in 1915, and have resided in Calgary, Alta., since that date. While at school he showed great interest in sports of all kinds. Even as a boy of nine or ten years, he could outplay and outstay boys many years his senior. Nothing pleased him more than a bit of a brawl. Odds made no difference, hence it was no wonder that as he grew older and stronger, his love of sport turned to boxing and wrestling.

Barney Doran and Charley Bulger were responsible for his first two fights at 100 and 110 pounds respectively. He was started as a pro under the name of Mushy Callahan, borrowed from a good American fighter of a decade or so ago. In the majority of his fights his opponent outweighed him from five to thirty pounds. Basil Daines and Mel Cowie brought Mushy along and now he is rated as No. 2 contender for Kid Dalke's middleweight crown in Western Canada. Mushy can also wrestle a bit as his record shows. At no time has he weighed more than 160 pounds. Vietto's boxing record shows twenty-three bouts, four K.O.'s, three T.K.O.'s, eight decisions and six losses. He also has two draws. He has been knocked down once, and has never had a count over him.

His wrestling record shows twenty bouts, sixteen victories, one loss and three draws.

* * *

WESLEY RAMEY, star lightweight, has embarked as a manager. He is handling the affairs of a good Grand Rapids, Michigan, lad in Jack Glazier, who started his boxing career as an amateur when he was only fourteen years old. It was then that Glazier won the Golden Gloves championship of Michigan in the novice bantam class. That same year he won the featherweight crown. He continued to box for medals and cups and watches for two more years and then turned professional, after becoming runnerup in the featherweight Golden Gloves tournament and winning the Golden Gloves lightweight title.

Upon turning pro, he became the sparring partner and pal of Wesley Ramey, who liked the lad and taught him some of the tricks of the trade of the money-chasers. Now Ramey thinks so highly of the boy that he has decided to handle his affairs. Since turning pro, Glazier has traveled with Ramey from coast to coast and has fought a number of battles as a lightweight.

Besides being clever, Glazier is a good cartoonist. The illustration used in conjunction with this sketch is his own drawing. Among Glazier's opponents have been such good boys as Larry Kellum, Babe Orgavon, Gene Molnar, Cowboy Marlin Owens, Danny Doran, Jimmy Moinette, Joe Doty, Billy Bengal and Wild Willie Polan.

An Invitation to you

When you come to New York to visit the World's Fair, pay a visit to **THE RING OFFICE, Madison Square Garden, one flight up, 307 West 49th Street,** and look over our museum. A vast collection of watches that belonged to famous sportsmen; walking sticks from various parts of the world; shillelaghs from Ireland; boxing gloves and punching bags showing the progress from the start of boxing in America to the present day; heaps of interesting photos; famous belts and boxing books.

No charge. You don't have to buy anything. Just look around and enjoy The Ring's hospitality. The greatest Boxing Museum in the world. Something to talk about. Something to enjoy.

Boxing in England

(Continued from page 30)

and does all he should do with regard to his training. He has a nice, easy style when in action, and packs a mean wallop in his right glove.

He is willing to meet any bantam in England, and is sure to do well this indoor season.

* * *

DICK TURPIN was one of the stand and deliver boys, whose greatest claim to fame was his celebrated ride to York. The Dick Turpin of present-day England is an eighteen-year-old colored lad, who, although he has only been in the paid ranks just over a year, is showing signs of great promise.

There are not many Negro lads competing in British boxing at present, hence when one does come along, he is bound to attract notice if he shows any promise.

Turpin hails from Leamington, a town in the Midlands, and it was here that he first started in the beak-busting business, making a go of it with the simon-pure boys. He did not attract any notice fighting in the amateurs. For one thing, Turpin did not stay with them long enough to win much recognition, only having nine bouts, winning seven and dropping two decisions.

In 1938, the Negro lad turned professional and in around forty contests, only dropped three verdicts, reversing one of these. He has beaten, among others, Jack Hammer, Jack Millburn, Alf Bishop, Johnny Clark, Jack Beech, Jack McKnight, and lost to Charlie Parkin by a greatly disputed points decision.

Turpin has whipped Joe Kelt, Harry Ainsworth, won and lost to Jimmy Griffith. Dick conceded nearly fourteen pounds to the tough Butcher Gascoigne to drop the verdict on points, but came back to win from Jack Millburn to annex the synthetic Midlands middleweight championship. In his last two bouts at this writing, Turpin whipped Wally Pack, ex-amateur middleweight champion of Great Britain, and Nat Franks, hard-hitting London lad.

Turpin is well built, is a cagy lad when in action, and has a nice left.

* * *

ANOTHER pleasing performer of the club type is Tommy Barnham, nineteen-year-old Fulham, London, lightweight. Barnham has not long been removed from the feathers and now only scales nine stone five pounds, fighting fit. He comes from a fighting family, his brother and father both being former leather-pushers.

His mentor, Arthur Boggis, well-known London fight pilot, has high hopes for this youngster, who, he claims, has only lost two bouts in forty-three starts, which is good batting. Barnham has beaten: Alf Boom, Chris Birkett, Ginger McDermott, Bert Buxton, Harry Brown, Jimmie Bitmead, and drawn with Johnny Toohig at the National Sporting Club. He also won an open competition run by the Blackfriars Ring, popular London fight resort.

Tommy exploits a good straight left, has a fine left hook, and plies a good right hand. He is being carefully nursed along until he is a full-fledged lightweight, as his manager is confident that he can make the grade.

JOE SLARK of Egham is yet another of the lightweights of whom Great Britain has just cause to be proud, and who is sure to be in there with some of the best of them this coming season. He is happily married, and is the father of two bonny girls. He keeps in regular employment as a lorry driver.

A 100% boxer, he is usually loth to have a fight, although he possesses an enviable wallop and knows "all the answers" as a boxer. He is confident that he has the beating of several of the leaders of his division.

During the past year, he has only met with one reverse, at the hands of the former A. B. A. champion, Freddie Simpson of Basingstoke. His mentors are anxious to match him with Boon, Vaughan, Crowley, Carrick, James, Walsh, etc.

Singular Slugging Upsets

(Continued from page 20)

Conceive, then, the dismay of the wise guys who took the Naughton steer, when Burns feinted out Squires, drew him on, stepped in and crossed a right to the jaw that tumbled him down in a senseless heap for the full countout!

A curious upset took place at Chicago in 1904 when Billy Mellody, newly crowned welter champion by virtue of a victory over Joe Walcott, encountered Buddy Ryan before a Windy City club. Ryan was one of the most dangerous two-handed punchers of his time. He first established his fame as a kayo slugger when a bantamweight. With the exception of Harry Harris, whose educated straight left spelled misfortune for so many bantam warriors, and finally landed Harris as world's champion of the grade, Buddy Ryan hammered rival after rival into submission in that class.

Buddy put on weight and passed successively through the feather and lightweight divisions, finally emerging as a full-fledged welter. There was a sport enthusiast then much to the front in Chicago known as "Doc" Message. He had promoted fights with more or less success, ran several private hospitals, and had a bank account that endeared him to the needy ones among the pugilistic brigade, for the Doc was an open-handed gent always ready to spend his dough.

Message had what you might call "an electric bug!" Somebody had sold him the idea that a fighter "soaked through with electricity," so to speak, would be rendered completely immune to any sort of punishment. The same person kidded him into purchasing a most imposing-looking machine, constructed entirely of brass, with electrical connections. You sat inside the bars of this thing, the Doc turned on the current, and—there you were!

A *Tribune* reporter was asked by Message to visit him and observe the fine results Honey Mellody was getting from the new electrical discovery. The reporter went and saw the fighter quivering under the magnetic shocks of the electric battery. Also Message assured him that after sustaining a certain number of volts, Ryan was so toughened up that even a mule-kick would have no effect on him. And the funny thing about it was that Ryan really believed his medical sponsor.

Came the night of the battle. Message had bet quite a wad of coin on Mellody and exhorted him to lose no time in sparring, but to rush Ryan right from the jump, caring nothing for Buddy's punches. Mellody was "rarin' to go," he had just taken a fresh electric dose and felt he would whip the world.

Buddy Ryan, cool and cautious, opened his eyes in amazement as he saw Mellody leave his corner after the fashion of the traditional wild bull. In came the Boston lad, both hands weaving at his sides, not making the slightest attempt to guard. Deftly, Buddy stepped aside. As the charging Mellody thundered past into the ropes, Ryan let go with his famous one-two punch, hurled with deadly accuracy on the Mellody jaws.

Over keeled the Boston boy, dead to the world. It was nearly fifteen minutes before his seconds managed to bring him back to consciousness! And if you don't think that was a real fistic upset, just consult some of the old-timers who were around then. They'll tell you that the Boston sports, and many of the New York betting brigade, went broke on the result.

The Old Master

(Continued from page 31)

canvas several times. In the third bout the "Old Master" got the long-deferred reward in the course of a 25-round victory. But the reward was scarcely worth the terrific effort of those seventy-three rounds in three fights for Frank Erne had swooped in and taken the title from the aging Kid Lavigne in the meantime.

Gans started out to look for Frank Erne's scalp, with never a whimper or a word of regret over lost chances, and in 1900 was given a chance at the title, but in a twelve-round battle with Erne he failed to make good. The defeat was a crushing one, for it robbed Gans both of the championship and of his standing in the game. He tasted not only the bitterness of defeat but of disgrace and it was years before another real chance was given him to make good. Nothing came easy to the "Old Master."

It was in 1902 that Frank Erne consented to meet Gans for the title—when Erne was practically done as a boxer—and in one round the "Old Master" eliminated him from the picture. Joe Gans was the officially recognized lightweight champion of the world at last.

He could not rest on his laurels; the easy way was not for Joe; he moved up out of the lightweight class and took on welters—and what sort of welters? Joe Walcott was one, and Sam Langford another—and these were welterweights that would clean up everything from welter to light-heavyweight at the present time.

Langford beat him in fifteen hard fought rounds and Walcott drew with him in twenty. After that he beat Jimmy Britt twice and Battling Nelson once. Then his star began to set and he was beaten twice by Nelson. In 1910 the "Old Master" fought his last fight and was K.O.'d. Perhaps if there had been a return engagement he would have won—but there was no second fight, for the opponent in the "Old Master's" last fight was Death!

News of the Mat World

(Continued from page 36)

heavyweight crown to his list of exploits.

The Tulsan commenced his title winning ways in 1928 as a welterweight in high school when he won the National Interscholastic tournament in that division. He matriculated to Oklahoma A. and M. College, the nation's hotbed of amateur wrestling, the next fall to get pointers from E. C. "Pop" Gallagher, honorary coach of the last two United States Olympic mat teams. His first out as a collegian found McGuirk a finalist in the 160-pound division of the National A. A. U. tournament at the New York Athletic Club in 1930.

The following season Gallagher took him East again and he rewarded his mentor this time by winning the national collegiate middleweight title in the tournament at Brown University, Providence, R. I. In 1932 McGuirk defended his national collegiate title at Indiana University, Bloomington, Ind., in addition to winning the Missouri Valley tournament. As an experiment to see how his youngster would fare with the larger boys, Gallagher entered McGuirk in the heavyweight division of the Western A. A. U. tournament at St. Louis in 1932 and again he waded through the opposition to win the championship medal.

That same summer saw McGuirk abandon the amateur ranks for professionalism and after a year and a half of campaigning among the pros, he won the N. W. A. 175-pound belt.

At present the Oklahoman is campaigning in California, where he is a tremendous favorite, particularly so in Hollywood. Matchmaker Ed "Strangler" Lewis of the cinema city arena is so high on McGuirk that he is grooming him for a session against some of the country's leading heavyweights.

* * *

BORN in Cork, Ireland, and a member of the O'Mahony clan, Art O'Mahony has kept the name of his people in the spotlight in wrestling just as did others of the clan. Formerly a middleweight, he has now advanced to the light-heavy class and has been one of the leading wrestlers in the South. After an absence of two months, he again has returned to the mat.

Art stands five feet seven inches in height. He has fine leverage and has a bagful of holds. The hold that made him famous is the "Irish Weed," one he originated. It is an assortment of leg locks and leg vines and ends up in a terrible tangle. The speed with which it is applied covers the movements.

After six successful years in the amateurs, Art turned professional. His first appearance in the U. S. A. was at Boston, Mass., where he made a hit. Fans packed the Arena to see the Irishman.

Invading the Southern states he soon rose to the heights of popularity. At New Orleans, La., in particular, he is a good card. The Irishman drew some of the best houses in New Orleans in years. So popular was he that Art was presented with a gold watch by the fans. Later he was presented with a gold and silver loving cup for being the most popular wrestler.

Some of the outstanding Southern wrestlers clashed with him. Included are Charlie Keene, former Red Shadow, Sid Marcus, Bob Corby, Billy Fox, Toosu Higami, Flash Clifford and Freddie Knichel.

Considered one of Eire's outstanding physical instructors, he has a regular flow of mail from Ireland from interested pupils.

* * *

WRESTLING NEWS from Hawaii, by Theodore Yamachika, follows:

Promoter Al Karasick finally lured Champion Jim Londos to the Islands by putting up a guarantee of $3,500 for two bouts here. Previously in April the Greek Adonis was all set to come here but changed his schedule at the last minute, thus disappointing a whole flock of Honolulu's wrestling enthusiasts.

His local debut against Vic Christy was a spectacular but short match which lasted only thirty-three minutes. Although Vic Christy tried his best and did manage to get the Japanese arm bar and the "shivvers" scissors holds on the champion, Londos wriggled out from them and wore out his younger opponent by his strength and endurance. It was apparent that Londos was still suffering the effects of sea legs, having landed only a day before, and the humidity bothered him so much that he later said: "It was just like I was carrying an extra load of 100 pounds."

But even at that he proved the stronger of the two and Vic Christy couldn't budge him at times. As soon as Vic tired, the champion applied the body press to gain the first fall in twenty-six minutes. The second fall for the champion was the result of an airplane spin followed by a Boston crab, which took place only seven minutes later.

* * *

Irish Jack Donovan is also in Honolulu. He appeared on the Londos card and beat Barto Hill after a nip and tuck battle.

Other results are: Tony Felice was disqualified against Oki Shikina; Dick Lever beat Barto Hill; Danny Dusek whipped Brother Jonathan; Al Getz defeated Red Chartier; Oki Shikina subdued Al Getz, one fall; Dick Lever pinned Tony Felice, 2 out of 3 falls; Barto Hill drew with Danny Dusek; Red Chartier won from Big Boy Clement.

Chief Thunderbird took the measure of Dick Lever; George Pencheff won the only fall from Al Getz; Dusek beat Marshall in 26 minutes; Wong Buck Cheung drew against Barto Hill.

Vic Christy eliminated Danny Dusek, 2 out of 3 falls, winner to meet Londos; George Pencheff threw Dick Lever; Chief Thunderbird battered Wong Buck Cheung, the latter being unable to continue; Barto Hill and Al Getz fought to a draw.

Chief Thunderbird won a hard earned victory over Al Getz; Danny Dusek was disqualified against George Pencheff; Jack Donavan beat Barto Hill, and Wong Buck Cheung threw Red Chartier.

War Calls

(Continued from page 39)

With death staring him in the face, he leaped out of the trenches to save an official's life. Again he was wounded, but he brought in his burden and was decorated. With an arm gone, he was mustered out of service and sent back to Canada. His favorite implement in those bloody days was the woodman's axe with which he, as a lumberjack, was well familiar and could handle with accuracy.

Courage? Yes, Jack Munroe proved he possessed plenty of that, just as will many other boxers from France, England, Canada, Germany and Poland in the present conflict. You'll hear of their deeds and you who follow boxing closely, will have a soft spot in your heart for the boys who would prefer to fight with the sportsman's weapons, the gloves, but had no choice in the selection of his weapons in a world war.

* * *

PARALLELED to the deeds of Munroe in the last conflict, was that of Fred McKay, the South African who had come to America for the purpose of gaining fame and fortune in the ring but failed to make the grade. He was dubbed in our country "the fighter with the faint heart," one who couldn't or wouldn't take it.

But when the call was made for volunteers by the British Empire, he was among the early enlistments. He was sent, as were most of his people, to the Dardenelles region, where he was a hero. At the battle of Salonika he was wounded after exhibiting only the courage that a he-man could show.

Many stories were broadcast extolling the deeds of the man who had no ring gameness yet when faced with death on the battlefield, was a miraculously changed fighter. His heroism earned for him the highest honors that could be awarded.

When he was buried, the commander-in-chief read a citation for bravery in the face of great odds. Such was the passing of a man who couldn't make good in the roped square yet was one of the outstanding heroes of the last world war!

Let's hope that in the present war, we will read of the courage of our ringmen but won't have to say, "How gamely they died in the role of a hero."

Wrestling Pickups

(Continued from page 37)

White, one of the roughest exponents of the art now before the public.

* * *

Maurice LaChappelle, clever Frenchman, is rapidly becoming one of the most sought after wrestlers in the art. This exceedingly popular boy has a knack of electrifying the fans with his lightning speed and varied assortment of holds.

* * *

Abe Coleman still manages to ramble through with the speed and daring that has made him feared within the hempen ropes. The Jewish mat master has lost none of his cunning, ability to crash his much heavier rivals into defeat, and drawing ability at the gate.

* * *

With Ralph Garibaldi back along the Atlantic Seaboard, the crew of Latin Larrupers in the East now boasts of three brothers in the grappling ring. Of course, there is Gino, the head-man of the crew, and then there is Chick, the baby member, to uphold the cause of the Italian idols. Only Tony, the other brother of the famous quartet, manages to do his wrestling along the Pacific Coast.

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

A Canadian

Q.—Who is the heavyweight champion of the Maritimes?

A.—George Leslie of Prince Edward Island is now the new heavyweight champion of the Maritime Provinces. He beat Bill Sparks of Amherst, N. S., in four rounds in Charlottetown, P.E.I., on July 18. Leslie is anxious to fight Shanks if anyone will arrange such a fight for him. He is a big fellow.

A Reader

Q.—Is it true that Joe Louis is thinking of retiring? Has John Henry Lewis retired? Would Bob Fitzsimmons have beaten Joe Louis? How will I learn to slip punches? Would you explain a feint or manuever which would enable a person to get in a left hook?

A.—Not yet. No. No. Boxing practise in the gymnasium. A feint or a shift might do the trick but you would have to practice in the gym for quite a while before you can feint properly.

Jim Wast, Jeannette, Pa.

Q.—In the 1939 Post Record Book I read that in 1928 Tunney kayoed Heeney in 11 rounds and then Tunney announced his retirement which left the title vacant. Then it states that in 1932 Sharkey outpointed Schmeling in 15 rounds for the title. Is it not true that Sharkey and Schmeling fought for the title that Tunney vacated and that Sharkey fouled Schmeling in the fourth round and that Schmeling won the title on a foul?

A.—When Tunney vacated the title Sharkey and Schmeling fought for the right to be crowned as champion. Schmeling won his claim to the title by winning on a foul in the fourth round.

Everette Rice, Fort Dodge, Iowa

Q.—I am 17 years of age, height is 5 feet 8 inches and weight is 155 pounds. What will my measurements be at 21? Who was the tallest and shortest man in the ring? Taking Joe Louis and Gene Tunney at his best who would have won and how?

A.—5 feet 11 inches and weight about 180 at maturity. Andrew Freeman, 6 feet 10 inches, was the tallest man in the ring. Johnny Ertle, 4 feet 11 inches, was the shortest. I think Louis would have won.

Patrick O'Brien, Campbellford, Ontario, Canada

Q.—Why did Indian Quintana quit fighting? What is he doing now? Where was his last fight and against whom?

A.—Quintana lost the vision of one eye and retired. He went back to Panama. He whipped Billy Passan in Philadelphia on August 25, 1938, in a ten round bout.

Joe Pallolta, Selby, Calif.

Q.—In your July issue of The Ring you state that Bob Pastor's father is a Portuguese Jew and mother is Irish. In the August issue you have Pastor as American and Hebrew-Scotch descent. Which is correct? Did Frankie Britt, New England fighter, ever hold three titles at once? This Britt is not the present fighter I am referring to. I am referring to the former champ of New England. Please let me know what year he held them.

A.—Pastor's father is of Portuguese-Jewish descent while his mother is of Scotch-Irish descent. Jimmy Britt held the lightweight title years ago and the Frankie Britt you mention held the New England welterweight title, which is only a sectional honor. About five years ago.

T. Willis, Queensland, Australia

Q.—I would like to know what style of fighter is Fred Apostoli? Is he a clever boxer or just a slugger, does he favor infighting or outfighting? What are his best punches? Does Apostoli rank with McCoy, Mitchell, Greb and that class? I am 19 years of age, weigh 150 pounds and am 5 feet 10 inches tall. What will my measurements be at maturity?

A.—Combination boxer and fighter. He boxes and slugs when it is necessary. He can both infight and box at long range. His best punches are a left jab, left hook and right uppercut. I doubt whether he ranks with the immortals that you mentioned but he is the best middleweight in the game today. You should weigh about 170 and reach the 6 feet mark when you reach maturity.

William Melvin, Camden, N. J.

Q.—Could Langford in his prime, have beaten Joe Louis and Jack Dempsey?

A.—Matter of opinion, your verdict is as good as mine.

Q.—How many times was Langford knocked out?

A.—He quit to Fred Fulton in six rounds and was stopped by Harry Wills, 6; Tut Jackson, 5 and Clem Johnson, 13.

Q.—Where can I get a complete account of Langford's fights?

A.—Get same in my book, Fighting Furies, the fourth volume of my Black Dynamite series, price $1.50. You'll find in that also Jack Johnson's fights, Sam McVey, Frank Childs and other famous fighters of Langford's period.

Eli Cursi, Bklyn., N. Y.

Q.—When was the rule first used in boxing which compelled a fighter who knocked down an opponent, to go to a neutral corner?

A.—This rule was in effect for the first time at the Tunney-Dempsey fight in Chicago by mutual agreement and thereafter was generally accepted by all boxing commissions and is now universally in use.

J. M. Reen

Q.—In your book, "Young Griffo, the Will o' the Wisp of the Squared Circle" you have a complete record of this great fighter and I note that he fought many draws. Wouldn't that indicate that he could not have been as great as he is pictured or were the men he met superior to those of the present day? From what descent are Jeffries and Willard?

A.—Griffo was a great fighter. He fought men far superior to those of this era. Furthermore, many of his fights were in cities where no decisions could be given under the law.

Jeffries, Dutch-Scotch, and Willard, pure American.

Louis Spencer, Metropolis, Ill.

Q.—What was the longest fight and who won? Did John L. Sullivan kill a Negro in the ring?

A.—The fight between Andy Bowen and Jack Burke, at New Orleans, La., April 6, 1893, 110 rounds to a draw. Time seven hours and 19 minutes. Sullivan never fought a Negro. He drew the color line.

L. McIntyre, Broken Hill, Australia

Q.—From what city does Red Farmer fight and what is his record? How old is he? Who do you think would win the following fights? Ron Richards vs. Fred Apostoli? Ron Richards vs. Solly Krieger? Ron Richards vs. Tiger Jack Fox? Jackie Wilson vs. Johnny Hutchinson? Who are the youngest boxers to win the world's lightweight and welterweight championship?

A.—Honolulu. He has a fair record for a middleweight. Apostoli, Richards, Richards. Wilson. Benny Leonard and Mickey Walker.

New Ring Reader, Boularderie, Canada

Q.—I am 15 years old, 5 feet 6 inches tall and weigh 135 pounds. Will I ever be a heavyweight? My folks have encouraged me to go for boxing. Am I too young to start now? Must I get a license before I can start? How will I go about getting my first fight? When is it best to take a shower cold, before or after exercise? Am I able to get back issues of The Ring?

A.—You might grow into a light heavyweight. You shouldn't think about it until you are 18. When you are ready to begin boxing you will then take out a license. You must have a manager to get you your bouts. After a workout take a lukewarm shower and gradually change to cold. Yes.

Question

Q.—I am 17 years of age, stand 6 feet in height and weigh 170 pounds. How tall and how heavy will I be when I am 21? My cousin is 5 feet 9½ inches tall and weighs 160 pounds and is 16. What would his measurements be at the same age? How did Jack Sharkey win the world's heavyweight title?

A.—6 feet 2½ inches and 190 pounds for you. He should reach 6 feet 1 inch and weigh about 185 pounds. Sharkey won the title from Max Schmeling on a fifteen round decision.

Raoul D. Carlson, San Pedro, Calif.

Q.—Do you think Wild Bill Boyd will go to the championship? Was there a fighter named Eddie Doremus who lived in New York? Could you tell me the height, weight and reach of Billy Conn? Do you think he will grow into a heavyweight?

A.—That's quite a big order for Boyd or any other heavyweight with Joe Louis still fighting. Doremus is unknown to me. Conn weighs 172 pounds, is 6 feet tall and has a reach of 71 inches. Yes.

Owen Theodore

Q.—I would like to know if possible the whereabouts of Terry Nelson? The last I heard of him being either in Knoxville or Nashville, Tenn. My father who fought under the name of Greek Kelly at the same time as Terry Nelson, has all of his clippings which we are very sure that he would like to have.

A.—Sorry but cannot give you that information. Perhaps he might read this and answer himself.

V. Helen Micheletti, Newark, N. J.

Q.—Why did Billy Conn get the decision over Melio Bettina? It was seven to seven. Who in your opinion would win the following bouts? Apostoli vs. Hostak? Galento vs. Nova? Angott vs. Day? Scalzo vs. Rodak? Ambers vs. Roderick? Bettina vs. Richards? I think Galento has the best left hand punch in boxing. Don't you agree? What nationality is Hostak? Do you think Lesnevich and Hostak can lick Conn? Who is the best middleweight in the world? What nationality is Day?

A.—Judges and referee thought he won and they gave him the decision. Apostoli. Nova. Angott. Rodak. Ambers. Richards. Galento is a solid hitter with his left. Hostak is American of Russian descent. Lesnevich has a better chance than Hostak against Conn because his weight is equal to that of Conn. Apostoli. Nova would be favored. Hebrew-American.

Jake Hanlon, San Francisco, Calif.

Q.—Have you any record of Jake Freudenthal boxing as a heavyweight in California? I am 14 years of age, weigh 148 pounds and am 5 feet 10¾ inches tall. How tall will I be when I am 22?

A.—No record of the party you mention. You should reach the 6 feet 3 inch mark and scale about 180 pounds when you reach 22.

Calvin Turner, Jackson, Miss.

Q.—I am almost 18 years of age, am 5 feet 8½ inches tall and weigh 130 pounds. What will my measurements be when I am 21? My brother is 16 years old, is 5 feet 10½ inches tall and weighs 145 pounds. What will he be at the same age? I am planning on entering the navy for a term of six years. Will I be too old to start boxing professionally? Can I develop there? Name some topnotch fighters who were former sailors.

A.—5 feet 11 inches and about 155 pounds in weight. 6 feet 1 inch and 180 pounds for your brother. You will have plenty of opportunity for boxing in the navy through various tournaments and if you have any ability it will be brought out there. Jack Sharkey, Tom Sharkey. Ernie Schaaf, who died several years ago, Johnny Buff, Sailor Darden among others.

James Dougherty, Eddystone, Pa.

Q.—Did you ever hear of a negro fighter named Bill Washington? Will Max Baer quit the ring now that he has been beaten by Nova? Is it true Jim Braddock is making a comeback?

A.—The name is not in the record books. I think so. Braddock will fight only one man and that is Tommy Farr in England if he can get the match. I understand that the British boxing board will not permit his comeback.

Angus Gregor Stuart, Manville, Alberta, Canada

Q.—What happened to Jimmy Adamick? Is Bill Poland still knocking them over? What is the best way for me living 130 miles from Edmonton to get started as an amateur boxer? Could you give me a list of all heavyweight champions up to Sullivan?

A.—Adamick has retired from the ring. Poland is not doing as well as when he first started. You must move to a place where there is boxing, a place to train to get started. Sullivan, Corbett, Fitzsimmons, Jeffries, Burns, Johnson, Willard, Dempsey, Tunney, Schmeling, Sharkey, Carnera, Baer, Braddock and Joe Louis.

Bob Sanchez, Los Angeles, Calif.

Q.—I am 15½ years old, 5 feet 8¼ inches tall and weigh 130 pounds. What will I be at 21? Has Sandy Garrison Casanova retired? Is Baby Face Casanova still fighting? In what divisions were they?

A.—6 feet tall and weigh 160 pounds. Garrison was a light-heavyweight and is retired. Casanova is a featherweight and occasionally fights in Mexico.

Andrew Lewis, Cape Town, South Africa

Q.—I am 17 years old and had one fight as an amateur which I lost on points. I am a delivery boy and train every day. Will you please tell me if 5 minutes shadow boxing and exercises are sufficient? Will you please let me know what will my measurements be when I am 21? Age 17, height 5 feet 1 inch and weight 118 pounds? How many fights should an amateur have before turning professional?

A.—You need more systematic training. You must box in the gym with sparring partners at least three times a week for two or three rounds. Skipping the rope for two three minute rounds, then punching the light and heavy bag is also necessary. Then don't forget the road work which is as important as the above. It is hard to train and work at the same time and you are a handicap. You will be about 5 feet 4 inches and weigh 126 pounds at maturity. A good average is from 25 to 30 in the amateur ranks.

William Cassidy, Ambridge, Pa.

Q.—Please give me the addresses of Joe Louis, Henry Armstrong, James J. Braddock, Fred Apostoli and Barney Ross? I am sixteen years old and my height is five feet 6 inches and weight 120 pounds. What will I be when I am 18?

A.—Louis—4636 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Henry Armstrong, Main Street Gym, Los Angeles, Calif. Braddock—Mayflower Hotel, New York City, Apostoli—Alamac Hotel, New York City. Ross, 25 Central Park, West, New York City. 5 feet 7½ inches and 133 pounds.

Boxing Revival

(Continued from page 13)

are active in politics and business. Jumbo Rovira, a former tough welterweight; Pal Quartararo, rugged lightweight; Ashton Donza, crack bantamweight; Young McGovern, a lightweight; Al Pettingill, former Southern bantamweight champion; Pascal Colletti, bantamweight; Al Donnelly, Charley Rodriguez, Nutsie Liuzza, Dominick J. Tortorich, Johnny Abrams, Johnny Cefalu, Lenny Elmer, chairman of the boxing commission, all are doing well. Most of them are influential in their field.

Joey Argiz, a four-round preliminary lightweight, is the ironman of the preliminary boys. He works with the nation's leading fighters when they train in New Orleans.

New Orleans has quite a number of star fighters and good managers in its midst, a reminder of the good old days when Joe Mandot, Pal Moran and others kept the city in the fistic spotlight.

Jimmy Perrin, Southern featherweight champion, managed by Emile Bruneau and Sam Weaver, is a fine card. Perrin has decisioned Everette Rightmire, lost a great ten-round fight to Leo Rodak and defeated Sixto Escobar, among others, recently.

Nick Camarata, Southern lightweight champion, is handled by Chris Dundee. His record is excellent. He is rapidly forging to the top.

Harry Frisch has the largest stable of fighters in New Orleans. Thirty fighters under Frisch's management.

Sal "Crip" DeGeorge, Mex Espinosa, Whitey Esnault, Bobby Gonzales, Joe Russo, Chester Banta, "Wildcat Jimmy" are the best known Southern trainers.

Mrs. Evelyn Harper, who works out of New Orleans, is the only licensed female manager in the game. She handles Kid Brock, Herbie Gilmore, Mike Pereira, Dick Terry, Sammy Musto and others.

Pete Herman, although blind, continues to show an interest in the sport in which he gained fame as bantamweight champion of the world. Pete is at every show, his pal, Sam Saia, sportsman, always accompanying him. Pete's cabaret in the Vieux Carre night life section of New Orleans, close to that of Marty Burke, is one of the city's show places.

* * *

THE licensed referees of the New Orleans Athletic Commission, who also serve as judges, all splendidly equipped for their jobs, are:

Ray Dolan, who fought under the name of "Red" Dolan. He was a great Southern lightweight and is one of the South's best referees.

William Sehrt, Johnny Sehrt, R. LeBouef, Jimmy Lascola, Phil Patorno, A. Fraley, Walter Rogers, John Galway and Eddie Coulon are rated high also. Coulon was once a foremost bantam title contender.

Rogers is the most experienced of the local third men. He officiated around New Orleans a quarter of a century ago and is regarded as a most capable third man by scribes, fighters and fans.

The best looking fighters in New Orleans, outside of Perrin and Camarata, are Dudley DeJean, Buck Deckashaw, Francis Kerchevel, Harold Wattigny and Kid Brock.

DeJean is a lightweight. He is a southpaw, managed by his uncle, Roger DeJean. Dudley is a terrific hitter, who is a product of the C.Y.O. Game. Fred Digby, Bill Keefe and Pete Baird, foremost boxing experts here, say he is a comer.

Deckashaw is a middleweight. He is managed by Harry Frisch. Buck lost a decision to Steve Wilkerson, former national intercollegiate champion, in a great fight. He has been boxing one year and looks like he will go places.

Kerchevel is the former Southern amateur lightweight champion. He recently turned professional under the management of Chester Banta, coach of the Knights of Columbus boxing team. Banta is regarded as the greatest amateur boxing coach in New Orleans.

Harold Wattigny is a bantam. He hails from Algiers, La., a one-mile ferry ride across from New Orleans. He is a deadly hitter. He has been managed by his brother, Emmett Wattigny. Emmett is said to have made a deal with Lou Brix, manager of Sixto Escobar, for Brix to take him East. With more experience, Harold should be a sensation.

Kid Brock, who hails from Louisville, Ky., fights under the management of Mrs. Evelyn Harper. He is a lightweight and a club fighter par excellence. He now resides in New Orleans.

Johnny Fisse, the old bantam, who three times beat Pete Herman, trains and manages fighters in the Crescent City. Fisse trains Rodak each time Rodak appears in New Orleans.

Happy Littleton, the former middleweight, and Joe Cook, the former lightweight, are in the automobile business.

Joe Thomas is a tie salesman. Thomas was a corking lightweight during the days of Joe Mandot and the late Frankie Russell.

Pal Moran is ill with tuberculosis at Covington, La.

Vic Moran publishes a magazine.

"One Punch" Hogan, a hard-hitting bantam who fought Joe Lynch, works for the city.

Pal Moran, Jr., son of Pal Moran, boxes amateur, and Marty Burke has a son boxing amateurs, Paul Burke.

Basil Galiano, another great New Orleans scrapper of post-war days, died recently.

Nat Fleischer Says:

(Continued from page 17)

THE victory of Tony Galento over Lou Nova in the Municipal Stadium in Philadelphia spelled the end of California Lou as a title contender. Lou, a 3 to 1 favorite, collapsed after being severely dealt with by the man whom he was expected to finish within three rounds.

The Nova-Galento bout was a barroom brawl if ever I have seen one, and Galento, as a result of his rough and tumble tactics, again showed that he can get away with murder in the ring.

It was an upset as big as was that of Tony's scoring a knockdown over Joe Louis.

Game to the core, Nova fought against great odds. A deeply lacerated eye and a mouse under the other eye, and he could no longer move about the ring. Thus the two leading contenders had it out for the right to meet Joe Louis next summer, and Galento by his victory gained the laurels.

The fight was a viciously fought affair, a bloody, messy bout, that proved one thing in particular—the lack of first rate heavyweight material. Galento, as winner, was more impressive than in any fights in which he has participated, but even that performance was nothing over which to boast.

As for Nova, he showed that he has been rushed too soon. The words of Gene Tunney and Jack Dempsey, who a few months ago predicted his downfall, struck home in that Philadelphia fight.

Nova is through. He has had his chance and failed. Galento received a new lease of life. He may not do any better against Joe Louis next time, but at least he'll draw well at the gate. That seems assured after his last showing at the Yankee Stadium.

The heavyweight situation is no better now than before. New talent is needed. New life must be found to instil some ginger into the division. Perhaps we'll locate one before next summer. If we don't, Tony Galento will do.

* * *

CHANGING rules haphazardly is nothing new in boxing. The National Boxing Association took a fling at it a few weeks ago. At its annual convention in Washington, the rules committee decided:

"If a fighter fails to answer the bell for a new round, then the referee must rule that he was knocked out in the new round, but the bell must be rung."

This means, that in the case of the Dempsey-Willard fight, when Willard called a halt during the intermission between the third and fourth rounds, the bout would have been awarded under this new rule to Dempsey on a knockout in the fourth round, with the stipulation, of course, that the referee would first have to wait until the bell for the new round sounded, and then declare Dempsey the winner.

The N.B.A. decided that if a fighter leaves the ring during the intermission between rounds and goes to his dressing room before the bell rings, thus quitting the fight, he likewise is to be declared the loser in the succeeding round. And if a fighter suffers a severe cut and the bout is halted by the physician in charge or the referee during the minute's rest period, then he also is declared the loser in the succeeding round.

This is all tommyrot. It would be well for those in charge of the N.B.A. to let the rules of boxing alone, because every time they make an alteration, they put their foot into it. The rules upon which boxing is founded stipulate that a round consists of three minutes of boxing and one minute of rest, hence no decision on the part of the N.B.A. Rules Committee can alter the fact that if a fighter quits between rounds or is stopped by physician or referee, he loses the fight by a knockout in the previous round and not the succeeding one. If the decision of the referee, fighter or physician is made after the bell has sounded and a new round has gotten under way, then the fight is lost in the new round.

Attention, Promoters

American or foreign promoters! If you are seeking talent and have difficulty in finding the manager or fighter you are looking for, you can obtain all this information by communicating with me. There is no cost for this service. Will contact anyone that you desire.

Address: EDDIE BORDEN, Piccadilly Hotel, 227 West 45th St., New York City. Day Phone, Circle 7-3845. Night Phone, Circle 6-6600.

BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

THE story of the Ambers-Armstrong fight is fully covered in another section of this book. Suffice to add here that the decision was a most objectionable one so far as the public was concerned and that Arthur Donovan, the referee, in my opinion, lost considerable prestige. As an aftermath, we learn that Donovan was objected to as referee by both Al Weill, manager of Ambers, the winner and new lightweight king, and Eddie Mead, mentor of Armstrong, yet the Boxing Commission, refusing to be "dictated to," placed Arthur in charge. It seems to me that when such objections are made by the managers, the Commission could heed the request of the principals without losing any of its dignity and thus avoid the kind of talk that followed the rendering of the official decision.

Eddie Mead was first to raise the yell that his man was jobbed, yet when the commission meeting was held and he was asked to explain his reason for such contention, he withdrew the charge and said that he had erred. Thus what promised to be a scandal ended with all hands apparently satisfied except the spectators who to this day—at least the majority—contend that Armstrong should have retained his title.

In the six-round semi-final, Mike Kaplan showed greatly improved form over the fight he made with Leonard Del Genio, stopped Frankie Cavanna in the final round. Cavanna was bleeding from nose and mouth when Referee Joe Vaccarella stopped the bout. It was a stupid move because Cavanna was strong and could have gone the round without any distress. Kaplan was really the class of the night and will be in line for some good fights in this vicinity. Eddie Dolan, after being dropped in the first round, came back to whip Milo Theodorescu in their six-rounder, while Al Nettlow scored over Jimmy Vaughn in their six-round fray. Bernie Miller whipped Pete Mascia in four. The net receipts amounted to $116,396 and numbered 29,088 paid customers.

Primo Flores emerged the victor over Ginger Foran after eight gruelling rounds of fighting at the Queensboro Stadium. Flores lost two of the first four rounds on fouls and was outpointed in the first session but that did not stop his determined attack. He came through by winning the last four rounds and had a shade in the third round which clinched the victory in his favor. It was one of the hardest fought fights seen there during the summer. Flores weighed 134 and Foran 129¼. In the scheduled six-round semi-final, Star Harvey disposed of Eli Dodge in two rounds. Tony Canzoneri continued to make his way around the smaller clubs. He visited Staten Island and stayed there long enough to bang out an eight-round victory over Gerald Delia.

George Zengaras proved too rugged for Jimmy Murray in the eight-round fracas at the Coney Island Velodrome which was also the finale for the summer season. It was a rough scrap with George landing the more effective blows. He weighed 136¼ against 139¾ for Murray. Maxie Shapiro, undefeated East Sider, added another victory to his list when he stopped Jimmy Lancaster in the seventh round of their eight-round go. Shapiro was down in the third round for a nine count but proved his ability by recovering and dropping Lancaster in the sixth for a nine count and then giving Jimmy such a beating that the fight was halted. Shapiro weighed 129¾ and Lancaster 130¼. Curtis Sheppard, 173, made short work of Herbie Katz, 172, by stowing him away in the opening round of their scheduled eight-round semi-final. These events took place at the Dexter Park Stadium on the same night that the Velodrome staged their show.

And still the favorites lose at the Queensboro. Lew Jenkins, despite the fact that he had beaten Baby Breese there a few weeks previously, was again on the short end of their return eight-round engagement. This time, Jenkins won convincingly and there was no question about him being entitled to the award. It was a rough fight but Jenkins was a clear winner. He weighed 132 against 135¼ for Breese. Spider Armstrong disposed of Eddie Scifo in the first round of the eight-round semi-final. Armstrong outclassed his foe thoroughly and the referee acted in a humane manner to save Scifo from needless punishment.

Primo Flores, hard hitting Puerto Rican lightweight, added another victim to his knockout list when he put tough Pete Galiano away in the fourth round of their eight-rounder at Dexter Park. Flores weighed 135½ against 140 for Galiano. Billy Lancaster stopped Nick Pastore in six rounds when the latter failed to come up for the seventh. Eddie Alzek scored over Felix Garcia in a six-rounder.

Mistos Grispos, Greek lightweight, making his first start in this country, got off to a very bad beginning. He was pitted against Victor Troise, Harlem lightweight, and was disqualified in the eighth and final round of their clash at the Coney Island Velodrome for continuous holding. The referee had warned him several times previously and finally took action in the last round. Grispos weighed 138½ and Troise 139¾. Frank Terry had no trouble in whipping Dennis Deegan in the eight-round semi-final. Lou Paris, formerly Carmine Fattam, disposed of Frank Parchia in the first round of their scheduled six.

Maxie Shapiro, East Side's rising youngster, added a notable victory to his fast growing list when he stopped Harold Valan of Brooklyn in the fourth round of their scheduled eight-rounder at the Dexter Park Stadium. Johnny Horstman disposed of Mike Angieri in the fourth of their scheduled eight-round semi-final. At the Coney Island Velodrome, Johnny McHale scored over Frankie Castiglia in the feature eight-rounder. Hank Nakamura disposed of Vincenzo Dell Orto via technical knockout in the third of their eight-rounder.

Henry Cooper, Brooklyn heavyweight, outpointed Joe O'Gatty of Newark in the feature eight-rounder at Fort Hamilton Armory. Cooper was too rough and strong and scored without any trouble. O'Gatty scaled 192 and Cooper 187. Lee Harper whipped Monty Pignatore in the six-round semi-final. Tommy Campanella won from Paul Griffiths in the other six-rounder —Walter Woods started on another winning campaign when he took the measure of Frankie Bruno in their eight-round fray at Fort Hamilton. Irving Eldridge and Julio Gonzales clashed eight rounds to a draw in the other feature event—Al Reid repeated his victory over Hank Nakamura at the Long Beach Stadium. Reid showed his mastery at close range and scored most of the damage through that medium.

Pedro Montanez, spotting his opponent seven pounds, came through to an eight-round victory over Vincent Pimpinella at the Fort Hamilton Armory. Pimpinella's longer reach gave the Puerto Rican trouble in the early rounds but Pedro finished stronger and battered away at his opponent in the closing rounds to clinch the award. Montanez weighed 142 against 149 for Pimpinella. Lee Harper, scoring a nine second knockdown in the second round, won the six-round semi-final from Vankie Watson, from Poughkeepsie.

Tony Canzoneri, continuing on the comeback quest, added the name of Frankie Wallace to his list of victims after eight rounds at the Long Beach Stadium. The fight provided a keen tussle between two experienced veterans and the fans were provided with more than their share of excitement in the scrap. Wallace staged a rally in the seventh which forced Tony to step on the gas and they staged quite a scrap until the finish. Tony weighed 141¾ and Wallace 140.

Lew Jenkins, Texas lightweight, scored his most impressive victory to date when he put Ginger Foran away in the fourth round of their scheduled eight-rounder at the Queensboro Arena. Foran was down in the third and was still on the floor when the bell came to his aid. The fight should have been halted at that stage but Ginger valiantly tried to continue in the fourth but was outclassed when Referee Johnny McAvoy called a halt. Foran scaled 131¼ and Jenkins 133. This victory puts Jenkins in a good spot around New York and he should benefit considerably through that victory. Ernest Vigh disposed of Eddie Guerra in the opening session of the six-round semi-final because of a badly cut eye.

Walter "Good Time Charley" Friedman, who was responsible for Primo Carnera coming to this country, has returned to New York City with his latest heavyweight find, "Silent" Joe Hill from the Coast. Hill is a deaf and dumb mute. Despite that handicap he has made splendid progress in California. Hill is a likely looking youngster and his prospects of making the grade are exceedingly bright—Red Kelly, ambitious trainer, who is getting better in his chosen vocation, has just made a trip to New Orleans with Sixto Escobar and expects to leave for the Pacific Coast where Escobar is matched for a few engagements. Kelly is a protege of Whitey Bimstein.

The Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club started its winter season under the management of Willie Johnston. They began operations under the old Saturday night rule and the first show went well beyond their expectations. Izzy Jannazzo, Brooklyn welterweight, scored a victory over the rugged Milo Theodorescu, Rumanian, in the feature eight-round fray. Jack Tolson emerged the winner over Johnny McHale in a gruelling eight-round semi-final that was really the best fight of the night.

The St. Nicholas Palace opened its winter campaign under the Johnston banner with a shocking upset. Sammy Luftspring, Canadian welterweight champion, went down to defeat at the hands of Victor Dellicurti, Harlem's youngster, in their eight-round tussle. The victory for Dellicurti was a real upset and although Victor, who is slightly above the welterweight limit, had an early lead, he was forced to assimilate some terrific body blows in the last two rounds. Sammy rallied too late. The referee, Billy Cavanaugh, called the bout even while the two judges decreed in favor of Dellicurti. Luftspring weighed 148¾ and Dellicurti 150. In the twin feature eight-rounder. Al Nettlow showed plenty of class in whipping Victor Troise. Al won all the way and hurt his opponent on several occasions. Both scaled at 140½ pounds.

Lew Jenkins was credited with a technical knockout over Primo Flores after three rounds at the New York Coliseum's opening show under the auspices of Jimmy Bronson. After the third round had finished, the doctor forbade Flores from coming up for the fourth round. The cut was of minor importance, but the commission rules made it mandatory to halt the bout, and as a result, the 10,000 fans were deprived of a thrilling contest which was anybody's fight at the time of the ending. Jenkins weighed 131¼ and Flores 134.—The opening show of the Broadway Arena brought together Maxie Berger, 140¾, and Norment Quarles, 137½. Berger won the decision after a tough fight, in which Norment gave a good account of himself. Berger enjoyed the reach and scored with long lefts to face and body. Herbie Katz won the eight-round semi-final from Curtis Sheppard. This was an unpopular decision with the fans, who thought Sheppard had the best of the scrap.

Al Weill, headed by two champions in Lou Ambers and Joey Archibald, and a formidable stable comprising Sammy Luftspring, Jimmy Leto, Al Nettlow, Cal Cagni, Baby Yack, Spider Armstrong and Marty Servo, seems to have the best stable of fighters in the country today. Chris Dundee controlling Ken Overlin, George Abrams, Nick Camarata, Tony Cisco, Frankie Cavanna, Angelo Puglisi, Jack Tolson and Ted Christie are active throughout the week.

Sammy Goldman and Charley Rose have a great group of warriors headed by Tony Canzoneri, Leonard Del Genio, Jim Robinson, Al Reid and Al Mancini—Dewey Fragetta sends our publicity on an extensive group, but through the capacity of an agent. Dewey has connections all over the country and is the type who lends assistance to a manager.

Jimmy White and Eddie Reilly are enthusiastic about the promise shown by Walter Franklin, New York middleweight, and they expect big things of him—Poppy Zasker, Pacific Coast manager, started off George Crouch with a knockout in Newark over Steve Gacha and may land something more profitable on the strength of that victory—Jack Hurley expects to make an Eastern invasion shortly with Billy Marquart, his colorful lightweight, and Carl Vinciquerra.

Harold Steinman and Pinkie George have split their partnership and Steinman is travelling the lonely route with Johnny Paychek—Pinkie is grooming Lee Sevold, St. Paul heavyweight, around the East and thinks that Paychek and Sevold will break all records for gate attendance in Des Moines when Paychek and Sevold meet—Eddie Mead and Gene Vinassa are sending each other love notes—via special messengers.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

THE summer season, lean in some sections of the country and very successful in others, is over and all hands are now pulling for a banner indoor session. This may be possible because of the war situation in Europe, and the fact that many of the promoters who had closed their doors during the summer months, have reopened for the fall and winter because of the increased employment.

The past month saw the rise of several good lads and the fall of a few who had gained prestige. The victory of Lou Ambers, a triumph that enabled him to regain the world lightweight title by defeating Henry Armstrong, was the outstanding feature of the month. The rapid progress made by Jackie Wilson, Pacific Coast and former Cleveland amateur, was another outstanding point in fisticuffs. Jackie is a trifle too heavy for the lightweight class and not strong enough for the ranking welters, but he'll reach the heights eventually if he can continue the pace at which he is now going. Great things are expected from Wilson, and in the same classification on the Pacific Coast are George Crouch, lightweight, and Bob Montgomery of Philadelphia. Both are colored lads and excellent prospects.

Jimmy Perrin continued to improve Southern conditions by winning an overweight bout from Sixto Escobar. Jackie Wilson, Pittsburgh featherweight, halted the winning streak of Kui Kong Young, dashing Chinese bantamweight, in Australia Allan Westbury, Australian welterweight, is another name to reckon with during the coming year. He is doing splendid work. Charley Burley gained the leading welterweight contendership by whipping Jimmy Leto. Billy Conn stepped into the heavyweight division and was credited with a technical knockout over Gus Dorazio. Those and Fred Apostoli's victory over Glen Lee were the concluding high spots of the month.

As we go to press, Lou Nova has been eliminated from the leading heavyweight contender's position by Tony Galento. Thus Nova loses his number one standing and Galento takes his place.

Among the heavyweights, Patsy Perroni made his appearance in the charmed circle of ten by whipping Henry Wacker and scoring a three-round knockout over Newsboy Millich. Buddy Knox turned in a victory over Roy Lazer. Gunnar Barlund scored over Junior Munsell. Joe Wagner was beaten by Bill Boyd and Henry Cooper. Cooper also defeated Joe O'Gatty. Bob Nestell repeated his knockout over Tom Kenneally, this time in round one.

Ben Foord defeated Buck Everett in South Africa. Eddie Simms won over Tony Musto. Johnny Risko is still going strong. He kayoed Battling Blackjack in three and Babe Daniels in four rounds. Nick Fiorentino scored over Mickey McAvoy but was beaten by Jim Robinson, who in turn lost to Marty Gallagher. Tommy Tucker whipped Yancey Henry on the Coast. Tom Reddington defeated George James in England. Ernie Collins whipped Charley Coates, Arcade Pearce and kayoed Robert E. Lee in nine rounds.

In the light-heavyweight division, Billy Conn, leading contender, disposed of Gus Dorazio in eight rounds. Dave Clark turned in a win over Buddy Knox. Tiger Jack Fox won from Clarence Brown. Tiger Warrington whipped Hobo Williams. Buddy Ryan scored over Farnk Zamoris.

Adolf Heuser kayoed Merlo Preciso in the second round. Gustave Eder scored over Jean Simon. Alabama Kid seems to have settled down in Australia. He whipped Pat Appleton and kayoed Jimmy Starr in eleven and five rounds, respectively. Larry Lane whipped Ralph Ivins. Curtis Sheppard kayoed Herbie Katz in one round and lost the decision in their return go.

The middleweight class showed Fred Apostoli scoring over Glen Lee in their Pittsburgh meeting. Ben Brown repeated his triumph over Teddy Yarosz in Atlanta. Ken Overlin scored over hard hitting Al Wardlow.

Nate Bolden kayoed Al Globe in four rounds. Walter Woods whipped Frankie Bruno. Harvey Massey whipped Bobby Birch, kayoed Roy Finn in three but was beaten by Tony Cisco. Lou Brouillard scored over Al Sinibaldi. Tony Zale kayoed Milton Shivers in three rounds.

Cal Cagni defeated Roxie Forgione and Wicky Harkins. Fred Henneberry lost on a foul to Dai Jones in three rounds in England. Dale Sparr kayoed Truman Harvey in four rounds.

Charley Burley held his post as the leading welterweight contender by scoring over Jimmy Leto. Fritzie Zivic disposed of Pete De Ruzza in six rounds. Pedro Montanez won over Vincent Pimpinella and kayoed Howard Scott in two rounds. Sammy Luftspring was beaten by Victor Dellicurti, who is too heavy for the welterweight division. Kenny La Salle scored over Battling Burroughs.

Mike Kaplan makes his appearance among the first ten this month. He disposed of Frankie Cavanna in the sixth round.

Jackie Wilson kayoed Eddie Cool in four rounds on the Coast. Milo Theodorescu was beaten by Izzy Jannazzo and Eddie Dolan. Allan Westbury, Australian aspirant, disposed of Georges Champion in six and Ron McLaughlin in five sessions. Andrea Jessurun whipped Mike Piskin and Frankie Britt. Billy White scored over Teddy Baldwin. Kid Frattini defeated De Laurentis. Tony Canzoneri scored over Frankie Wallace and Gerald D'elia. Paul Junior won over Johnny Lifford and stopped Sixto Morales in four.

Maxie Berger defeated Norment Quarles and kayoed Felix Garcia in three rounds. Jimmy Garrison stopped Bruno Ahlberg in eight rounds. Al Manfredo disposed of Les Morris in ten rounds. Arthur Danahar beat Robert Disch. Frankie Genovese bested Cleo McNeal.

Toby Tobias won from Jack Larrimore while Jack whipped Bobby Britton. Babe Verila stopped Wildcat O'Connor in eight rounds. Dick Demaray disposed of Buster Carroll in the ninth. Battling Battalino won from Frankie Young and kayoed Johnny Castonguay in four. Al Nettlow won over Victor Troise. Jack Tolson defeated Johnny McHale.

We find a new lightweight champion in Lou Ambers. By taking the measure of Henry Armstrong, Lou occupies the position he held before he was dethroned by the same Armstrong. Sammy Angott scored over Billy Marquart. Wesley Ramey whipped Joe Boscarino and was held to a draw by Paul De Bello. Bob Montgomery stopped Jimmy Murray in the third and won over Ray Ingram. Murray was also beaten by George Zengaras. George Crouch disposed of Steve Gacha in the fourth round. Lew Jenkins seems to be making the grade. He whipped Bus Breese and then stopped Ginger Foran and Primo Flores in four rounds each. Flores also whipped Foran and kayoed Pete Galiano in four rounds.

Lew Feldman kayoed Charley Burns in one round and defeated Mike Belloise. Baby Arizmendi kayoed Jackie Carter in one and scored over Joey Silva. Pete Lello won from Lloyd Pine and Calvin McGraw. Tommy Speigal scored over Lou Fortuna. Leo Rodak, who has outgrown the featherweight class, was beaten by Nick Camarata but whipped Jimmy Tygh. Tygh was also beaten by Billy Maher. Laurie Stevens won the welterweight title of South Africa from Teddy Braun.

Bert Osborne stopped Wally Hally in eight rounds and whipped Johnny Hutchinson. Nick Peters drew with Phil Zwick. Chino Alvarez won over Tommy Ricco. Irving Eldridge drew with Julio Gonzales. Bobby McIntire scored over Willie Cheatum. Benny Caplan whipped Len Wickwar. Maurice Arnault bested Myer Alper. Charley Gomer stopped Eddie Dunne in the sixth round. Al Gauthier won from Red Guggino. Eddie Brink beat Joe De Jesus, while Pat Kissinger scored over Jimmy Williams.

Jackie Wilson, still campaigning in Australia, was the leading featherweight of the month to engage in action. He whipped Kui Kong Young in Australia. Chalky Wright disposed of Billy Bullock in five rounds. Harry Jeffra scored over Baby Yack. Yack was beaten by Lou Transparenti. Spider Armstrong kayoed Transparenti and Eddie Scifo in one round apiece. Johnny Cusick whipped Bernard Leroux. Frankie Covelli scored over Eddie Lander. Jimmy Perrin won from Darse Robertson.

Paul Lee was beaten by Mike Belloise and Marius Pitte. Ginger Stewart whipped Dan McAllister. Al Reid defeated Hank Nakamura. Claude Varner kayoed Johnny Litto in four heats. Henry Moreno won from Harry Fields. Al Mancini drew with Johnny Marcelline but was beaten by Pablo Dano. Richard Lemos drew with Eddie Marcus.

George Marsden kayoed Billy Elward in five rounds. Danny La Verne scored over Frank Farrington. Tony Dupre disposed of Frankie Flynn in the second. Allie Stolz won from Monty Pignatore and Morris Parker. Bobby Ruffin bested Johnny Buff. Bobby Green drew with Jimmy Lancaster. Frankie Bove scored over Rudy Hollis. Bobby Ivy kayoed Mariano Arilla in two rounds but was beaten by Marty Servo.

Sixto Escobar, bantam leader, lost to Jimmy Perrin in an overweight meeting. K. O. Morgan disposed of Ted Christie in four rounds. Lou Salica stopped Jackie Jurich in the ninth. Ernst Weiss disposed of Aurel Toma in the twelfth. Frank Parkes whipped Kid Tanner. Pancho Leyvas won from Manuel Ortiz.

Little Dado, leading flyweight contender, scored over Jimmy Webster. Small Montana kayoed Al Robinson in the tenth session. Jackie Paterson scored a one-round knockout over Eric Jones. Valentin Anglemann stopped Jim Campbell in the seventh.

The eight best prospects of the month are:

Flyweight—Ted Meikle, Ireland.

Bantamweight—Frank "Pancho" Pardon, Houston, Texas.

Featherweight—Lawrence Crici, Inwood, L. I., N. Y.

Lightweight—Bobby Funicello, Utica, N. Y.

Welterweight—Jimmy Bell, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Middleweight—Billy Pryor, Boise, Idaho.

Light-heavyweight—"Kingpin" Dilmos Long, Fort Myers, Fla.

Heavyweight—Tom Reddington, England.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

Here are my ratings for the month ending September 15:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Joe Louis	World's Champion John Henry Lewis	Title Vacant	World's Champion Henry Armstrong
1—Tony Galento	Billy Conn	Al Hostak	Charley Burley
2—Bob Pastor	Melio Bettina	Fred Apostoli	Ernie Roderick
3—Lou Nova	Gus Lesnevich	Ceferino Garcia	Fritzie Zivic
4—Tommy Farr	Len Harvey	Ron Richards	Pedro Montanez
5—Max Schmeling	Jock McAvoy	Ben Brown	Sammy Luftspring
6—Johnny Paychek	Dave Clark	Ken Overlin	Jimmy Leto
7—Red Burman	Teddy Yarosz	Ossie Stewart	Marcel Cerdan
8—Maurice Strickland	Tiger Jack Fox	Eric Seelig	Kenny La Salle
9—Nathan Mann	Oscar Rankins	Nate Bolden	Milt Aron
10—Patsy Perroni	Tiger Warrington	Walter Woods	Mike Kaplan

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Lou Ambers	World's Champion Joey Archibald	World's Champion Sixto Escobar	Title Vacant
1—Davey Day	Simon Chavez	George Pace	Little Dado
2—Sammy Angott	Dave Castilloux	K. O. Morgan	Enrico Urbinati
3—Wesley Ramey	Pete Scalzo	Peter Kane	Tiny Bostock
4—Eric Boon	Jackie Wilson	Lou Salica	Jackie Jurich
5—Bob Montgomery	Chalky Wright	Kui Kong Young	Small Montana
6—George Crouch	Harry Jeffra	Tommy Burns	Jackie Paterson
7—Paul De Bello	Johnny Cusick	Little Pancho	Paddy Ryan
8—George Zengaras	Frankie Covelli	Frank Parkes	Raoul Degryse
9—Lew Jenkins	Jimmy Perrin	Kid Tanner	Eric Jones
10—Johnny Bellus	Billy Passan	Ernst Weiss	Hugh Cameron

IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

By HARRY E. WINKLER

THE three new members of the State Athletic Commission have been appointed and it appears that Governor Olson has done a good job in naming Jerry Geisler of Los Angeles, Jules Covey of Hollywood and John Rustigan of San Francisco to fill the three vacancies. Geisler, one of Los Angeles' best known attorneys, was elected chairman. In their first meeting this month, the commissioners gave every indication that they are to work in harmony and for the good of the game. Geisler has assured the local boxing fraternity that the commission's decisions will be fair and just, with no partiality shown, or any political groups favored.

Henry Hook, self-styled Hoosier Hurricane, was merely a gentle breeze to Ricardo Lemos, Los Angeles Mexican southpaw, in their clash at the Olympic Auditorium. Lemos was awarded a T.K.O. near the end of the tenth round because of a bad cut over Hook's eye, but he was due to drop the decision anyway, as the Indiana boxer was credited with but two of the ten rounds. Lemos weighed 125, Hook 123. Max Baer refereed and did a good job of it.

John Petry, 185, Colorado, easily bested Eddie Sargoda, 188, of Fresno, in the six-round semi. Sargoda was floored in the fourth. In the prelims, Andy Vasquez, 123, won unpopular decision over Nash Diaz, 121, in 4; Frankie Kainrath, 123, Chicago, scored T.K.O. over Pee Wee LaSalle, 121, in 2; Carmen Georgino, 147, and Hut Thompson, 147, slugged four rounds to a draw, and Kid Lester, 145, won a close decision over Marine Saxtell in the opener.

Nick Peters won over Joey Silva at the Hollywood Stadium in a brawl that might easily have ended in a riot had not Referee Mushy Callahan used such good judgment. In protesting foul fighting of Peters, Silva's seconds jumped in the ring in the fifth round and the crowd became very excited. Instead of awarding the bout to Peters because of Silva's handlers actions, Referee Callahan ushered the parties out of the ring and kept the contestants in action. In spite of losing two rounds because of foul tactics, Peters was credited with six rounds. Nick had Silva on the canvas three times, but could not keep the tough Mexican down for long. Peters weighed 135, Silva 131.

Red Green, 140, and Irwin Kay, 139, met in their much-talked-of "little main event" in the semi-windup and after six exciting rounds the contest was declared a draw. This bout between these popular youngsters drew more fans than the main event.

In remaining bouts: Gene Spencer, 134, Chicago, and Zeke Castro, 137, went four sensational rounds to a draw; Charlie Miegel, 125, Kansas City, won over Frankie Gardia, 123, in four; Harold Bell, 116, won over Bee Jiminez in four; and Charlie Murray, 171, of Texas, scored a K.O. over Harmond Forte, 170, in the first round of the opener. A packed house witnessed the action-crammed card.

Mike McNulty is looking after the affairs of Charlie Miegel, former crack amateur featherweight of Kansas City. McNulty always starts me reminiscing, for I knew Mike back in St. Paul many years ago, back in the days when he managed Johnny Ertle, bantam champion. I fought on the same cards with Kewpie and opposed some of McNulty's fighters.

Ceferino Garcia, Filipino contender for the middleweight title, rubbed out the veteran Bobby Pacho in the fifth of their scheduled 10-rounder at the Olympic Auditorium. Although Garcia was ahead at the end of the fourth, Pacho had been making a fight of it all the way, but the Filipino bolo-puncher launched a devastating attack at the start of the fifth and soon had the Mexican in a bad way. A hard right to the belly ended it. Garcia weighed 155, Pacho 154.

In the six-round semi, Chester Parks, 164, won the decision over Ray Vargas, 162. Other results: Gene Spencer, 135, Chicago, stopped Frankie Rodriguez, 132, in the fourth; Jim Egnotiff, 193, scored a four-round T.K.O. over Jack Townend, 209; Harold Bell, 116, won decision over Sal Baca, 118, in four; and Hindu Fleet, 172, chalked up a T.K.O. over Charlie Murray, 171, of Texas, in the second round of the opener. The card was a dandy from start to finish.

Jack Laken, who brought Joey Silva and Jackie Carter to the Coast, is planning on taking a couple of the Los Angeles boxers back East with him. Gene Espinoza, Filipino featherweight, may be one of them.

In the two shows staged by John Poole at Santa Barbara during the past month, Clay Rowan stopped Odell Mason in the sixth round of the first program, and Frankie Martin won a 10-round decision over Roger Whitaker on the second card.

Junior Munsell, Oklahoma Cherokee Indian, didn't need either a tomahawk or hunting knife to add the scalp of Eddie Mader to his collection. Munsell stopped the New York heavy in the third round of a Hollywood Stadium main event. The Indian started cautiously and his southpaw stance bothered Mader, so there was little action in the first two rounds, but there were fireworks in the third. They were mixing it up in a corner when Munsell landed a terrific uppercut to Mader's chin, and—well, the crowd had left before Mader came out of it. Each came in at 184 pounds.

Bobby Bonger, the sensation of Los Angeles amateur rings, made his professional debut at Santa Barbara and was very impressive in scoring a two round K.O. over Joe Glodenis.

Tommy Tucker is the new hero of Los Angeles boxing fans and rightly so for the manner in which Jimmy Johnston's little Irishman whipped big Yancy Henry at the Olympic Auditorium was really something to cheer. This writer, among others, figured that Tucker was accepting a bad match in taking on the husky Negro, but Tommy's courage, plus his fighting ability and some real good handling, made him an easy winner. Tucker weathered the few hard punches that Henry was able to land and continually backed his heavier foe into the ropes with a two-fisted attack. The baby-faced Irishman won seven of the 10 rounds. Tucker weighed 180, Henry 198.

Francis Jacques, 190, Lew Burston's French heavyweight, showed improvement in winning the six-round semi over George Leetch, 191. In remaining prelims: Al Smith, 149, decisioned Milton Kell, 148, in four; Bee Jiminez, 122, won over Nash Diaz, 126, in four; Tino Sanchez, 125, scored T.K.O. over Frankie Antuna, 124, in the fourth; and Pee Wee LaSalle, 122, outclassed Paul Visser, 123, in the opener.

Joe Stanley wants his Philadelphia friends to know that he is doing well out here on the Coast. And he really is. Between training fighters and doing extra work at the studios, Joe is keeping busy and happy.

Jackie Jurich, although one of the best flyweights in the country, does not pack enough iron in his fists nor enough granite in his chin to be mingling with the best bantamweights, as was proven by Lou Salica in their clash at the Hollywood Stadium. Jurich displayed his usual brilliant boxing and gave a great demonstration of courage, but whenever the hard hitting Italian caught up with the Rose of San Jose, which was often, down would go Jackie. Jurich gave the former bantam champion a boxing lesson in three of the eight rounds it lasted, but he spent much of the time on the canvas in the other sessions. After being knocked down six times in previous rounds, Jackie couldn't beat the count for the seventh time when floored in the ninth round. Salica weighed 116½, Jurich 112.

San Diego—Results of the main events staged at the Coliseum during the month were as follows: Big Boy Hogue whipped Chuey Vargas, Al Smith and Jesse James Jackson in six-round bouts; Shorty Hogue scored knockouts over Jackie Taylor in one, Jimmy Brott in two and Carlos Garcia in four.

Baby Arizmendi turned "killer" in his clash with Irish Jackie Carter at the Olympic Auditorium, knocking the Washington, D. C., kid stiff in the first round. Although the first hard right that floored Carter for nine really spelled his doom, Arizmendi had to drop the baby-faced Irishman four times to keep him down for the count. Arizmendi weighed 137½, Carter 136.

Ocean Park—The largest crowd to turn out for a boxing show in Ocean Park in years was on hand to witness the long anticipated clash between Red Green and Babe Brandelli. This Bay District natural, which was won by Green, was the only professional show staged by Promoter Mike Hirsch this month. Although Referee Jack Kennedy credited Brandelli with but two of the eight rounds, the contest was fast and hard fought. Green weighed 140, Brandelli 139.

Gunnar Barlund, the powerful Finn, was a bit too strong and tough for Junior Munsell, Oklahoma Indian, in their 10-rounder at the Hollywood Stadium. The heavies put on a hard, gruelling scrap which was about even at the end of the ninth, but Barlund forged ahead with a vicious body attack in the 10th to receive Referee Charlie Randolph's decision. Munsell started out like a sure winner, hitting the Finn at will in the earlier rounds, but Gunnar kept walking in and his body punching wore the Indian down. Barlund weighed 199, Munsell 182.

Jack Lunney, 140, flashy San Francisco lad, handed Johnny Verdusco, 136, an unmerciful licking in the six-round semi. In remaining prelims: Classy Wesley Sellers, 135, easily whipped Elmer Lewis, 139, in four; Gene Spencer, 134, Chicago, scored a T.K.O. over Frankie Garcia in two; Marvin Liddell, 145, Oklahoma Indian, decisioned Miller Fonseca, 146, in four; and Al Hogan, 165, got the nod over Charlie Murray, 166, of Texas, in the opener.

Jackie Wilson had little trouble in disposing of Eddie Cool, Philadelphia veteran, in four rounds at the Olympic Auditorium. Cool was no fit opponent to be in there with such a murderous puncher as Wilson and the bout was very one-sided. The Philadelphian didn't land one solid punch and the Black Wasp finished him in about one minute after deciding to do so, which was just before the end of the fourth round. Wilson weighed 137, Cool 139.

GYM GOSSIP—It is a treat to watch Jackie Wilson and Wesley Sellers in a gymnasium sparring bout. The classy Irish boy gives the great colored boxer a real workout . . . . Jeff Dickson, the American who has become Europe's foremost promoter, has been visiting in Los Angeles . . . . Johnny Risko is in L. A. seeking bouts, but it is doubtful whether he will be given a license . . . . There have been too many "washed up" fighters on L. A. cards these past few months . . . . Joe Levy has taken over the San Bernardino club. He sure is a glutton for punishment . . . . Bobby (Pancho) Leyvas, making his first start in months, defeated Manuel Ortiz at Yuma, Ariz. . . . . Tommy McFarland, former lightweight, is conducting an outdoor training camp near L. A.

Jack Kiok, local manager, has returned from a trip to Mexico City . . . . Wirt (One Shot) Ross has acquired the contract on Turkey Thompson, colored middleweight . . . . Amateur boxing is again being conducted at the East Side Arena . . . . Jack Root, former light-heavy champ, is one of the nattiest dressers seen along Spring St. . . . . Red Green wants to fight Tony Chavez and everybody in L. A. except the matchmakers believes that the Signal Kid would give Chavez ahelava scrap . . . . Ceferino Garcia, Chuck Crowell and Big Boy Bray are in serious training for their bouts at New York, Philadelphia and Detroit, respectively.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS

By T. W. McNIEL

LEADVILLE, Colo.—One of the most famous of the old mining camps in the West is coming back to the fistic wars with Ralph Manderino at the helm. He will stage the first of a series of fall and winter shows early in September.

It might be interesting to know that Leadville, situated some 10,000 feet above sea level, has played host to some of the most famous pugilists of the American prize-ring during her long and hectic existence. Such ringmen as Charley Mitchell, Bob Fitzsimmons, Jim Hall, Peter Jackson and Frank Slavin all displayed their fistic art in the rip-roaring old camp during the 'eighties and 'nineties.

At Alamosa, Colo.—Everett Marshall, La Junta heavyweight grappler, tossed Harry Kahoe in straight falls in the headline attraction of an American Legion show. The veteran Wladek Zbyszko pinned Frenchy Amnotte in the supporting bout.

Harry T. Dearsley, prominent ranchman of near Phoenix, Ariz., died following a short illness. Dearsley, who had been ranching in this region since 1895, was the amateur heavyweight boxing champion of Great Britain, Ireland and Scotland back in 1882, '83 and '84.

At Delta, Colo.—Dale Sparr, carrot-topped Delta middleweight, came back home from an extensive campaign on the West Coast to pound out a five-round technical kayo over Truman Harvey, Utah middleweight king, in a slashing battle.

R. J. Lewis, Denver's former amateur 158-pound sensation, made his pro debut by decisively beating Howard Davis, Grand Junction mauler.

At Reno, Nev.—Ernie Collins, full-blooded Shoshone Indian light-heavyweight, disposed of Robert E. Lee of Salt Lake City in a one-sided melee, finally stopping Lee in the ninth round.

One week after stopping Lee, Collins came back to Reno to pound out a 10-round decision over Arcade "Windmill" Pearce of Magna, Utah.

Fast developing into one of the best fight centers in the Rocky Mountain region, Reno showed Small Montana against Al Robinson in a scheduled 20-round contest. Montana won by a kayo in the 10th heat. This pair are flyweights.

A. H. Storey, Shrevesport, La.—Yes, the old Detroit Tiger backstop, Charley Schmidt, once fought a six-round draw with Fireman Jim Flynn. There is but little doubt that Schmidt would have been a good ringman had he tried seriously.

Larry Cisneros, the squat little Questa, N. M., lightweight, who had to leave home to make a name for himself in the ring sport, is doing all right for himself in and around Detroit. Larry is under the management of Louis Newman, himself once a crack lightweight here in the mountain sector some 25 years ago.

At Las Vegas, N. M.—Jack Parrish, young Dallas, Tex., heavyweight, polished off Pete Carzina of Roy, N. M., in the fifth round of a scheduled 10-round engagement. Carzina, who incidentally is a peace officer in his home town, was badly outclassed.

Ted Garcia, New Mexico lightweight king, scored a three-round kayo over Jim Reiner of Los Angeles, Calif., in an action packed semi-windup.

Remember, I have a list of active promoters out this way that you can have for a two-bit piece. Will also answer any questions relative to the knuckle industry here in the mountain region. Address all mail to: T. W. McNiel, P.O. Box 126, Blanca, Colo.

IN CHICAGO
With GENE ENGEL

TONY MUSTO, gallant pudgy Blue Island heavyweight, fought a ten-round scorcher against Eddie Simms, veteran Cleveland puncher and ring general, at the White City Boxing Club. It was a nip and tuck battle throughout with Simms' experience telling. Musto scored with good rapier left-hooks. The verdict was of the split decision variety with Simms winning.

In the semi-feature of ten rounds, Tiger Jack Fox pounded out a clean victory over the fleet-footed Clarence Brown.

The four-round frays saw Johnny Janis, Brighton Park heavy, a unanimous winner over lanky six feet 5 inches Sam McCurri, colored boy out of Cleveland, Ohio; Joe Hornick, aggressive Pittsburgh 140-pounder, victor over Tony De Pasquale; Harry Sobotnick, Pop Howard's heavyweight entry, winner over Selman Martin of the South Side, and Jack Carter, 1939 Illinois Athletic Club welterweight champion, beating Jimmy Field of St. Louis, Mo., in Jack's debut.

Frankie Covelli, great little battler from Brooklyn, N. Y., surprised North Side partisans in his thrilling ten-round triumph over the young Jewish 130-pound sensation, Eddie Lander. Covelli unleashed many uppercuts to the body and head of the perpetual moving Lander and his ring generalship played no small part in his grand victory.

In the semi-windup of four rounds, George Nyberg, punching Canadian, had his hands full with Ralph Gizzy, Pittsburgh welter, who holds a decision over Billy Conn, when the Irish light-heavyweight champion of the world was doing his milling in the middleweight division. Frank Green defeated Tiger Wright of Houston, Texas, light-heavyweight; Joey Ojida, Mexican featherweight, beat Kenny Lottman of Peoria, and Johnny Balmer, also of Peoria, beat Nick Castiglione, West Side Italian 135-pounder.

Johnny Paychek, Chicagoan, the fistic idol of Iowa fight fans, whipped Maurice Strickland, New Zealand heavyweight and recent conqueror of Paychek, in a repeat ten-rounder. This time, before a throng of 14,000, Paychek won convincingly.

Gene Spencer, lightweight protege of Petey King, is now campaigning with notable success in the Golden State. Gene received a draw with Johnny Verdusco and Zeke Castro, and belted out Frank Rodriquez in four heats.

Nate Bolden, classy middleweight contender of Jimmy O'Grady, who also handles Frankie Covelli, stopped Al Globe, fiery Mexican from Dallas, Texas, in the third stanza at Sioux City, Ia.

Incidentally, on the Paychek-Strickland headliner in Iowa, a swarthy Chicagoan, Perk Daniels, beat Charlie Neaves in a heavyweight contest of six rounds. Daniels is an undefeated heavyweight thus far.

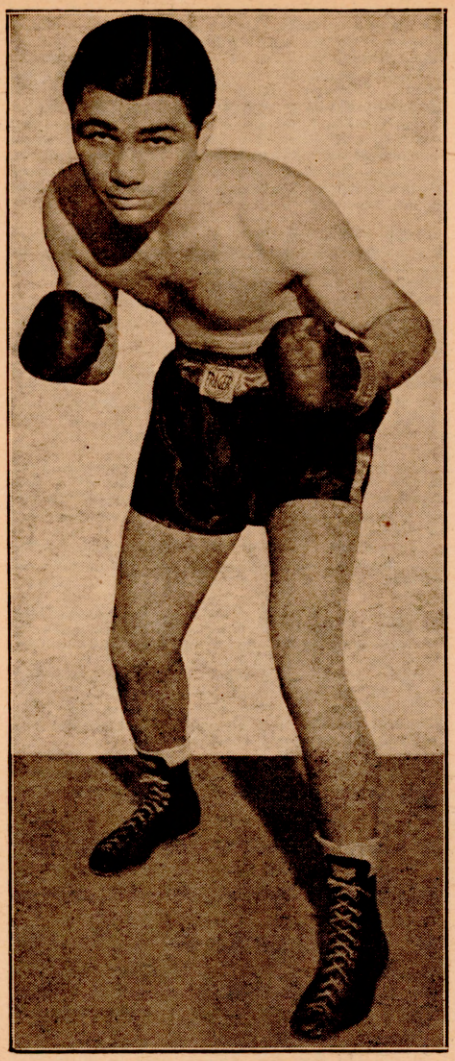
Up at Milwaukee, Wis., Oscar Rankins, George Trafton's Red Terror, who is residing in the Windy City, made it three in a row over the squat Marty Simmons for ten rounds. . . . . A legitimate Chicagoan, Clarence Brown, stopped Spike Franks in round three. And on a different program in the "Brewery" city, Pete Lello, a leading Chicago lightweight, pasted Lloyd Pine for ten sessions.

Leo Rodak, ranking world's featherweight, seems to have encountered his share of detrimental breaks insofar as results are concerned opposite leading challengers. First it was his misfortune to be declared the loser to Joey Archibald, with the world's 126-pound laurels as the token of victory—a victory in which the Archibald hometowners booed lustily. Next, Leo ventured to Toronto, Canada, and appeared opposite Dave Castilloux, who had gained further distinction by stowing away Everette (Young) Rightmire. Leo rallied in the late rounds, but not to the officials' satisfaction. Now the situation is a repeater to that of the Archibald episode. Down in New Orleans, La., Nick Camarata, New Orleans favorite, was declared the winner over Leo.

Billy Marquart, Canadian clouter, who confines most of his activity to Chicago arenas, made his Smokey City debut with a two and no defeats record against Sammy Angott, Pittsburgh's fighting gem. This time, however, Angott turned the tables in ten gruelling rounds. Ken Overlin, who hails from Decatur, Illinois, also fought a ten-rounder on the card, and from what Marquart tells me, Ken had the southpaw slanter, Al Wardlow, on the deck on three occasions during their ten-round encounter.

Tony Zale, middleweight prodigy of Sam Pian and Art Winch, put Milton Shivers of Detroit, Michigan, away in three rounds. Shivers had a point advantage in the first two rounds and in the third canto, Shivers dropped to his knees supposedly from a previous barrage of blows. The crowd didn't take to the kayo of Shivers very well.

In the main preliminary match, Billy Seward of Ingamoor, Mont., pounded out a decision over the rangy colored Danville featherweight in a four-rounder.



Frankie Covelli, two-fisted Brooklyn featherweight, who has been doing splendid work in Chicago, where he now lives. Recently he defeated Johnny Brown and Eddie Lander.

Milt Aron, West Side Jewish welterweight and Illinois 147-pound champion, was awarded a three-round verdict over Eddie Meleski, South Side Polish puncher, due to a severely cut optic that hampered his progress. Meleski, however, thrilled the spectators by dropping Aron for a two-count in the first heat.

In the semi-feature of five rounds, Nick Castiglione, West Side Italian battler, and Earl Gibbs, South Side colored lightweight, fought to a draw. Jimmy Reeves, 1939 Golden Gloves 160-pound champion out of Cleveland, inaugurated his pro career by whipping Johnny Trotter in four rounds.

Over at Peoria, Illinois, Snooks Gordon, promoter, and Jack Beatty, matchmaker, presented three eights and a six-round affair. The main eight-rounder had Tiger Aaron Wade, winner in the third fray over Chuck Vickers, along the kayo route; Sammy Sefaras, converted featherweight southpaw and nifty left-hooker, gained a narrow points win over the Indian flash, Henry Huerta; Ralph Gizzy, Pittsburgh windmill, thrashed Tito Taylor, Chicago welterweight, mostly with the use of his left hand as his right duke had been injured in a tiff five days previous. In the opening joust at six rounds, Johnny Balmer, Peoria, a 138-pounder, defeated Gene Ward, classy colored battler of Jimmy Christopher.

Lem Franklin, powerful sepia socker from Cleveland, now resides in the Windy City. Lem is the type of puncher that fight fans relish, as he can produce a slumber clout with but one strike.

Bill Rand, Sports Enterprise promoter, has leased out the Chicago Coliseum for eight shows during the current fall and winter season.

At Peoria, Tiger Aaron Wade, colored welterweight, beat Johnny Durso, durable Louisville club fighter.

Henry Huerta, Peoria 126-pounder, whipped Gene Ward in ten fast rounds; Garland Parnell beat Kid Leva, Chicago Mexican, and lanky Sam McCurri was accorded a knockout triumph over Art Brashek, Peoria heavyweight in four rounds.

Izzy Kline, trainer for ex-heavyweight champion Max Baer, has departed for Lubbock, Texas, to prepare Maximillian for his fight with the Texas product, Babe Ritchie.

Patsy Perroni, clever Cleveland heavyweight, who has traveled the distance of ten rounds with Champion Joe Louis, wasn't impressive in gaining a split decision victory over the sepia walloper, Henry Wacker, in ten rounds.

The semi-final feature revealed Leonard Bennett, Detroit heavy artillery beak-buster, a one-sided victor over Tito Taylor of the South Side in their five-rounder—welterweights; Sammy Sfaras decisioned Kid Leva; Ralph Gizzy of Pittsburgh trimmed Billy Nolan, and Al Tibbits conquered Jim Denver—all four-rounders.

Bob Nestell, California kayo artist, made it two in a row over Tom Kenneally, sensational Catholic Youth Organization boxer. Bob flashed his potent right mitt with such frequency that he had Kenneally bewildered at all times.

In the semi-featured event, Tony Motisi, hard-punching C.Y.O. artist, outpunched Joe Hornick for five sessions to gain the decision. Hornick was dropped twice in the third round.

In the four-round tiffs, Harry Sobotnick, newcomer in the heavyweight ranks, beat Jack Pumphrey in four cantos; Johnny Janis, another young heavyweight, beat Tony Martin, South Side colored boy, and Jack Carter won by a convincing margin over Adolphus Byrd.

Willie Joyce, fast rising lightweight, is now in New York, being represented for Manager Izzy Kline by Lou Burston.

Notice—Fighters, with or without managerial connections, should get in touch with yours truly for activity in the Middle West. Send records and newspaper clippings.

Don't forget to send in all notes of interest not later than the first of the month to me at Trafton's Gym, 180 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Illinois.

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THE RING

TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

ERNIE RODERICK, British welterweight champion, made a welcome appearance at the Stadium, Liverpool. Dave McCleave, ex-amateur champion, was brought in as Roderick's opponent over ten rounds at the middleweight limit, and Roderick won by a K.O. in the fourth after scoring several knockdowns before the final K.O.

Dennis Chadwick of Bridlington scored a splendid win over Jerry Costello of Liverpool in the semi-final bout of eight rounds.

Alf Tustain of Banbury was no match for the southpaw, Jim Berry of South Shields, at Whitley Bay and the former was put down and out in the third of a ten-round contest.

Wally Knightley of Sunderland put up a great battle to outpoint Paddy Gill of Sunderland in a return contest of ten rounds at Sunderland.

Jimmy Walsh, ex-British lightweight champion, was too clever for Dennis Cahill of Dundee in their scheduled ten-round contest at Dundee and the latter retired at the end of the fifth.

Taffy Williams of Swansea was in a great hurry in his contest with Johnny English of Newcastle at Portobello, for within ten seconds of the first round, English was down and out from a snappy right to the jaw.

Bob Curley of Derby kept his early lead against Douglas Baxter of Hinckley in their ten-round contest at Melton and won on points.

Curly Edwards of Argoed outpointed Albert Pritchard of Hereford in a sparkling ten-round contest at Crumlin.

Ken Jones of Tonyrefail was unlucky to receive a badly cut eye in the third round of his contest with Young Beckett of Pentre at Cardiff. He was forced to retire and leave Beckett the winner.

Jimmy Berry, the southpaw middleweight from South Shields, is stepping up the ladder of fame with his victories in the ring. At Newcastle, he beat Arthur "Ginger" Sadd of Norwich over ten rounds.

Willie Smith of Margate boxed brilliantly during his twelve-round contest against Johnny Ryan of Kilburn at Mile End Arena and won on points.

Ray Davis of Hornchurch defeated Joe Griffiths of Wales in the fourth of a twelve-rounder.

Wally Smith of Weybridge came in as a late substitute to meet Jack Gubbins of Stratford in a ten-round contest at Mile End, and put up a good show for four rounds before a right hand put him down. His head struck the canvas with a thud, and the referee ended hostilities.

Eddie Ryan of Catford knocked out Tommy Williams of Twickenham in the fifth of a six-round contest.

Benny Caplan, featherweight champion of the Southern Area, failed in his attempt for lightweight honors when he faced Ronnie James of Swansea in a twelve-round contest at Swansea. He was knocked cold in the second from a left hook to the jaw.

A late rally by Syd Hardy of Deptford forced the referee to give him a share of honors against Joe Slark of Egham in their eight-round contest at Deptford.

"Ginger" Roberts of Whitley Bay did well to K.O. Jack Hague of Sheffield in the second of a ten-round contest at Whitley Bay.

Mark Southern of North Shields won a narrow verdict over ten rounds when he met Johnny Walker of Leeds at North Shields.

A hard ten rounds was fought at Stockton-on-Tees when Jake Carr of Thornaby outpointed Jimmy Stubbs of Macclesfield.

Johnny Walker of Horseworth won easily on points over Alex Alston of Preston at the end of ten rounds at Morecambe.

Rufus Enoch of Tonyrefail provided a big surprise at Crumlin when he outpointed the newly crowned flyweight champion of Wales, Ronnie Bishop, over ten rounds.

Eddie Davies of Cym knocked out Albert Pomphrey of Bristol in the first of a ten-round contest at Cym.

Tommy Armour of Belfast, welterweight champion of Northern Ireland, goes on winning. His latest victim was Billy Mounsey of Preston, who was forced to retire in the second of a ten-round contest at Belfast.

Barney Wilson of Belfast defeated Soldier Bill Read of Preston when the referee stopped the bout in the tenth and last round.

Arthur Danahar of Bethnal Green again proved the master of Robert Disch of Holland when they met in a return bout over ten rounds at Nottingham, and received the referee's decision on points.

In the supporting contests, scheduled for ten rounds, Tommy Jones of Derby outpointed Pat Haley of Hanley, and Tommy Hyams of Kings Cross knocked out Alex Jackson of Derby in eight rounds, and George Marsden of Nottingham knocked out Billy Elward of Wales in five rounds.

Dennis Earles of Ireland won on points over the local "Jockey" Jimmy Gill after a good bout of six rounds.

Tommy Reddington of Salford scored a quick K.O. over Tommy Windsor of Peterborough in the second of a ten-round contest at Alexandra Palace.

Joe Kay of Lancaster won the featherweight competition by outpointing Lew Smith of Blackpool in the final of six rounds.

Eddie Ryan of Catford defeated Ron Porter of Nottingham after eight rounds at Crystal Palace, and Gordon Ryall of Feltham won the heavyweight novices' competition when he outpointed Jim Parsons of Walworth in the final over six rounds.

Dai Jones, a Welsh middleweight, defeated Fred Henneberry of Australia in the third of a ten-round contest at Liverpool Stadium when the latter was disqualified for alleged use of his head in clinches.

Joe Curran of Liverpool won on points after eight hard hitting rounds against Ted Meikle of Belfast.

At the Greyhound Stadium, Ramsgate, Jack Gubbins of Stratford defeated Phineas John of Edgware in the second of a ten-round contest, when the latter retired owing to a cut eye.

Willie Smith of Margate easily defeated Jeff Smith of Wellingborough after six rounds.

Fred Pursey of Whitstable accounted for Garry Roche of Ireland in their eight-round contest and received the referee's decision.

Freddie Morris of Stepney had to fight hard to receive the decision over Danny Mack of Liverpool in a ten-round contest at Mile End.

Tommy Moore of Royston, who once held the Northern Area middleweight championship, made a return to the ring to K.O. Dennis Buckley of Thorne in the sixth of a scheduled ten-round bout at Royston.

Terry McStravick of Belfast defeated Tommy Mills of Burnley in a spirited contest over ten rounds.

Al Summers and Paddy Hammill, two local lads, put up a great battle that lasted into the seventh session when the latter was forced to retire owing to a bad eye injury.

It did not take Kid Tanner long to prove that his form was all wrong when Johnny Holt of South Africa received a decision over him. In their return go at Liverpool Stadium, the sepia box of tricks scored a clean-cut K.O. win over his South African rival with a left hook to the solar plexus in the fourth round.

Phineas John of Edgware gained a meritorious points win over Len Lemaux of Portsmouth after ten rounds at Southsea.

George Bennett of Gosport knocked out Seaman Dick Bradshaw of Portsmouth in the fourth round.

There was a disappointing finish to the main bout at Ramsgate when Jack Powell of Sheffield was disqualified in the first of a ten-rounder for an alleged low blow against Dave McCleave of Battersea.

Jerry Costello of Liverpool gave weight away to Angus McLeod of Glasgow in their ten-round contest at Mile End Arena, but a well placed right to the Scot's jaw put him down for the full count in round four.

Jimmy Norton of Gold Coast stopped Billy Watson of Stepney in the sixth of a ten-round contest when the referee intervened because of a bad eye.

Charlie White of Norwich outpointed Joe Davis of Smithfield in a spirited six-rounder, and Harry Lazar of Aldgate outpointed Billy Pleace of Portsmouth over six rounds.

Eddie Whiting and Billy Sinclair staged a heavyweight show at Hove Greyhound Stadium, which drew a very small crowd away from the sea front.

Tommy Martin of Deptford defeated Charlie Bundy of Wales when the latter retired at the end of the sixth of a ten-round contest owing to a very badly cut eye.

George Markwick of Cuckfield made short work of Frank Hawkins of Peterborough in another star bout scheduled for eight rounds by putting him away in the second round.

The brothers Paul from Canada put up a very good show, although Danny was beaten by Jack Smith of Worcester in a splendid contest over eight rounds. Packy gained a merited decision over Jack Strongbow of Leicester in an eight-round contest.

Len Davis of Swansea won a good contest when he outpointed Wally Smith of Weybridge over ten rounds at the Stadium Club, London.

Jack Croly of Millwall returned to winning form when he defeated Jack Daly of Reading in the sixth of an eight-round contest return bout at the Deptford Arena.

Croly had Daly in a bad way in the sixth and Referee Tommy Little called a halt and declared Croly the winner.

Angus McGregor of Greenock gave a fine display when he held the Scottish lightweight champion, Ginger Stewart, to a draw in a ten-round contest at Greenock.

Hughie Cameron of Glasgow defeated Jackie Robertson of Glasgow in the third of an eight-round contest when the referee intervened in his favor.

Eddie Brandeschi, known as the Edinburgh Wildcat, turned apparent defeat into a sensational victory when he knocked out Johnny Reid of Glasgow with a terrific right swing to the jaw at Holytown, Scotland.

Johnny Kilburn of North Shields won over Jim McIlvaney of Harrogate at North Shields in the eighth round of a ten-rounder when McIlvaney's seconds skied the towel.

Jack London, West Hartlepool's popular heavyweight, made short work of his contest against Jean Verbeeren, heavyweight champion of Belgium, at West Hartlepool.

As they met in the centre of the ring for the first round, the Belgian shot three straight lefts to London's face, but the burly Hartlepoolian swung a left and right to the Belgian's jaw that put him down and out inside of 58 seconds of the first gong.

Ken Whiteley of Halifax outpointed Ken Barber of Barnsley in a splendid contest over ten rounds at Pontefract and received Referee Jim Learoyd's decision.

Lionel Gibbs of British Guiana gained a hard earned victory after eight rounds of heavy hitting against his southpaw opponent, Billy Hunt of Salford at Liverpool Stadium.

There was not much scientific boxing in the contest between George Kendricks of Manchester and Billy Grime of Southport when they met at Leigh, Lancs, and the Manchester lad received the decision.

Two promising locals from the Midlands won their contests when Promoter George Phelan staged a show at Great Barr near Birmingham.

Ron Smith defeated Les Taylor of Dudley in the seventh of a ten-round contest when the latter retired, and Jack Rogers defeated Alf Owen of Smethwick in the seventh of a ten-round contest when the Smethwick lad retired with a badly cut eye.

Dick Turpin, the eighteen-year-old colored middleweight from Leamington defeated George Robey of Oxford in the eleventh of a twelve-round bout at Skipton-on-Stour when the referee intervened with Robey helpless against the ropes.

Billy Griffiths of Abertidwr had to fight hard to outpoint Terry Morgan of Blaecavon in their ten-round contest at Cardiff.

Speed and punch were the deciding factors in the contest between Curley Edwards of Argoed and Albert Pritchard of Hereford when they met over ten rounds at Crumlin and the former won on points.

Inclement weather marred the gate at Tolka Park, Dublin, when Jackie Saunders of Dublin outpointed Garry Roche of Wexford over ten rounds.

Pat Mulcahy of Cork carried too many guns for Joe Wilson of Belfast and the contest was stopped in the second round.

In their return contest over ten rounds between Eddie "Bunty" Doran of Belfast and Jack McKenzie, the former again won when McKenzie's seconds skied the towel at the end of the sixth round owing to their charge sustaining a badly cut mouth.

Jimmy Griffiths of Barnsley put up a creditable display when he outpointed Tommy Enoch over twelve rounds at Ystrad-Mynach.

Al Pedlar of Belfast gained a points win over Dick Levers of Chesterfield in the main ten-rounder at Belfast.

Barney Wilson of Belfast registered a fine performance when he defeated Charlie Chetwin of Nottingham in the third of an eight-round contest when the referee intervened.

Syd Worgan of Wales took the place of Terry Kelly of Manchester against Jack Gubbins of Stratford in the main bout at the Mile End Arena and surprised the betting boys and Gubbins by his non-stop box fighting for ten rounds and ran out an easy winner on points.

Joey Brown of Limehouse easily defeated Tim McGrory of Glasgow in a ten-round contest at Stadium Club, London.

Benny Lynch, ex-world's flyweight champion, was refused a renewal of his boxing license by the Scottish Council, and this was confirmed by the stewards of the British Boxing Board of Control.

The doctor's report of Lynch's condition was that he was not at present fit to carry on the career of a professional boxer, and the council agreed that Lynch should have a further three months to train, and then renew his application.

After a thrilling ten-round contest at Cym, Wales, Curley Edwards of Cym received the decision over Mog Gwilliam of Pencoed.

Cliff Saunders of Pontypool outpointed Joe Douglas of Whitchurch after a hard-hitting contest at Cardiff.

Stoker Joe Perks of Royal Navy successfully defended his Western Area welterweight title when he defeated Jack Merino of Bridgwater in the ninth of a fifteen-round contest at Plymouth. The referee stopped the contest when Merino received a badly cut eye.

Tommy Williams of Twickenham displayed excellent form at the Deptford Arena to cause Steve Woodley of Battersea to suffer his first defeat as a professional over twelve rounds.

Jackie Paterson, Scottish flyweight champion, jumped up the ladder of fame when he knocked out Eric Jones, Southern Area flyweight champion, in an eliminating contest for the right to box Paddy Ryan of Manchester for the British title.

The contest took place at Glasgow and was scheduled for fifteen rounds. But it ended in twenty-six seconds of the first round when the Scottish southpaw landed a left swing to the head that put the Coalville lad down with a thud. He rose unsteadily, and a right to the jaw completed the job.

Taffy Williams of Swansea won a hard contest by a narrow margin when he met Frank Rice of Glasgow over ten rounds.

Jack Hyams of Stepney stopped Jim Hall of Glasgow in the eighth of a ten-rounder when the latter's seconds skied the towel.

Al Biney of Sheffield won on points after ten rounds when he met Tommy Henorie of Maryhill at Portobello.

Lefty Flynn of Jamaica won a merited decision over Harry Craster of Middlesborough after ten rounds of hard fighting at Middlesborough.

Tom Smith of Wales and Battling Maxie of Darlington furnished a grand bout at North Shields over ten rounds before the referee named Smith as the winner.

"Ginger" Stewart, Scottish lightweight champion, fought with aggression to outpoint Dan McAllister of Belfast in a splendid contest over ten rounds at Liverpool Stadium.

Sydney Hulls' venture at Butlin's Holiday Camp was a success, in which he presented the young Salford heavyweight, Tommy Reddington, and George James, Welsh heavyweight champion, over twelve rounds. Reddington's knowledge of boxing was too much for James, and after the first round he went on to win comfortably on points.

Benny Caplan of St. George's won his lightweight eliminating contest against Len Wickwar of Leicester over twelve rounds.

Dick Turpin of Leamington easily defeated Harry Ainsworth of York over twelve rounds at Coventry.

Freddie Simpson of Basingstoke added to his unbeaten record when he defeated Dick Wheller of Bournemouth in the fifth of a ten-round contest at Andover when the latter's seconds threw in the towel as a token of defeat.

George Pook of Torquay knocked out Frank McAvoy of Bristol in the second of a ten-round contest at Barnstaple.

Jim McCann, the clever Belfast bantamweight, defeated Syd Parker of Bolton on points at the end of ten rounds at Belfast.

In another ten-rounder, Tommy Miller of Burnley won a popular decision against Joe Clarke of Belfast.

Tommy Armour, Belfast's holder of the Northern Ireland welterweight title, is a tough southpaw. He scored a T.K.O. in the third of a ten-round contest against Harold Maywood of Peterborough when the referee intervened.

Kid Tanner of British Guiana allowed Frank Parkes of Nottingham to get a big lead on him in their ten-round contest at the Stadium, Liverpool. When Tanner got started after the halfway mark, he gave a smart exhibition only to hear Referee Jack Dare award the bout to Parkes.

Joe Curran, Liverpool's pocket Hercules, scored a good points victory over Ronnie Bishop, flyweight champion of Wales, at the end of eight sparkling rounds.

At the Mile End Arena, the chief bouts ended before the last gong. Dusty Welland of Chatham defeated Johnny Hughes of Worthing in the fifth of a twelve-round contest when the referee intervened when Hughes received a badly cut eye.

A contest that was worth going miles to see was fought between Jack Walsh of Kettering and Ronnie Rice of Hackney. The latter received his first defeat in twenty-four contests and he certainly went down fighting. After looking all over a winner, the referee intervened in the seventh of a ten-round contest when Rice was in a bad way.

Bert Thomas of Dagenham defeated Jerry Jones of Silvertown in the eighth of a ten-round contest, when Jones was forced to retire with a badly cut eye.

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They will then receive their copy every first day of month, and if you want me to send you a Ring Bookship list of books in British currency, send a stamped, addressed envelope.

IN SOUTH AFRICA

By KEN DUNCAN

THEY say it takes a woman to bring out the best in a man. Such was the case when shy, determined, little Mrs. Foord fashioned a fit warrior out of a husband who had laid off for 18 months and was carrying too much flesh, even for the average man in the street. She got him so fighting fit that the South African marched into the ring with Buck Everett, American heavy, and gave him a sound beating in 10 rounds. He scored knockdowns in the sixth and seventh rounds.

It was a clear-cut victory that surprised the critics and sent the crowd of 6,000 that crammed into the indoor stadium at the Union Ice Rink into a frenzy of delight.

The little men are doing their bit, too. Continuing his comeback, Laurie Stevens annexed the welterweight title at the expense of Teddy Braun in a hectic contest at Durban.

Stevens fought a typical fight, flailing away at the body from opening gong to final bell. Braun caught up with him once or twice and shot through a couple of stingers that pulled Stevens up. But Stevens won clearly in 10 rounds. He is now matched with Herb Bishop.

Herb added two more scalps to his belt in the period under review. He got the decision in a close fight with the rangy Dicky Barton at Durban and took the measure of Willie Miller on the night Foord checked Mr. Everett's advance.

The flashy Alec Hannan, a lightning featherweight, whose handlers are making overtures to Joey Archibald to visit this country to test the mettle of the South African champion, had no difficulty in disposing of Snowy Smith by his usual method—a points decision.

Willie Miller boxed his way to victory over Peter Adelaine.

In the middleweight division, Tiger Burns whipped Petey Potgieter in six rounds.

Among the big men, Nick Wolmarans pounded out a decision over Willie Van Rensburg. Al Conquest, a Canadian, outpointed Swede Persson, a promising Rhodesian.

The South African heavyweight title-holder, Johannes van der Walt, beat Bobby Bruns of Chicago by two falls to one in an eight-rounder at Durban, but had to be content with a draw—nil-nil—at Pretoria.

"Busy Man" Bruns got some satisfaction out of a win over Jack Zarnas, Greek-American, in a spectacular display at Johannesburg, getting a fall in the fourth session of a six-round tussle. Previously the pair had drawn at Capetown—one fall each.

"FISTICUFFS" FROM BARBADOS, B. W. I.

By CLIFFORD P. NURSE

AL BROWNE, feather and lightweight champion, was surprisingly held to a smashing draw by rugged Baby Sniles, lightweight champion of the Leeward Islands, over 12 furious rounds.

Ben Eastman, popularly known as the Gorilla Man, made short work of Bob Trotman. He caused the referee to stop the fight in the third round.

The long awaited Boxing Board of Control has now completed its labors in collecting evidences from boxers, promoters and the general public. Mr. Theodore Braucker, prime mover in the formation of this association, must indeed be complimented on the urgent and straightforward way he went about this tedious job. I hope with the arrival of this control board that boxing will reach greater heights and not slump into oblivion as Trinidad boxing did when a control board was formed which made things so very impossible for promoters that the game is now in the doldrums there. Gate percentage fights are not permitted by the board.

The Bridgeport Training Camp, an open air gymnasium just completed by C. Ormond (Teck) Taylor, adds much color to the standard of local boxing. Several overseas fighters now in the colony are already training at this gym. Obviously the Pompton Lakes of the West Indies.

Boxing contests are very much encouraged among members of the local forces by Armour Sarjeant G. R. McComie. He has already sponsored some fine contests and has a very nice program lined up for next month at the headquarters of the Barbados Volunteer Drill Hall.

Kid Cafe, lightweight champion of Santo Domingo, passed through here on his way to St. Vincent, B. W. I. He promises to return here to box Al Browne, local lightweight champ.

Senor Sydney Ricaldo, physical culturist and strong man of St. Kitts, B. W. I., also passed through on his way to the World's Fair, where he will compete with the world's champion "hair suspender," Eddie Polo. Senor Ricaldo plans to return here and give some of his world famed exhibitions.

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NEW ORLEANS AND DIXIE NOTES

By HAROLD BUCKLEY

ONE of the high lights of the past month in New Orleans ring circles was the arrival of Nat Fleischer, editor of THE RING. Lew Raymond brought Nat down from New York to referee the Leo Rodak-Nickie Camarata bout and present Camarata with a beautiful belt, emblematic of the Southern lightweight championship the day before the fight.

A huge crowd witnessed the match, which went to Camarata after ten torrid rounds of fighting. The decision was hooted, but it was a great fight. Fleischer helped the show along by making the rounds of the newspaper offices and Nat worked as hard as any of the fighters. His fine work as referee was appreciated despite the difference of opinion on the verdict—unanimous so far as the officials were concerned. After giving Camarata and Rodak instructions which the crowd heard via the loud speaker system, Fleischer received an ovation for his clear interpretation of the rules.

If visiting managers would hustle for the promoters like Fleischer did, their fighters would receive more publicity. Nat really hustled and was up bright and early each morning calling on the sports editors. He was excellent copy, and Fleischer didn't forget to get in a mention about the Camarata-Rodak bout at every interview.

George Sachs made the trip here with Harvey Massey for Manager George Shepperd. George Henry, a welter, and Rudy Marshall were other Shepperd battlers that appeared and made a hit on the Massey-Bobby Birch card. Negro boxing here is prospering through the good matchmaking of Marty Burke and Paul Grey.

Burke and Grey stage Negro boxing shows on Friday night at the Coliseum Arena, which has a seating capacity of 6,300. The best Negro fighter here is a kid named Young Polite. He has engaged in sixty-seven fights and scored sixty kayoes and has yet to lose a ring contest. Polite is a featherweight.

Nickie Camarata and his brother, Dominick, motored to New York right after Nick's winning tilt with Leo Rodak. Dominick is the youngest member of the Camarata family and has impressed veteran fight handlers with his ring work as an amateur. Chris Dundee, hustling fight pilot, who has made plenty friends in New Orleans, will take over the management of Nickie's kid brother.

Jimmy Perrin is due to soon receive a belt similar to the one Nat Fleischer presented to Camarata. Lew Raymond is having a duplicate made and will present it soon to Jimmy as Southern featherweight champion. Perrin followed his easy triumph over Sixto Escobar here in August with an easy win over Dorse Robertson in Birmingham.

Emile Bruneau has worked wonders with the little Italian and now Bruneau is angling with Lew Raymond to bring in Joey Archibald for Perrin.

Broadway Johnny Cox is still pounding out fight copy and doing a swell job for the Auditorium Boxing Association. Cox is a real hustler and one of the best press agents in the country. Lew Raymond keeps Broadway busy and the pair spend hours daily thinking of new publicity angles.

For his good tilt with Nickie Camarata, Leo Rodak earned a bout with Irish Jimmy Tygh of Philadelphia here during the month of September. Rodak is a great favorite here, which proves that a good loser can always show back in New Orleans. According to Fleischer's statement to the press after the fight, Rodak lost because he had been penalized for butting and backhanding Camarata after warnings.

Marty Burke opened one of the best gymnasiums ever seen in New Orleans during September. It is located in the heart of the Vieux Carre section of the city. A huge bar is in front, with the gym built in the back. Opening night it looked like a Hollywood premiere with floodlights, loud speakers and other high lights that go toward making a brilliant fanfare.

SHADOW BOXING—Johnny Cefalu has purchased the contract on a good lightweight, Benny Nastaci . . . . Fight fans here are wild over a southpaw lightweight named Dudley De Jean . . . . A good puncher, De Jean is being touted by Lew Raymond as a cinch to make the grade Raymond is also high on another lightweight, Joey Argiz . . . . Marty Burke has Eddie Mead interested in Young Polite, Crescent City Negro featherweight with sixty-seven consecutive victories to his credit . . . . Mrs. Evelyn Harper, one of the few women fight managers, never fails to land at least three of her fighters on A. B. A. boxing shows . . . . Every one of her boxers are crowd pleasers . . . . Kid Brock, a welter, is her best bet to go places.

Ralph Chong, Chinese light-heavyweight, showed good form in winning from Mike Deogreon in the semi-final to the Rodak-Camarata bout . . . . Johnny Fisse, the old bantamweight star, is handling Chong . . . . Jimmy Erwin, Birmingham promoter, is a frequent visitor here . . . . Jimmy is a swell fellow and never gives the managers the worst of it . . . . Eddie Borden is another top guy with the boxing mob in New Orleans . . . . Eddie "Kid" Wolfe was a visitor here a few weeks back, and the Jewish lad received a tremendous ovation from the crowd that hasn't forgotten the many thrillers Wolfe turned in around here when fighting in the lightweight and welterweight divisions.

NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS

By BILL DAVEE

HOUSTON and Texas has a new star on the fistic horizon in the person of young Elby Pettaway, sensational middleweight, who only six months ago was an amateur. To date he has been to the post eight times and has been victorious in all his battles.

Pettaway is growing rapidly and ere another year is passed may become a full-fledged heavyweight. Mark this 18-year-old youngster down in the books as a future contender!

Johnny Ramos, aggressive and hard hitting featherweight, is one of the better prospects in the state. He showed a lot of class in flattening Louis Peters in the sixth session to run his string of consecutive victories to nearly a dozen.

Frank "Pancho" Padron, the perpetual motion kid, has been a riot among the 120-pounders in this neck of the woods. Undefeated as an amateur as well as in the pro ranks, Pancho K.O.'d Clyde Cox, Texas Kid and beat Harry Ward, but was held to a draw by Tony Pauley.

Billy Pryor, Boise, Idaho, middleweight, came to town unheralded and unsung and handed Al Bernard the beating of his career. Billy was in complete command all the way and won with ease, having Al on the verge of a knockout in the late rounds. Pryor proved himself a classy youngster, resembling another old favorite, Clyde Chastain, in appearance and ring technique.

Sweeney Byers, slugging Oklahoma Indian, made his Houston debut against Punchin' Paul Cortlyn, and looked like a sure winner until he sustained a fractured hand in the fourth, ultimately losing in the seventh.

Other results: Billy Deeg seems to have regained his form and trimmed Augie Arellano (Tiger Pelon) and Paul Cortlyn; Cortlyn scored a T.K.O. over Remo Fernandez; Mike Pereira beat Battling Burroughs and K.O.'d Kenny Manes; Marley McCoy made his pro debut by beating Eddie Flores; Lee Bacca gained a close decision over Russell Brock; Brock came right back to punch out a sensational win over Billy Cooper; Harry Lane, lightweight kayo artist, flattened Cecil McKinney.

Fighters and managers wishing to show in Texas would do well to contact Promoter Hugh Benbow, 110½ Travis Street, Houston, Texas . . . . There are six clubs running in the state at present, Houston, Dallas, Galveston, San Antonio, Corpus Christi and Port Arthur . . . . Looks like plenty of work this winter . . . . The writer's address, Houston *Press*, Houston, Texas.

FANFARE FROM MISSOURI

By ROBERT D. DANA

HENRY ARMSTRONG, having been shorn of the shroud of invincibility, made more friends in his home town by losing to Lou Ambers than he ever did when he was bowling over all the people all the time. 'Twas ever thus. Jack Dempsey was always greeted with mixed emotion until he was defeated by Gene Tunney; thereafter, he became intensely popular. That there was a taint to each defeat may partially explain this condition. From where we sat (in the movie) it seemed that Armstrong, fouls excluded, had the better of the argument. And who will forget the long count of a dozen years ago? The dramatic effect of Tunney's knockdown obscured the other nine rounds of their fight and the fact that Henry the Hammer lost five rounds for submarine punching dimmed the lustre of Ambers' victory.

The new Packs-Callahan-Fabro promoting combination reminds us of Pegler's story of the saloon that added gasoline to its whiskey. There wasn't much you could do about it. It was the only saloon in town. In like manner, if to have a little action in the boxing business we have to put up with Tom Packs, then we have to put up with Tom Packs—that's all. The only relief in sight which we mentioned last month remains in the realm of whispering campaigns.

The proposed Armstrong-Zivic title match has apparently blown up. Henry was offered a like amount to box Milt Aron in Chicago and I think it is safe to say that Milton does not quite present the problem that Fritz does. And for the same wages, why not? The next thing to steam us all up was the prospect of Allan Matthews fighting Al Hostak here. Hostak only wanted sixty per cent. Saying "no" numerically seems to be a common thing in boxing. Hostile Hostak, eh? But at what prices. The promoters are at the moment on another tangent with Champion Ambers the cosiner. Irish Eddie McGeever would probably be the man in the place.

Since the closing of the Battery A we have had to content ourselves with amateur fights. The open air shows that the Slaughter A. C. has been staging may have left something to be desired competitively speaking, but for entertainment there has never been anything like it anywhere.

JABS AND JIBES—William Shead, amateur middleweight, was the victim of a funny one the other night. He won a split decision over Ray Siemons, only to have the latter's hand raised. The announcer read off the minority opinion. The winnah—Shead . . . . Sorry, Ollie . . . . Mr. Shevlin has been strangely silent of late . . . . He hasn't even given the New York scribes their annual calling down for daring to suggest that Joe Di Maggio might be mentioned in the same breath with Joe Medwick . . . . Jack Callahan has dubbed some "of the boys" the "Gang Busters." Them's strong words, podnah. How are the Packhorses doin'?

CONTINENTAL NEWS
By GEORGE FARMER

ROTTERDAM, Holland—At the Doelen Garden, Bep Van Klaveren, former I. B. U. European middleweight king, took a ten-round points decision from Cleto Locatelli of Italy. The latter rounds were contested in the rain, and while the battle always remained interesting, the Dutchman ran out a good points winner. Van Klaveren weighed eleven stone to the ten stone ten pounds of his Italian opponent.

In supporting bouts, John de Groot, light-heavyweight kingpin of Holland, carried too many guns for Arthur Meurant of Belgium, who was blasted out of the picture in the first heat, the referee stepping in to save the Belgian further punishment.

Luc van Dam, young Dutch middleweight, stopped Deschrijer of Belgium in the sixth stanza.

The challenge of Gustav Eder to fight Marcel Cerdan for the latter's I. B. U. European welterweight crown has been accepted by the I. B. U. For a long time, Eder has been awaiting official recognition, and the bout will have taken place, barring accidents, by the time these notes are in print. The bout will be fought either in Paris or Berlin and will pack 'em at any hall in the aforementioned capitals.

Berlin, Germany—Heinz Seidler, rising young German heavy, notched another win when he pounded out a ten-heat knockout win over Nico Droog, the durable Dutchman, who fights out of Germany. Droog, a tough and hefty specimen with a T.N.T. wallop, tried hard to put over the finisher, but Seidler, boxing in top form, was too fast and clever to be caught with the bull-like rushes of his man.

Using his head to great effect, Heinz fought in brainy fashion and dropped the game Dutchy in the tenth and last round. Droog got off the deck, only to be spilled again for the full count.

The supporting bouts featured Fred Flury of Switzerland, who did a fine job of work in outpointing Walter Muller, while Curt Haymann and Paul Wallner boxed a draw.

At Jersey, Channel Islands, Angus McGregor, Scottish lightweight, won on points from Guglielo Isuzo of Italy. Freddie Simpson, former simon-pure lightweight champion of Great Britain, won on a two-round T.K.O. from Alberto Paderni, Italian lightweight. Steve Woodley, Battersea, whipped Henri Ronsin, France, on points, and Jock MacDonald, Jersey, stopped Jack Croly of Millwall in five rounds.

Munich, Germany—Curt Haymann stopped Carl Thies in nine heats, after dealing out plenty of punishment to the plucky Thies, who had little guard for the barrage of right-handers that Haymann threw with regularity. In the semi-final, Walter Muller outpointed Slavisek of Czechoslovakia in a middleweight brawl. Mathias Wagner and Erich Draber fought an all-action ten-round draw.

At Monte Carlo, the millionaires' playground in the south of France, at a show promoted by the National Sporting Club of London, Peter Kane, undefeated world's flyweight king, put the crusher on Pierre Louis, bantamweight champion of France.

Before a crowd that included the Duke and Duchess of Windsor and a gathering of socialites that transformed the ringside into a social register, Kane gave a rousing two-fisted performance that had the Frenchman backing under its fierceness.

The exchanges started fairly even until Kane caught Louis with a right in the third heat that dropped the Frenchman and had him groggy and rubber-legged on rising after taking an eight-count. He showed no defense as Kane came in to put over the finisher and the contest was called off, Peter thus repeating a seven-round T.K.O. that Kane copped over Louis two years ago.

Johnny Cusick, British and Empire featherweight king, won on points from Bernard Leroux, ex-bantamweight champion of France, whose holding ways saved him from a load of punishment. Cusick was hitting Leroux just where he liked, when in the eighth heat Leroux got over a sneaker that dropped Johnny in the resin for a count of seven. The Englishman, on rising, took pains to avoid any more sucker punches and put Leroux into the resin for a count of four in the last round.

George Markwick, former heavyweight champion of the British Army, was knocked out by Francis Rutz, champion of the French Army and brother to the well-known French heavy, Charles Rutz. George took the wallop in the third round, much to the disappointment of this writer, who had a slight wager on the three British boys.

Mr. John Harding, the National Sporting Club impresario, intends staging two more shows at the Prince Louis II Stadium, and he is dickering for a Marcel Cerdan-Henry Armstrong bout, also a match between Jock McAvoy, British middleweight king, and Eduoard Tenet, unbeaten I. B. U. European middleweight champion.

Gustave Roth, former I. B. U. light-heavyweight champion, retained the light-heavyweight championship of Belgium when he stopped Jean Simon in the eleventh heat of a fifteen-round contest. Simon's left eye was badly cut in the sixth stanza and the wound became so bad that the referee applied the closure as stated. The brawl took place at Leige, Belgium.

Berlin, Germany—Gotthard Stein outpointed Edu Peter. Hans Schiffer stopped Paul Schaffer in five rounds, while Heinz Seidler knocked out Georges Levasseur in two heats. Richard Vogt flattened Al Ozrout in one canto.

Mario Casadei, light-heavyweight champion of Italy, added another title to his bag when he took a points verdict from Aless Andrini to take over new territory as the middleweight champion of the Italians.

Gino Cattaneo, bantamweight champion of Italy, was held to a draw by one Bonanomi. This card took place at Milan, Italy.

At Livorno, Italy, Kid Frattini, welterweight champion of Italy, outpointed De Laurentis, in the first battle the Kid has taken part in since winning the championship.

The writer would like to thank the following for their letters: Miss Ethel Stead, Leeds, England (we are doing a story on Kid Tanner, Ethel); Charles Benn, East Newark, New Jersey; Leonard Brand, Charleroi, Pa.; Richard Reekie, Bow, London, and Jack Harrington, Castletown, Cork, Ireland. Any further letters will be welcomed and any information that is available will be given. Your correspondent would also welcome fight news and newspapers from the States and points West.

To I. Q. Gross: Glad you like our column, but why don't you take time off and send us a few lines some time? It is almost eight months since we last heard from you.

Adolph Heuser dropped his European cruiserweight title overboard when he weighed in for his championship tilt with Merlo Preciso, Italian lightweight. He failed to make the limit for this important clash and so, after losing to Schmeling and being thereby deprived of his heavyweight crown, Heuser has been left throneless without losing this last fight.

The fight with Preciso, scheduled for fifteen stanzas, never at any time looked like going the limit, for Heuser, fighting with all his old-time vigor, tore into his luckless opponent and showed him little mercy. The Italian faced a continuous two-fisted barrage of flying leather in the first heat and early in the second was dropped with a whirling left hook that had him groggy and reeling on reaching his feet.

Preciso was the collector of a right to the jaw when he got on his pins again, and this time he was dropped for the fatal ten, leaving Heuser the victor by a two-round knockout.

Why the German did not make twelve stone seven pounds is a wonder, as he has never failed before to come inside the weight, and when boxing as a heavyweight has only been a few pounds out of the light-heavyweight class.

In the chief supporting bout, Ernst Weiss, bantamweight champion of Germany, gained the I. B. U. European bantamweight title by stopping Aurel Toma, who retired at the end of the eleventh round.

The scrap was fought on fast, two-fisted lines and both lads took plenty of punishment about the head. Round eleven was a tough one for Toma, who took everything Weiss sent over, without being spilled on the canvas.

However, he called it a day at the end of the round, leaving Weiss with the I. B. U. bauble. This is only the second time in the past four years of fighting in many rings that Toma has been beaten, Tommy Burns, Stockton, England, featherweight, being the other boxer to turn the trick.

Hans Heuser whipped Rudolph Kretzschmar, former German lightweight king, on points; Fred Flury of Switzerland drew with Albert Prodel; Carl Sendel drew with Walter Burgin, and a bantamweight bout between Herbert List and Hans Schiffers resulted in a draw.

Arthur Boggis, boxer's manager, London, England: We noted the contents of your letter re Jeff Smith and would like to mention that the error that occurred when mentioning Smith's fight with Hugh Cameron was a genuine mistake, which we are only too glad to correct. Jeff Smith drew with Cameron and did not lose on points, as previously stated.

To Leonard Brand, Charleroi, Pa.: Many thanks for the fine photos you forwarded to this writer. They are greatly appreciated and we will try to get you some of British boxers in return.

At Bucharest, Roumania—Serbanescu, light-heavy kingpin, held on to his title by making a draw with Petrescu. Georges Popescu became the new Roumanian featherweight king when he whipped Sandu. Motzi Spakow, heavyweight champion of Roumania, beat John Anderson of Sweden, former light-heavyweight champion of Europe, on points.

At a recent show in Paris, France, a rising young middleweight named Corsin furnished an upset when he tanned Jean Beslay, seasoned French 160-pounder.

Your correspondent is now closing down and will be with you again shortly. Good reading, folks, and if you have time, don't forget this writer's address: 10 Gibson Road, Sherwood Rise, Nottingham, England.

IN BRITISH HONDURAS
With MIKE GARBUTT

MR. LACROIX'S opening show at the Palace brought together Bill Tate, 157½ pounds, Jamaica middleweight, and Pal Silver, 145 pounds. They fought ten rounds to a draw. So satisfied was the gathering that they demanded another meeting between the pair, and they will meet again shortly.

Baby Al Brown, 132 pounds, Jamaica featherweight champion, took the limelight at the expense of George Dixon, 136 pounds. Dixon visited the canvas twice.

Those in the welter division who wish to visit these shores can assure themselves of a match with our Pal Silver. Silver's qualities can be obtained from Emil Cody and James Thomas.

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Will some kind reader of The Ring send me a pair of old boxing gloves or skin tight gloves the kind that were used years ago? I would appreciate these for our Ring Museum. We have many gloves and punching bags depicting the early period of boxing in America, but neither bags nor gloves of the English make.
Nat Fleischer, Editor of THE RING, Madison Square Garden, N. Y. City, N. Y.

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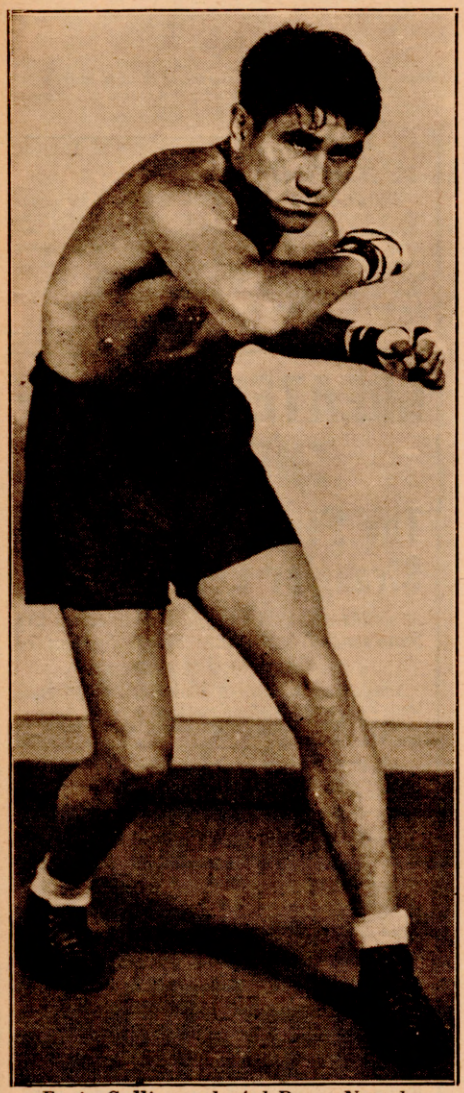
HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN

By MICKEY McINTIRE

THINGS seem to be looking up in the boxing business around this section, what with the big fight beween our own Jolting Joe and Bob Pastor in the offing. Uncle Mike Jacobs has Detroit fight minded and the other promoters are doing well with their smaller shows.

Benny Goldberg, southpaw sharpshooter of the bantamweight division, is getting a lot of play. He turned in a neat performance in outpointing the Puerto Rican, Pepito Santini, in a Nick Londes' promotion at the Naval Armory.



Ernie Collins, colorful Reno, Nevada, heavyweight.

K. O. Morgan, veteran bantamweight leader, turned in another win, polishing off Ted Christie, New York Greek, in four rounds at Stamford, Conn. Christie was dropped three times before the bout was halted.

If and when Henry Armstrong appears in Detroit, it will undoubtedly be with Bobby McIntire in the opposite corner. Detroit's leading lightweight contender has been going great in bouts up East, and Eddie Mead, manager of Armstrong, expects to make a Detroit appearance soon.

Dancing Dave Clark, colored light-heavyweight flash, turned in a neat performance in outscoring the rugged Buddy Knox of Dayton, O., in a 10-round headliner at Arena Gardens Bowl. Clark had altogether too much speed and boxing ability for Knox, but Buddy made it a stubborn fight all the way.

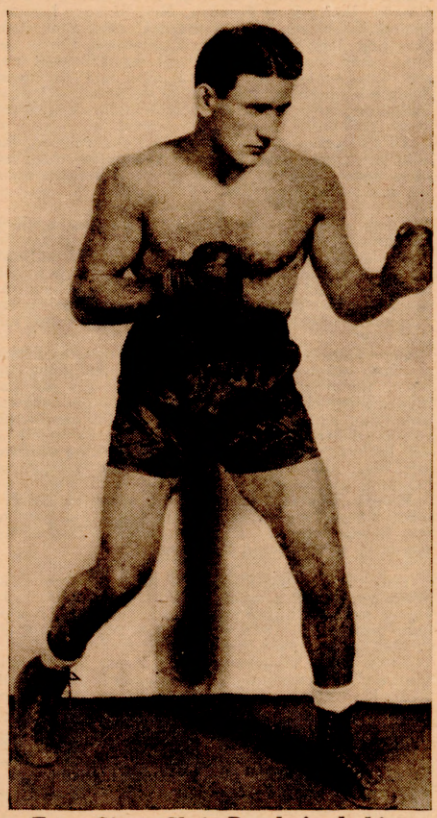
Chuck Woods, leading lighweight and welterweight a couple years back, tried a return to the ring, and looked good though losing to tough Ted Barnes, Monroe Negro middleweight. Larry Cisneros, Mexican lightweight, won a six-round decision over Stanley Porada, seasoned Port Huron battler.

Boxing Commission Chairman John Hettche is to be complimented on his work since taking over some months back. Hettche has given his wholehearted cooperation, and boxing is going pretty good just now. We hope things continue that way.

Young Kid McCoy, Detroit lightweight with a bright future, showed up nicely in outpointing the rough, rugged Joe Doty. Doty, a seasoned campaigner, couldn't fathom McCoy's flashy style, but tried vainly to land a wild punch. McCoy outboxed him in fancy fashion, winning every round. McCoy's stablemate, Billy Bengal, was less fortunate, putting up a dismal showing in losing to Milton Shivers.

Benny Goldberg, the "purple slugger," is stealing plenty of K. O. Morgan's thunder in these parts. The smart little Jewish bantam from 12th Street turned in another sensational win, this time a five-round kayo over Jimmy Urso. He gained revenge on the Urso family as Jimmy's brother, Patsy, took a couple of decisions over Goldberg in their amateur days. Benny's win was clean and decisive. He decked Urso twice and battered him ruthlessly before Referee Slim McClelland stopped the bout.

Cute little Georgie Kell, the Windsor kewpie doll, gained a six-round decision over the Puerto Rican,



Tony Cisco, Chris Dundee's slashing middleweight.

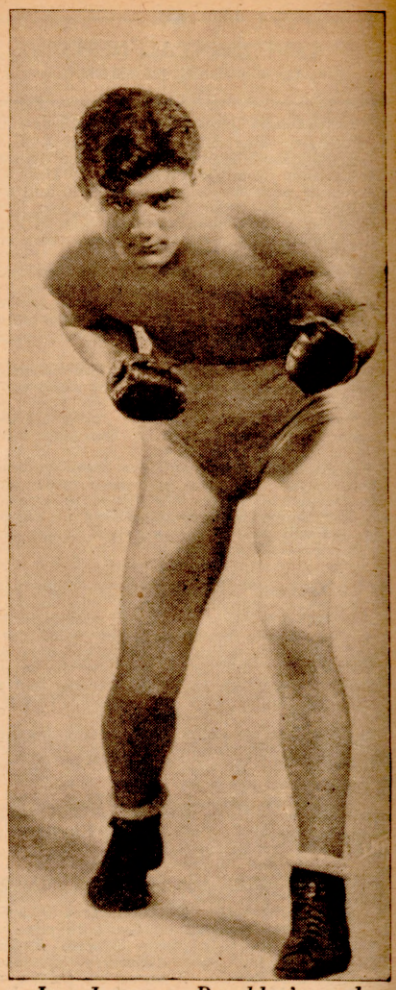
Pepito Santini, in the semi-final. Young Kid McCoy, Dearborn 140-pounder, turned in another sparkling performance, stopping Jimmy Harper, two-fisted Detroiter, in four stanzas.

Joe Doty and Battling Bill Noeske stole the show with a furious melee, which terminated when Noeske ran out of steam and the bout had to be stopped at the end of five rounds.

Bobby McIntire, sensational Detroiter, was tabbed by a New Jersey writer as eighth ranking lightweight after pounding out a decision over William Henry Cheatum, rugged Newark colored lad, in an eight-round thriller. All the leading lightweights seem to be side-stepping McIntire.

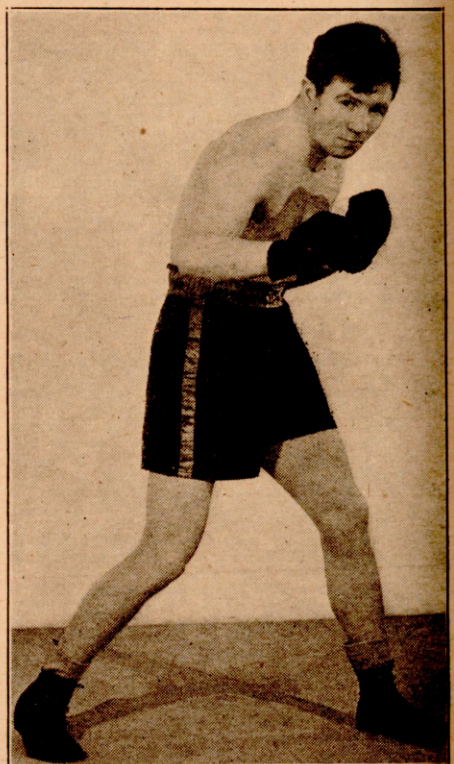
HEARD AND SEEN AROUND THE COUNTRY—Wesley Ramey, Grand Rapids gentleman, who does a bit of prize fighting, turning in another win over Joe Boscarino, this time in Dallas . . . . Also boxing a draw with Paul DeBello in Syracuse . . . . Toronto fighters going good in New York . . . . Baby Yack, bantam; Spider Armstrong, feather; and Sammy Luftspring, welter, all doing well, boxing for Al Weill . . . . Jimmy Amann, scribbling sports in Cincinnati and doing a whale of a job . . . . Detroit's referees compare very favorably with others all over the country. "Slim" McClelland, Sam Hennessey, Johnny Webber, Clarence Rosen, Lou Handler and Jack Asperry, to mention a few of Michigan's top-line arbiters.

Al Nettlow, former River Rouge rapier, who boxes out of Chicago, winning over Jimmy Vaughn on the Ambers-Armstrong card in N. Y. C. . . . . Baby Breese, sensational Western 140-pounder, being sought by promoters all over the country . . . . Orville Drouillard, veteran crack Canadian



Izzy Jannazzo, Brooklyn's crack welterweight.

lightweight, popular as ever. Detroit promoters would like to show him with Tony Canzoneri . . . . Benny Goldberg going great around Detroit. Ready for bantamweight leaders. How about Johnny Gaudes, the jumping jack battler from Milwaukee?



Ginger Foran, British lightweight, who may answer call to arms.

IN MINNESOTA RINGS
By DARWIN GOMER

THERE was quite a collection of cauliflower in the kittenball game between the Rice Street Old Timers and the Doc Holly kittenball team. Included on the team that beat the Hollys, 7 to 4, were Tom Gibbons, Mike O'Dowd, Johnny O'Donnell, My Sullivan, Billy Light, Art Sweeney, Gimp Flaherty, Art Hall, Larry Staples, and Mike Dunn umpiring.

Cliff Brennan, 164, Minneapolis, is doing fairly well on the Coast . . . . Gordie Greene hasn't as yet seen Pat Carr about his boxing franchise . . . . We hope he does pretty soon . . . . Tommy O'Loughlin and his two fighters, Paul Hartnek and Frankie Genovese, are doing fine around Des Moines and Chicago.

We recommend "The Bruiser" by Jim Tully. It's the best book we've ever read on fiction boxing, because it runs so true to form and life.

St. Paul, Lexington Park—Billy Miske, Jr., 182, St. Paul, had an edge over Billy Gillespie, 189, Clam Falls, Wis., in their ten-round headliner, but the official decision was a draw. In the eight-round semi, Gordon Wallace, 148, Vancouver, B. C., subbed for Irish Eddie McGeever and Bill Reardon, and surprised by whipping southpaw Dick Demaray, 146, Bismarck, N. D. Arne Anderson, 205, Stockholm, Sweden, made his American debut by outpointing Chicago's Danny LaMarr, 185, in six frames. Rugged Solly Stark, 164, Deadwood, S. D., whipped colored Jerry Hayes, 162, Chicago, in their eighth meeting over six rounds. In the opener of six rounds, Don Swenson, 142, St. Paul, defended his state title by taking a very unpopular nod over Warren Corbett, 147, Minneapolis. Four thousand fans looked on.

Cedar Rapids, Ia.—Lee Sevold, 189, St. Paul, disposed of Johnny Brown, 187, Chicago, in the first of a ten-round headliner. Sevold had previously gained an unpopular six-round decision over Brown in a St. Paul ring.

Mike Jacobs sent a representative to view Arne Anderson, six feet four inches, 205-pound heavyweight champion of Sweden, who has won his last ten fights by knockouts. Nate Lewis was up to look Arne over also.

Gordon Wallace fought Barney Ross twice . . . . Clam Falls, Wis., claims Billy Gillespie was born there, and not in Hayward, Wis., or St. Paul . . . . Herb Catherwood, who manages Pat Brun, ex-Golden Gloves welter champ of 1939 in Minneapolis, has also Gordon Palmer, a Minneapolis amateur light-heavy, under his wing.

Minneapolis, Nicollet Park—Promoter Tommy O'Loughlin opened the outdoor season with a bang-up card over in the Mill City. Clever Frankie Genovese, 146½, Toronto, used a fine left hand to outclass Cleo McNeal, 139, Akron, in ten. Battling Nelson, 140, former lightweight champ, now 57, boxed a fast three-round exhibition with Johnny Coulon, 115, former bantam kingpin, now 50. Johnny Ertle seconded "The Durable Dane," while Leo Ryan seconded Coulon. In the six-round semi, Verne Patterson, 147, Chicago Negro, kayoed Tommy Corbett, 155, Omaha, in three heats. Almost stopped in the first, Solly Stark, 165, Deadwood, whipped colored Jimmy Brown, 163, Canton, O., in six. Cal McGraw, 140, Sioux City, was floored by a hard body punch, went down for nine, and then claimed a foul. McGraw couldn't hold his feet, so Tony Yates, 146½, Minneapolis, was awarded the fight by a T.K.O. in five of six. Young Scotty, 127, Canton, O., scored a two-round T.K.O. over trial horse Red Grant, 125, Minneapolis, in four.

At Des Moines, Ia.—Lee Sevold, 189, St. Paul, now headquartering in Des Moines, scored a two-round T.K.O. over Danny LaMarr, 185, Chicago, in a scheduled sixer. In a four, Arne Anderson, 205, Stockholm, Sweden, T.K.O.'d Tiger Jack Mason, 193, St. Paul, in two heats.

The Last Bell: Hugh B. McMahan, former St. Paul heavyweight, died at the age of 60. He met Mike Schrick of Cincinnati, Tony Caponi of Chicago, Jack McDonough of St. Paul and many others.

Pinkie George of Des Moines has taken up the contract of Lee Savoldi, who henceforth will fight under his own name of Lee Sevold. Pinkie believes that changing Savoldi to Sevold will work the same wonder as Pacek to Paychek.

Harry Thomas' brother, Henry Pontius, looked good in kayoing a huge 250-pound Negro at the Long Prairie, Minn., fair . . . . Art Lind is receiving local attention at last . . . . Worth London, Mankato State Teachers' College middleweight pro, is now a booth fighter for a carnival. At Sauk Centre he whipped Bill Daly of Melrose in three, then kayoed Cliff Fern of Melrose in one heat.

St. Paul Lexington Park—In a scheduled ten-ner, Arne Anderson, 199½, Stockholm, Sweden, kayoed Ed (Tipperary) Murray, 212, County Tipperary, Ireland, in three vicious heats. In the semi-windup, Gordon Wallace, 149½, Vancouver, handed Jimmy Collins, 155, Minneapolis, a dandy pasting in eight frames. Don Swenson, 145, state welter champ, whipped Speedy Wallace, 141, colored Kansas Cityite, in six. Bud Tibbetts, 142, Rosemount, won over Cal McGraw, 140, Sioux City, in six. Classy clouting colored Buzz Brown, 145, former St. Paul amateur champ, outpointed Kid Mason, 144, La Crosse, in four. Making his "professional debut," Floyd Hagen, 127½, St. Paul, chilled Larry Duffy, 128, Minominee, Wis., in one canto.

As an amateur, handsome Hagen scored 30 kayoes in 40 trips at bat . . . . Johnny Kleber, the Melrose light-heavyweight, scored 11 kayoes in 20 fights, seven of the kayoes coming in the first round . . . . And Rock Caster, Sioux Falls, S. D., amateur middleweight, has won nine by decision, four by kayo and lost only one decision—that to Ed Bradek in the 1937 Seattle Golden Gloves.

WISCONSIN NEWS
By MATT DOUGHERTY

MARTY SIMMONS proved loyal to the old Saginaw tradition and caught for all he was worth when he encountered Oscar Rankins in the 10-round headliner at Riverview. It was a brutal battle and the Rock's attack melted in the final rounds, leaving Rankins the winner by a wide margin.

Clarence Brown, Chicago heavyweight, won the semi by a T.K.O. in the third, easily outclassing Spike Franks of Detroit.

Willie Dunn of Fond du Lac decisioned clownish Henry Hamburg in four rounds.

In the fastest bout on the card, George Feltes of West Allis held Joey Spiegal to a draw. Fritz Maier looked good in knocking out Tom Johnson of Chicago in the first, and George Brent of Chicago K.O.'d Henry Pomeroy, also in the first.

For his third card in as many weeks, Promoter Bill Mitchell signed Pete Lello and Lloyd Pine, a pair of classy lightweights, for his beacon bout. Lello had too much moxy for his Akron opponent, although it was a stiff battle all the way. Pete pumped out a vicious body attack and had Pine down twice and wilting badly in the seventh. Courage helped Pine stick it out to the end.

Jackie Callura, Canadian featherweight, provided the laughs in taking a six-rounder over Eddie Carson of New Orleans. When Carson started on his usual retreat, Calura went after him with the most unorthodox and clownish attack seen here since King Tut, which went over very big with the customers.

Joe Spiegal and George Feltes settled their dispute with Joey emerging with the decision after another hot skirmish.

Isaiah Lewis added to his list of commendable performances by beating Johnny Rock of Chicago in four. Fritz Maier drew a punkin in Paul Hooker of Chicago, and knocked him out in two.

FROM THE PRESS ROW—Billy Mitchell had a wow of a card with Lello vs. Pine, and after shifting his club up to the Eagles he ought to draw good houses. His first show at his new site will have Hodges vs. Lello as the main attraction . . . . Fritz Maier, Joey Spiegal, Franke Gaudes, and Isaiah Lewis are all ready for a little stiffer competition . . . . Jackie Callura and Johnny Gaudes are training at Hank Olewinski's gym . . . . The Eagles Club is the mecca for most of Milwaukee's scrappers now . . . . The best looking prospect in town, bar none, is Ritchie Mitchell's 140-pounder, Ray McKnight . . . . Having viewed Pete Lello from very close range, this writer believes that he'll be bothering those in the top ten before very long . . . . Ernie Valente should be fighting soon . . . . Dutch Ullmer, so-so heavy of a year or two ago, will attempt a comeback . . . . A session of railroads in Ritchie's office concluded that all Milwaukee needs to raise its barometer of fistic interest is a brace of really first rate fighters . . . . After watching Patsy Perroni box circles around the up-and-coming Henry Wacker, it is evident that Chicago, too, is vainly searching for a top-flight heavyweight to support.

IOWA, NEBRASKA AND SOUTH DAKOTA SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

SIOUX CITY, Ia.—Nate Bolden, Sioux City Negro middleweight, knocked out Al Globe of Mexico City in four rounds. Other results: Joe Fili, Boys Town, Nebr., won by technical knockout over Ray Olin, Clinton, first; Snook Rave, Winnebago, decisioned Jack Harding, Sioux City, four rounds; Wayne Burton, Battle Creek, knocked out John Wisner, Omaha, three; Pat Hanrahan decisioned Noel Kellison, Sioux City, four rounds; Ray Mann, Sioux City, knocked out Curtis Weaver, Winnebago, third.

Aberdeen, S. D.—Dick Demeray stopped Buster Carroll, Lowell, Mass., welterweight, in nine rounds. Carroll clutched at the ropes at the count of seven but could not pull himself up. His seconds worked on him for 10 minutes after the bout before he could leave the ring.

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Dropping five of the first seven rounds as Carroll's counter-punching forced him to give ground and the Massachusetts boy took his best blows on his gloves, Demeray began his rally in the eighth when he cut Carroll's right eye.

Des Moines, Ia.—Johnny Paychek, Des Moines heavyweight comer, scored over Maurice Strickland, 191, New Zealand, in 10 slashing rounds. The bout, a rematch, drew a record breaking gate for boxing in the state of Iowa.

LAST MINUTE SPARKS—Curley Miller, popular Arnolds Park, Ia., promoter, has closed the outdoor season . . . .Sioux City has also closed on outdoor cards . . . . Graettinger, Ia., is back on the boxing map . . . . Ross Abramo, manager of Andy Miller, Sioux City light-heavyweight, hurls a challenge at Johnny Paychek of Des Moines . . . . Mickey Slater, former Sioux City featherweight star, is out of the hospital after a serious operation . . . . Young Rightmire is training for several prospective bouts . . . . Rightmire was married recently . . . . Mail will reach this department c/o Sioux City *Tribune* Sports Dept., Sioux City, Ia.

Pete Lello, clever Chicago lightweight, outpointed Calvin McGraw of Sioux City in eight rounds. Ray Mann, Sioux City light-heavyweight, scored a six-round T.K.O. over Wilbur Decora, Winnebago. Ralph Gizzy, St. Louis welterweight, scored over Snook Rave, Winnebago Indian, in six; Pat Hallvorson and Noel Kellison, two Sioux City heavyweights, fought a draw. Wayne Burton, Battle Creek, Ia., featherweight, fighting under the management of Sailor Burke, scored a T.K.O. over Jack Malloy of Sioux City.

KANSAS CITY AND VICINITY
By DICK CARTER

KANSAS CITY is on the professional boxing map again! Leading fighters are flocking in from all sections of the country. The best people are becoming interested in the welfare of the sport and on the day of a fight good seats are scarcer than horsefeathers. In other words, the town's plumb fight crazy, and all because an ex-fighting collegian named Bus Breese had the foresight and courage to set up shop last May 16, bucking all kinds of obstacles and coming out on top—making a lot of so-called wise guys very blue indeed. Bus has been presenting the best fighting cards this observer has seen in any small club anywhere.

Since last this column graced the pages of THE RING, Mr. Breese has put on three cards in his air-cooled abattoir, Memorial Hall, Kansas City, Kansas. As is only right, each show was topped by the local darling, Pat Kissinger, hard punching Irish lightweight, who invariably wows the onlookers and slays the opposition. First Pat knocked out Everett Simington in eight rounds. The undercard featured another bright performance by little Bus Talbot, Junction City, Kan., Negro, who looked good in bumping off his opponent, only shortly after to be bumped off himself when a right cross by Jackie Simmons landed on Bus' chin and Bus wound up in the press row, the loser, you guessed it, by a knockout.

Pat Kissinger did right well against Lopez, who as Battling Chino, has headlined many cards around Texas where he once lost a very close one to Kenny LaSalle. Pat, I thought, won by himself, but the attending newspapermen thought otherwise and awarded the startled Mexican a draw, which brought down the house.

Jackie Charvez, sturdy Indian middleweight of some years back, essayed a comeback in one of the preliminary numbers, but was stopped in two rounds by Chuck Blaine from Muskogee, Okla. Jordan "Bo" Davis, Negro featherweight, caught Baby Lou Alcanter cold at the beginning of the first frame and knocked him out. Despite this setback Baby Lou is still a highly promising youngster.

The most recent Breese extravaganza saw Kissinger vs. Simmons and Kissinger didn't have much trouble with Simmons. Louie Flyer, Coast Hebrew, who is a top attraction in Hollywood and Los Angeles, broke in the hard way against Battling Chino but came through the winner.

Louis "Brother" Jackson looked like a future great in chilling Chuck Blaine in their light-heavyweight mix.

Baby Lou Alcanter redeemed himself with a T.K.O. victory over Rod Grimme of Ft. Riley, Kan.

Good fighters can let themselves in for some of the local gravy if they contact Bus Breese at Memorial Hall, Kansas City, Kansas.

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Dom Ceccarelli	175 pounds
Bobby Birch	160 pounds
Tommy Mollis	147 pounds
Al Burton	126 pounds
Harry Danials	130 pounds
Anglo Ginex	122 pounds
Frank DeRosa	122 pounds
Tommy Salen	112 pounds
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BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

HAVANA fight fans are kept busy these days, with three shows a week and lots of good fighters. Fights are held on Thursdays, Saturdays and Sundays at the Arena Cristal.

Conrado Conde, Cuba's lightweight with a wicked punch, drew in 10 rounds with Rayito Del Ring. On the same card, Zurdo Torres beat Armando Diaz in eight rounds full of action.

Soldier Serrano, after being floored in the first, came back like a cyclone to win a six-round decision from Enrique Cardenas. Juan Morales, former flyweight champion, scored over Pancho Villa in six rounds.

Pedro Poey, corking bantam, won from K.O. Santos Hernandez in five rounds, and showed that he has the makings of a future star.

Lazaro Souval, ex-lightweight king, won from Alex Yanes in nine rounds when the referee halted the bout.

Sergio Napoles, pocket edition of Jack Dempsey, continues to improve with every start. Napoles won a five-round decision over Joe Luis Pena. Napoles, alias "Guarina Kid," aggressive and determined, swarmed all over his rival and Pena was hanging on at the end.

Guillermo Barrios won a hairline decision over Alberto Rodriguez. Barrios' best round was the fourth, when he hit Rodriguez at least a hundred punches.

Pedrito Martinez surprised the boys with a victory over Santiago Sosa. Martinez, a cousin to Kid Chocolate, looks like he'll make the grade as a top-notcher.

Kid Chile came back to the wars and scored a four-round knockout over Fermin Alfonso, hard punching southpaw.

Norberto Delgado won from Gilbert Moreno; Sergio Bustamante won from Fernando Gonzalez; Reinaldo Fuentes Pi won from Jose Moreno; Jose San Ramon beat Jesus Hernandez; Raul Valdes defeated Baby Chirino; Gerardo Echemendia won from Ernesto Puig; Julio Marrero defeated Juan Fraginals.

Mario Baeza, corking lightweight, won from Manuel Martinez in five dull rounds. This Baeza boy is a good boxer, and it will take a mighty good boy to beat him.

Bertico Ramos defeated Fermin Alfonso and Delfin Mesa won from Felix Garcia. Jose Ferrer won from Norberto Delgado and Rosendo Sarria beat Candido Pacheco. Modesto Cejo beat Wilfredo Cruz.

Roberto Ferrer, star fighter of the Lalo Dominguez stable, surprised the experts with a victory over Lorenzo Collazo. Collazo put up one of his good fights but Ferrer would not be denied and won a popular decision.

Sergio Napoles is one of Cuba's outstanding ringsters. Napoles, who only scales 105, can hit like a featherweight and when he gets after his man it's all over but the shouting. He is only sixteen, and if he continues to take care of himself he will be a great little fighter. Pedro Otano lost to Bernardino Rodriguez and Eduardo Quereis won from Melquiades Diaz in five torching rounds. Damaso Collazo defeated Luis Portela and Rolando Perez scored a two-round knockout over Ramon Cruz. Emilio Viviedo defeated Alfredo Bolivar, and Avelino Ruiz won from Rolando Delgado. Julio Marrero scored a three-round T.K.O. over Mariano Rodriguez.

Joe Coego will soon be defending his lightweight crown, and this time probably against Baby Oriental. Oriental's last two fights were quite impressive, and his meeting with Coego should draw good.

Lorenzo Gomez, Spanish light-heavy, who fought here a couple of years ago, is back on Cuban shores. Whether he will don the gloves here has not been known as this goes to press.

Kid Malayo, a real popular pal in boxing circles, has returned to Havana after eight years absence. Mayalo was in Spain, France and England and has gained a world of experience in his travels.

Pedro Medina is in good condition and raring to go, but so far no contests have been signed for Cuba's fly and bantamweight champion. Come on Pete—wake up. We are anxious to see you climb through the ropes again.

Peter Fernandez, Sports Director of "Diario de La Marina," for years a popular man in sports, and now with the local Boxing Commission, is certainly worthy of mention in THE RING column. Peter has hardly missed a fight here, and its time well spent the following day reading his comments on the previous night's contests. He's O.K. with all the fans.

CALGARY HOOKS AND JABS
By HUGH A. MACLEAN

ERNIE FARR promoted his first fight card at Memorial Hall. Gail Egan is doing the announcing and Jerry Pucketts and Billy Drain are handling the bouts.

Arnold Janiten, 125, and Bobby Hall, 125, started out in a six-rounder. Hall was saved by the bell in the third and was K.O.'d in the fourth.

Phil Palmer, Vancouver Italian, won over Walter Baker in the second round. Baker was down twice for a count and did not come out for the bell at the third round.

Calgary's finest prospect for sometime, Art Lust, fighting at 137 pounds in a special event, won by a T.K.O. over Baby Joe Gans of Edmonton. Art got one knockdown to his credit in the fourth. Art is a first cousin of Eppie "Young Tunney" Lust, who has thrilled the fans in Calgary many times, and his brother, Emil Lust, who for some time held the Western Canada middleweight belt.

Mushy Callahan lost in 10 rounds to Lindsey Gill. Callahan did not seem to have his usual fighting spirit with him. Gill hit him at will with his left, and crossed his right into the Wildcat's body time after time.

Gordon Thompson turned back Edmonton's Johnny Janiten by a fourth round K.O. Gordon looked better than in any of his last few fights, hitting Janiten at will.

That classy young bantamweight from Vancouver, Phil Palmer, hung another scalp on his belt when he won over Hughie Charleston of Drumheller in the third heat of the semi-final.

Vancouver's loss was Calgary's gain when Phil Palmer came here. He won his fight with Billy Johnston by a decision in the sixth.

Art Lust and Vick Pollock fought six rounds at 137. Lust won the nod but the crowd did not approve. It looked like a good draw.

Mushy Callahan, in a return bout with Lindsey Gill, lost all the way in 15 rounds. Callahan tried his best but it wasn't his night.

Ed Moody, Carbon coal miner, came back to Calgary after six months absence and won by a K.O. over Chuck Hampton of Lethbridge. Angus McRae stopped Denver Kid in 2 minutes and 18 seconds of the first round. Bobby Hall, Calgary, K.O.'d Wally Baker in the second round.

Don't forget your RING Magazine. You can get it at the following stands: C. P. R., Harry's News and at the Subway.

IN THE NEW JERSEY CORNER
By I. Q. GROSS

ROSCOE MANNING, the veteran Nutley middleweight, has just returned from Australia. Roscoe wishes to take this means of thanking all of the sporting fans in that country for treating him so well in his stay there. "Australia has the finest sportsmen in the world," says Roscoe.

Nunzio Bisogno, Newark lightweight, returned to the wars by defeating Joey Greb, Herkimer, N. Y., in eight at Long Branch . . . . To several readers: We have no pictures of Tony Galento available . . . . Boxers and managers desiring a list of the matchmakers and promoters in this state can receive it by sending twenty-five cents in coin to I. Q. Gross, 68 Huntington Terrace, Newark, N. J.

Billy White, Baltimore lightweight managed by Johnny Scavone, decisioned Billy Beauhuld, Jersey City, for the third time at Union City. In the semi-final, Tommy Roman technically stopped his fellow townsman, Pee Wee Bonito, Bayonne, in the seventh. It was a regular war and Hudson County fans want a rematch.

The Newark promoters had their best outdoor season in many years . . . . Billy Soose, Pittsburgh battler, was introduced to Newark fans recently before the Lazer-Knox embroglio . . . . To Abe Bain: Get in touch with this writer . . . . Newarkers would like to know the whereabouts of Henry Petrin . . . . And whatever happened to Steve Yasko, highly ballyhooed heavyweight from Cannonsburg, Pa.?

Cal Cagni, Cresskill welterweight, was the winner over Wickey Harkins in a ten at Philly. Joe Jeanette started Cagni in boxing. His full name is Emil Calcagni . . . . Joe O'Gatty, Toms River, lost an eight-rounder to Henry Cooper in Brooklyn. O'Gatty is troubled by bad hands.

Allie Wolfe, Newark featherweight boxer, traveled to California, where he expected to compete in boxing, but was called home a few days after his arrival there and is now in the fruit business . . . . Pretty Bernice Leisentritt is one of the state's leading wrestling fans.

Ju-Ju Kurtz, once one of the state's outstanding battlers, is often seen around Broad and Market in Newark . . . . Henry Armstrong may fight Red Cochrane at the Newark Armory soon. Eddie Mead has promised Babe Culnan that he will try to have the welter champion appear in that city . . . . The popular John Beer writes an interesting sports column for the Newark *Sunday Call* under the name of "Buck Martin."

Keep an eye on Bunk Wall of Morristown, who recently stopped Johnny Cubbins of Philadelphia in the fourth at Mount Freedom. In the six-round semi-final, Gus Johnson, Plainfield, defeated Al Teddy, Newark . . . . At Long Branch, Mike Piskin stopped Mike Slivensky, Asbury Park, in the fourth of a ten-rounder. Gus Alexander, Trenton, technically stopped Max Huddle, Paterson, in the sixth.

Mickey Makar, the Bayonne welterweight who gets around, stopped Mickey M'Mullen at Halifax, Nova Scotia, in the fifth.

To J. B. Woods, Johannesburg, South Africa: Thank you for the newspapers . . . . Joseph Lang, McKeesport, Pa.: There are no regular amateur tournaments of any consequence being held at this time in this territory, but for future reference write to Andy Watts, City Hall, Newark, N. J.

Jersey Joe Walcott, Merchantville Negro heavyweight now managed by the popular Sonny Banks of Newark, outpointed Al Boros, Bridgeport, in an eight at Newark. Mike Piskin, Freehold, lost over the same distance to Andrea Jessurun, New York. Joe Marinelli, Dayton, Ohio, stablemate of Buddy Knox, decisioned Dominick Barone, New York, and Monty Pignatore, New York, won over Davey Paul, Toronto, in other eights on the same program at Newark. As may be seen, out of state fighters are in great demand here, and there is plenty of work for battlers with good records.

Fighters without managers can get action in this territory by sending complete fight records and pictures to I. Q. Gross, 68 Huntington Terrace, Newark, N. J.

Jackie (Kid) Berg of England has been suspended by Commissioner Abe Greene for failing to go through with a bout at Trenton with Lou Fortuna, Philadelphia welterweight. Tommy Spiegal, Uniontown, Pa., took Berg's place and defeated Fortuna. The new Trenton promoter is Paulie Walker, former boxer.

WHERE THEY ARE TODAY — Mickey Walker, the Rumson toy bull dog, often attends the bouts in Newark . . . . Don Petrin is head of a cigarette vending machine company . . . . Vince Dundee is back in the tavern business . . . . Allie Blatt is a business executive . . . . Gus Troxler is teaching gym classes at the Essex House . . . . Steve Hamas takes a turn at conducting athletic classes in New York and referees occasionally, Leo Netreba operates a restaurant in Woolwich, Maine . . . . Jack Rapaport is doing well in business in South Orange . . . . Harry Rapaport is still holding his own in delightful Miami.

Before a crowd that paid $3,900, Buddy Knox repeated a ten-round victory over Roy Lazer of Paterson and Newark in the latter city. In the semi-final eight-rounder, Tiger Smith of Passaic decisioned Pietro Georgi, Miami, Florida, veteran. In a bruising and wild six-rounder, Curtis Sheppard, New York heavyweight, defeated Jack Wofford, Dallas, Texas. Wofford was handled by the famous Jimmy Bronson, once trainer for Gene Tunney and other great battlers. Wofford showed that he was a great prospect and is promising. He came from behind and was winning at the finish.

Johnny Juliano of Paterson is one of the best prospects in the state . . . . Jack (Lucky) Strike, New York manager, now has offices on Broadway . . . . Frank Saia, Philadelphia: We remember you from Miami. Write again . . . . Gus Thomas, a protege of Gus Troxler, and Andy Bistak, Carteret, middleweights, recently made their professional debuts battling each other in a no-decision four-rounder at Newark. Bistak is being coached by Sam Rose.

Two popular Newark fighters are back in action after long layoffs. Joe Grace is now grooming Danny Tauriello for some important matches and Clarence Elwood, recovered from an injury, is also looking for action.

To Gary Fisher, Drumright, Oklahoma: Your letter was forwarded to Sam Rose. Regarding your fighter, write to Jerry Rothberg, 1005 Clinton Avenue, Irvington, N. J. . . . . To Jack Harrington, Ireland: Thank you for the pictures. For photographs of American boxers, write to Nat Fleischer, care of THE RING . . . . Where is Evil Eye Finkle located? His Newark friends miss him.

Allie Stolz decisioned Monty Pignatore in a return bout at Newark. On the same card, Morris Parker flattened Lloyd Lasky, New York, in the fourth . . . . Pat Comiskey stopped Frank Donofrio, Philly, in quick time at Long Branch . . . . Bob McIntire, Detroit, outpointed William Henry Cheatum at Mount Freedom . . . . Lee Sevold, Western heavy, has won two bouts at Garfield . . . . Jerry Rothberg says he can still use two good heavyweights and one featherweight. Write him at 68 Huntington Terrace, Newark, N. J.

SMOKE RINGS FROM PITTSBURGH
By RAY M. TODD

RAY FOUTTS, matchmaker for the Rooney-McGinnley combination, lined up four 10-rounders in his second all-star show at Forbes Field. They didn't provide the action expected by the fans, considering the reputation of the battlers. The final 10-rounder saw Freddie Apostoli, who is considered the middleweight champion of the world, at least in New York, win a very tame affair from Glen Lee. The third 10-rounder saw Sammy Angott steal the show again as he did in the first all-star show. He bested a youngster who had previously beaten him on two occasions, none other than Billy Marquart, the Canadian lightweight, now fighting out of Chicago. Angott won a well earned decision and was really the standout on the card. Charley Burley, local welterweight threat, won the decision over Jimmy Leto of Hartford, Conn., after 10 rounds of milling in the second attraction. And in the first 10, Ken Overlin of Norfolk, Va., who is a local favorite and never put on a bad showing locally, won as he pleased from the highly touted Al Wardlow, the Youngstown school teacher . . . . A six-rounder saw Emil Josephs of Millvale get the nod over Rich Gregory of Butler . . . . The curtain-raiser between Mike Raffa of Newell, W. Va., and Joey Sulk, local boy, was a corker in which Raffa won after four rounds . . . . A swell attendance of 16,000 fans was on hand and the gate receipts were $24,000.

At Hickey Park, Millvale—Tiger Jack Fox of Spokane won a very timid 10-rounder from Eddie Simms of Cleveland, O. . . . . Mose Brown, a likely looking prospect out of West Virginia, won handily from the very popular Freddie Lenn . . . . Harry Bobo, the best looking prospect around in the heavyweight class, won his third straight pro fight since deserting the simon-pures by the kayo route, when he stopped Jack Johnston of Akron; Matt Ozeniak won over Gi-Gi Carraba in a six-rounder, and in the opener Frankie Marr was beaten by Freddie Bey.

At Hickey Park, Millvale—Pedro Montanez, the shifty Puerto Rican, won by kayo over Cowboy (Howard) Scott of Washington, D. C., after two minutes and two seconds had elapsed in the second round of the scheduled 10-rounder . . . . Whitey Schramm, local middleweight, defeated Charley Brant of Somerset in a six-rounder . . . . Mose Brown stopped Steve Kobeda in the fifth round of a six-rounder . . . . Wild Willie Polan, a protege of Burgess P. P. Heilman of Ford City, stopped Ted Prichard in the fourth round.

JUST A JAB—Charleroi police drawing very good crowds at the local High School Stadium. Amateur bouts and intend to run professional shows during the indoor season . . . . At this writing Arthur J. Rooney of the Rooney-McGinnley enterprises, is a candidate for Register of Wills in Pittsburgh. "Lots of luck, Art, I know you will make the grade." . . . . Ralph Gizzy and Joe Hornick write back and tell me they like it very well in Chicago, fighting regularly and doing very well . . . . Marion Klingensmith, Charleroi Police welterweight and a very good local attraction, intends to desert the simon-pures very shortly . . . . Merle Haley, another local attraction, who was sent out to Chicago to turn professional, has returned due to an accident received while training with Leonard Bennett of Detroit at George Trafton's gymnasium. He had his lower lip cut severely and will be on the sidelines for at least a month . . . . When in Charleroi stop at Artie Hersh's and pick up this world-wide publication, THE RING, corner Fifth and McKean Aves.

Billy Nichy has left this locality to make his home in Buffalo, N. Y. . . . . Billy's younger brother is doing very well in the amateurs . . . . Jack Perry of Vesta Burg has one of the best stables of amateur boxers around here. Perry is teamed up with Max Coulter . . . . Joe Maxon of Cleveland is doing very well around here. He refuses to fight our *Sun-Tele* Diamond Belt champion, Joe Mattis. They were matched for the local ball park, but Maxon pulled out, claiming illness.

Any information regarding the fight game around here will be obtained ONLY if a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed. My address is Ray M. Todd, 1005 Lincoln Ave., Charleroi, Pa. The best little fight town in the Monongahela Valley.

CLEVELAND CHATTER
By SPARKY RUDOLPH

JACKIE WILSON, former Clevelander, now boxing in California, stopped Eddie Cool in four rounds. Wilson won the 1936 Cleveland Golden Gloves amateur title, went to Chicago, walked off with the Chicago Tournament of Champions, won the National A.A.U. crown, then won the Olympic trials at Chicago to represent the U. S. A. in the Olympic games at Germany. He was runnerup for the championship. A few months later the Italian team came to this country to box the American champions and Jackie stopped the lad that he lost to in Germany.

Little Sammy Lombardo is back from California, where he scored four wins. Sammy is a good boxer and a deadly puncher.

Conneaut, Ohio—Two amateur boxing shows were staged during the summer at Conneaut New Municipal Stadium and each drew a large crowd, with Conneaut's favorite son, Bob Sauerwine, in the feature attraction. Sauerwine stopped Mickey Gool of Erie; Hal Johnston stopped Dan Palatan; Jimmy Bloom beat Bobby Clark; Frankie Missella beat Jimmy Timateo; clever Johnny Abbott easily beat Roy Perry of Franklin, Pa.

JABS FROM CAULIFLOWER ALLEY—Jimmy Reeves, 1939 National A.A.U. champion, turned pro in Chicago and won his first bout by defeating Johnny Trooter. Eddie Simms lost to Tiger Jack Fox, then won over Tony Musto. Johnny Risko, on the comeback trail, stopped Battling Blackjack. Frankie Wallace lost to Tony Canzoneri. Jimmy Vaughn lost to Al Nettlow. Patsy Perroni beat Henry Wacker. Willie Muldune defeated Pete Tomoulis. Georgie Cook, former amateur star, has a training camp. He is tutoring an amateur heavyweight by the name of Gene Jamison, weighing 220 pounds.

Send your notes to Sparky Rudolph, Hotel Chester, East 11th Street, Cleveland, O.

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AUSTRALIAN NOTES
By VINCE J. CARRICK

JOE WALLIS, one of Australia's best known fight referees, committed a grave error when he crowned Jackie Wilson winner on a foul in the eighth round of his scheduled twelve-round affair with the Chinese-Hawaiian bantamweight, Kui Kong Young, at Sydney Stadium. When articles were signed for the bout, a no-foul rule was included, which stated that, in the event of a fighter being hit low, he was to be given time off in his corner and after a short period, when he had sufficiently recovered, recommence hostilities.

One of the biggest crowds to view a feather-weight contest in Sydney for more than a decade was disappointed when the fight ended on such a sorry note. From the first bell their respective styles failed to blend, and Wilson, whose ring experience extends over a period of twelve years, and a showman to his finger tips, played a spoiling game.

At the opening bell Wilson rushed to close quarters and commenced a campaign of slapping with open glove and cuffing from the short arm angle. The Chinese boy's methods, although he is a southpaw, were more refreshing, and whenever he let go with a punch, it travelled fast and straight to its objective.

Twice in the first round he sent Wilson back on his heels with his Sunday punch, a left drive to the stomach, which completely beat Wilson to the punch. However, Wilson's aggressive bustle—and there was plenty of it in the closing stages of the round—gave him the points for the opener.

Wilson opened the second session by scoring nicely with a left drive to the stomach and then a left to the chin. Wilson, realizing that action again called for close quarter work, cuffed, slapped, flipped and chopped (mostly with the open glove), until the Chinese again steadied him with another rasping double, a short arm jolt and vicious uppercut.

The Chinese was not nearly as busy, but his punches were harder, crisper and more pleasant to the eye, and I gave him the points for the second round. Wilson's showy work doesn't cut ice with me. I again gave the Oriental the points for round three when he punched Wilson hard at close quarters and steadied him with a fast left to the stomach. Wilson continued his spoiling tactics and was ruining the fight as a spectacle.

In the fourth and fifth Wilson's tactics got results. He slipped in close and mixed neat left jabbing (although the punches weren't hard) and short right jolts with his scruffle, scrape and slap.

But Kui came back in the sixth. At least half a dozen punches, lefts to the stomach, short right clips, and left swings to the jaw, were excellent point scorers for the little Chinaman.

Wilson wasn't idle, but his feeble punches were like cream puffs compared to the high explosive quality of Young's.

Snapping the lead from Wilson in the seventh, Young stepped to close quarters and shook the foundations of Wilson's jaw with a perfect brace of left swings. A powerful left to Wilson's midsection made the coon hang on.

A short jolty left to Wilson's chin stuttered his knees and he was again forced to hang on.

Kui sat down winner of the seventh round, and judging on performances up to this point, it looked as though Wilson would run out winner.

But fate played a dirty trick, for the eighth round hadn't got under way more than twenty seconds when Young, cool, wary, confident, and with the fight well in hand, circled round Wilson seeking an opening, and when the coon stepped to close quarters, Young drove a left from the hip which caught Wilson in unforbidden territory. It was a glaring foul blow and the "plop" could be plainly heard in all parts of the stadium.

The Negro, bent almost double, his gloves pressed on the injured territory glanced appealingly towards Wallis, who, just as Young stepped in, moved between the fighters and crowned Wilson winner on a foul. The foul, accidental or otherwise, was a major breach of the rules, and the referee should have sent Wilson to his corner to recover. Wilson made the most of the situation and acted up to it better than any stage star I have ever seen. As I have said before, Wilson is a great showman. He was not badly hurt, because he skipped out of the ring, his lips curled in a sneering grin, in blithe and happy mood. Wallis' action was hasty and ill judged.

Johnny Litto, U. S. A. featherweight, revealed himself as a clever, shifty boxer when he opened his Australian campaign at West Melbourne Stadium in opposition to Mexican Henry Moreno, although he (Litto) lost on a technical knockout in the tenth of a twelve-round bout.

Litto was bleeding badly from a deep cut behind the ear when Referee Jack Carroll stopped proceedings.

To a large extent, illness before the bout interfered with Litto's training schedule and he was obviously short of a gallop.

Persistent head and body attacks by Moreno in the rounds immediately before the stoppage, sapped Litto's strength and he was in bad shape when the halt came.

Litto, however, revealed skill above the ordinary early in the piece, and showed that he possessed a beautiful straight left with which he snapped Moreno's head back. Litto is sure to improve when he becomes more acclimated.

Moreno is a shining example of this. When he first came to Australia, his fighting wasn't worth twenty cents, but in recent weeks he has blossomed into a real star. He is a tiger for work and in all his bouts (when his opponent is willing to stand up and fight) there isn't a dull moment. His improvement is so marked that I'm sure the folks at home won't recognize him as the same fighter.

In the semi-windup bout, Ian Ellis, former amateur champion, advanced another step on the professional ladder by outpointing the rugged Victorian, Terry Reilly, in a ten-rounder. Ellis won six rounds, Reilly two, and two were even.

Patrons at Brisbane Stadium have seldom witnessed such wild scenes as those which followed the crowning of Wally Hally, who outpointed Victorian Bert Osborne after twelve keenly contested rounds.

Osborne, wild with disappointment at losing after such a gallant effort against the highly rated U. S. A. importation, rushed the referee, kicking and punching wildly.

Hally also took a hand, and at once Osborne turned on his late adversary and in a flash the boys were fighting hammer and tongs again.

But these flare-ups seldom last more than a few seconds and in a short time the ring was cleared and everyone left the arena feeling that they had well got their money's worth.

Osborne's efforts, particularly late in the piece, entitled him to a draw at least. At the end of the eleventh there was little to choose between the pair, and evidently Hally's spirited finish influenced the referee in his final summing up.

Hally showed improvement as the rounds progressed, but Osborne continually lashed the American's right eye, which assumed alarming proportions as the fight wore on.

Osborne, due to his aggressive tactics, was ahead at the end of the eighth, and looked well set to go on to victory. But from then till the close of the tenth, Hally, by clever counter-punching and adroit use of his left, did much to even the score, and as I have said, it was anyone's fight at this juncture.

The pair have been matched for a return at West Melbourne, Osborne's home town, but more about that later.

New South Wales South Coast welterweight, Tancy Lee, knocked out Sid Sloane in the fourth of a twelve-round bout at Carlton Stadium, New South Wales.

In a particularly disappointing fight, in which he won ten out of the twelve rounds fought, Jackie Wilson, Negro from New York, convincingly outpointed Kui Kong Young, Chinese-American bantamweight, in a return contest at Sydney Stadium.

Wilson won their first fight a few weeks previous on a foul.

Their latest encounter only emphasized the fact that Wilson is still a ring trickster of a very high order, and anyone who wants to beat him will have to get up very early in the morning. He knows all the tricks in the trade and even Young's peculiar southpaw stance didn't worry Wilson a lick. "I've been fighting southpaws since I was a kid, and I know how to deal with 'em," said Wilson after the fight.

Wilson asserted his superiority right from the first gong. Although Young never shirked a rally, he wasn't in the race with the clever Negro. Wilson's style of slapping, cuffing and holding isn't much to look at, but its effectiveness cannot be doubted.

Young bled from a slight cut under the eye from the seventh round till the end and Wilson's ceaseless sniping late in the piece aggravated the wound still more. Towards the end of the fight, Wilson increased the pace and landed some particularly swift straight lefts, and as Young was tired and footweary, the Negro's task was made much easier.

Young's defeat won't affect his ranking in world bantamweight company. He was fighting one of the best featherweights in the world, and a clever and cagy one at that.

Wilson, making his own pace throughout the twelve-round journey, didn't take any undue risks. Young only hurt him a few times early in the piece with his left drive to the stomach, and later he again connected with his Sunday punch, but he was too leg weary to take advantage of his moment's superiority.

My advice to Young is: Don't fight any more featherweights. You are only a little chap, and a great little battler in your own class, but with their extra poundage the featherweights make good their advantage and tire you out in the final sessions.

Allan Westbury retained his Australian welterweight title in Brisbane by stopping his number one challenger, Ron McLaughlin of Sydney, who retired at the end of the fifth round with a severe cut under his left eye.

McLaughlin, a worthy challenger, had his left optic opened at the end of the second round and fought blindly till the end. Westbury, however, would have got the decision in any case, as he proved himself the more fast and versatile fighter in the third, fourth and fifth rounds.

There were several glorious rallies in which McLaughlin's left uppercut to the jaw was outstanding. But Westbury revealed unexpected skill in backmoving and advancing again to the attack with lefts and rights to the ribs.

The fourth round was a bloody affair. Both stood in close and exchanged short arm punches. At the end of the round both were bleeding profusely from face wounds, but Westbury came out full of fight in the fifth session.

McLaughlin tried hard to get to close quarters, but the Newcastle welter picked him off with swift lefts and rights to the face.

After another short arm exchange, Westbury emerged with a deep cut over his eye. Westbury was now relentless in his attack, which he switched downstairs and peppered McLaughlin's heart with solid rights.

When the gong sent them to their corners the referee, Pat Hill, went over to McLaughlin's angle and, inspecting the injured optic, had no hesitation in crowning Westbury winner on a technical knockout.

Mr. John Henderson, a prominent Brisbane all-round sportsman, presented Allan Westbury with a silver cup in token of his well-earned victory.

Danny La Verne, French Puerto-Rican featherweight, outpointed the Sydney 126-pounder, Frank Farrington, in a tame affair at Leichhardt Stadium . . . . If Farrington had been more aggressive and punched more frequently instead of backmoving, he would have got the decision . . . . Al Walker, prominent Sydney middleweight preliminary, returned to the ring after a layoff and knocked out Charlie Kerr in the fourth . . . . A very impressive win . . . . Tom Singleton, who showed out well in Benny Baer's "Search for Talent" shows, has had seven fights for seven wins . . . . Looks like he's going places shortly . . . . Former Australian amateur champ, Ian Ellis, turned in a slashing performance to defeat New South Welshman Gil Allen in Melbourne . . . . Victorian featherweight, Young Roberts, finished at the right end of a twelve-rounder with Jackie Baker in Melbourne . . . . Baker's body bombardment was sensational, but Roberts was well ahead at the end.

ALBERTA, CANADA, NEWS
By BILL REDWAY

LINDSAY GUILD, popular middleweight from Strome, pounded out a fifteen-round decision over Mushy Callaghan of Calgary. Guild, with superior boxing and faster hitting, won thirteen of the fifteen rounds. However, the big hearted, good natured Irishman took everything that Guild threw at him without flinching or falling, and how the fans loved him for that.

Of the twenty-eight boxers recently listed in the Western Canada ratings, fourteen were Albertans. Outstanding among these were Eddie Wenstob, Cowboy Gordon Thompson and Jimmy Chapman, each of whom was placed top man in two divisions.

With blood in his eye, revenge in mind, and T.N.T. in his fists, Cowboy Gordon Thompson, Western Canadian light and welterweight champion, entered a Calgary ring to oppose Johnny Janitzen, blond bomber from Edmonton, in defense of his welter crown. The fairly large crowd in attendance watched him put on a great display as he battered Janitzen to the canvas twice in the third. Referee Kid Lucas promptly stopped the battle.

George Shank, the Athabasca heavyweight, popped back into the fistic picture when he punched out a victory over Rus Neable, heavyweight from northern Saskatchewan, in the main event of an attractive card. George is a cousin to Oliver Shank.

Leon Janitzen, brother of Johnny, gave Billy Dempsey, Calgary middleweight, a terrific beating to capture the eight-round decision.

Gordon Grayston, scientific middleweight from Wainright, and Lou Lavoie of Edmonton battled through a well fought bout in Edmonton.

Gordon Grayston outpointed Lindsay Guild of Strome in Edmonton. Guild held his own with Grayston during the first two rounds, but then Gordon started landing effectively on Lindsay with hard right-hand wallops, and at the end of the battle the Wainright flash received the decision.

WITH THE PRELIM BOYS—Phil Palmer, 118, of Calgary, beat Billy Johnson, 118, of Edmonton and Hugh Charleston, 118, of Drumheller; Art Lust, 140, of Medicine Hat, beat Vic Pollok of Edmonton; Arnold Janitzen, 125, of Edmonton beat "Silent" Rivett and Bobby Hall, both of Calgary; Farr Conlon, 135, of Edmonton beat Hector Barcello, also of Edmonton; Vic Pollok, 140, of Edmonton won over Merle Hunter of Lestock; Angus McRae, 129, of Calgary beat Denver Kid, 126; Gerry Tessier, 135, beat Curly Taylor, 136, of Eldorado; Ed Moody, 160, of Calgary beat Chuck Hampton, 160, of Lethbridge; Bob Hall kayoed Wally Baker of Calgary; Lucien Jarvis, 160, of Yellowknife beat Roy Ericson, 160, of Contact Lake.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

MOUNT WASHINGTON and Manchester, with Promoters Ed Riehle and Wilbur Morgan at the helm, respectively, still lead the array of fistic activities in southern Ohio. Despite the fact that both are small clubs with a limited seating capacity, both towns are operating first class fighting shows.

At the Mount club during the current month, Smokey Maggard and Young Harry Wills, local heavyweight rivals, banged out winners. Maggard, demonstrating much more with the gloves than when he was a middleweight, outwalloped Davey Hicks in a tenner, while Wills, one of the best colored heavies developed around these parts, stopped Johnny Scaff of Ashland, Ky., in four rounds.

Cincinnati, with Benny Becker doing the promoting, swung back into action with George Eschman, Cincinnati, and Al Pedro of Pittsburgh in the opener.

Buddy Knox, Dayton heavyweight, licked Roy Lazer over in Newark, N. J., for a pair of ten-round decisions between July 24 and August 21. Henry Huerta, Jack Lofthouse's Mexican featherweight, stepped another notch up the 126-pound ladder when he whipped Gene Ward of Chicago on a Peoria, Ill., show. Joey Palmo shaded Patsy Patterson once again in an Indianapolis ten-rounder which featured the Mickey Walker show. Patterson has slipped plenty in the past year. In a supporting bout, Tommy Leeper's feather ace, Biff Willoughby, won a six-round verdict over Tommy La Fever.

Joe Basco, hustling Barberton, O., manager, sent two losers to the post on August 15 in two outstanding national programs. At Milwaukee, Wis., Joe's feather, Lloyd Pine, dropped a ten-round decision to Pete Lello of Chicago, while on the same night in Minneapolis, Basco's clever colored lightweight, Cleo McNeal, was defeated by Frankie Genovese of Canada.

Jenkins, Ky., is the hottest little fight town on the map. On August 19, with close to 10,000 admissions checked through the turnstiles, Johnny Denson of Indianapolis knocked out Tarzan, a Kentucky light-heavyweight, in the fifth round of the feature event. In the supporting main bout, Jimmy Kelley of Ashland, Ky., kayoed Kid Baker of Jenkins in the fifth session.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS—Al Wardlow, former Dayton, O., amateur star, stopped Marty Simmons, Michigan vet at Youngstown . . . . Prince A. Smith, manager of Billy Adams, local Negro middle star, has just about completed the deal for Billy to campaign in Buffalo and vicinity for the winter season under the direction of the popular Tommy Paul . . . . Adams should go over in the Bison City . . . . Billy Meyer is finding himself with a nice piece of fighting machinery in Cowboy Murphy, who beat Warner Davis in his first bout in this territory . . . . Wilbur Morgan's great fighting shows in Manchester are causing frequent mention in fight columns around here . . . . the two Jim promoters, Kilbane and Maines of Middletown, are working Mid-West's leading fighters on their Steel City shows . . . . Sonny Hatsme, the Filipino bantam, is a big card on the Jim-shows . . . . my fight result service, which is released on the first and fifteenth of each month, is clicking like a champion in the sticks . . . . this service is open to anyone interested in the boxing business . . . . you can receive this service, for easy checking on national results, for one dollar per year, payable to Jimmie Amann, 6716 Palmetto St., Cincinnati, O. . . . . this also goes for fighters, without strings attached, who wish connections in this section . . . . Don Bortz, Buffalo light-heavyweight, is expected to fight a series of matches around here . . . . Mickey Brown, local featherweight, has just returned to Ohio after a series of winning bouts in New York State . . . . the World Boxing Club, organized a few years ago, has been taken over by Ray Heling, 1645 So. 17th St., Milwaukee, Wis.

On August 17 at Manchester, O., Phil Curso, the New Richmond welterweight, came through with another winner, scoring in five rounds over Carl Biggs of Portsmouth, O. Elmer Yates whipped Wink Crawford over the same route and George Hughes, one of the best looking bantamweights in southern Ohio, stopped Tuffy Wilmwitt of Portsmouth in three heats. Promoter Morgan predicts a big future for Hughes, who hails from Manchester.

HOLYOKE NEWS
By GEORGE KID ROSS

SNOOKS LACEY of New Haven defeated Flash Duttil of Lewiston in the main bout of six rounds at the Meadowbrook Club, North Adams. The semi-final, also six rounds, saw Eddie Dulmaine of Worcester win by a technical K.O. in the fifth round. Peter King of Boston beat Joe Dillon of New Haven in four. Leo Sowalki of Worcester and Bobby Thomas of New Haven went to a draw in four. Tommy Blair of Pittsfield won over Rudy Kronick of Adams in three. Jackie Clark of Pittsfield knocked out Lou Paradise of Bennington. Hod Deckum of Bennington won on a technical K.O. over Joe Alphonse of New Haven.

Tony Dupre of Manchester won a technical K.O. from Frankie Flynn of Batavia, N. Y., in the second round. Johnny Costello of Worcester won a close decision over Doug Murchie of North Adams. Henry Dunn of Manchester and Eddie Mason of Boston fought a draw. Johnny Vento of Boston lost when Johnny Studley of Brockton crashed a right to Vento's jaw in the fourth. Al Costa of Holyoke won in four over Jackie Sarron of Worcester. Carl Dominque of Holyoke won in four over Walt Andrews of Hartford.

Al Gauthier of Ludlow won an eight-round verdict over Red Guggino of Hartford at the Valley Arena, Holyoke. Pat Casey of Hartford decisioned Al Costa of Holyoke. Chris Quillan of Longmeadow won a technical K.O. over Ed Dulmaine of Worcester. Johnny Eskew of Brockton won a close four-rounder from Bobby Jones of Worcester. Jimmy Jones of Brockton won in four from Shang Carpenter of Hartford, and Tony Gouvia of Brockton won over Boots Brewster of Longmeadow.

Chris Quillan of Longmeadow won a six-round main bout over Johnny Dugwillow of Marlboro at the Meadowbrook Club at North Adams on a technical K.O. in the third round. Franklin Young of New Haven won on a technical K.O. from Henry Michel of Jersey City in the third round of a six-round bout. Ed Remillard of Marlboro K.O.'ed Kid Jacks of Bennington in the third round. Jimmy Canney of Boston beat Joe King of New Haven in four. Billy Mickle of Pittsfield scored a technical K.O. over John Tarso of Adams in the third. Tommy Blair of Pittsfield gained a decision over Kid Inkey of Adams in three, and Don Perry of Boston won over Boots Brewster of Longmeadow in three.

Ed Dulmaine of Worcester beat Eddie Bangs of Boston in six rounds at the Meadowbrook Club, North Adams. Dickie Jones of Saratoga won over Jimmy Jones of Brockton; Bobby Thomas of Haverhill beat Eddie Goodman of North Adams in four; John Henry Eskew of Brockton stopped K.O. Perry of Saratoga in the second; Rudy Kronick of Adams won over Jimmy Kelly of Boston in three; Sammy Garrett of Saratoga won over Johnny Baronowski of Dalton; Ed Zelinski of Hinsdale won over Leon Lemieux of Bennington in three.

Jimmy Stathis of Springfield, in a comeback, won over Petey King of Boston; Carlo Daponde of Springfield lost a close decision to Ed Goodwin of North Adams; Danny Buckley of Holyoke won over Johnny Brandon of Albany.

Bat Battalino of Hartford technically K.O.'ed Al Castonquay of Hartford in three rounds. Danny Buckley of Holyoke lost a close decision to Carl Dell of New York.

IN THE COAL FIELDS
By JOE BRADY

AFTER trying all summer to arrange a Holman Williams-Eddie Dolan match for the Scranton ball park, Promoter Abe Adell, headman for the Anthracite A. C., has decided to run his next show in the Scranton Armory. For some unknown reason, Adell couldn't secure the services of Eddie Dolan. John Roxborough, manager of Williams, has agreed to terms to meet the Waterbury Irishman with his welterweight pride on any occasion satisfactory to the Scranton Anthracite A. C. Jack Moore, who pilots Dolan, has turned down all offers to fight Williams for the Anthracite A. C. A Williams-Dolan match would have easily drawn a gate of four thousand dollars at the Scranton ball park.

A BIT FOR ALL—Hughie Glynn, heavyweight champion of the Coal Fields, is reported to be in great shape and ready for a busy indoor campaign. His manager, Tom Boylan, plans big things for him. Glynn is the best prospect developed hereabouts in many years. His last kayo victim was Jack Downey, who went two rounds . . . . Pete Susky, veteran middleweight contender, is the proud father of another boy, making it three boys in the Susky household . . . . Pete Latzo, former welterweight champion, is now selling automobiles for a local concern . . . . Carl Krysler is busy these days handling Stezar's Gymnasium . . . .

Fighters wishing to show their wares in the Coal Regions can do well to contact the writer. You can reach me by writing 518 Lackawanna Ave., Scranton, Pa. . . . . Fighters from lightweight to heavyweight preferred . . . . I have a complete list of promoters in Pennsylvania and upper New York State that unattached fighters and managers can have for a two-bit piece . . . . THE RING Magazine is the largest selling sports publication in these parts. Readers and lovers of the fight game turn to THE RING when seeking information relative to their favorite pastime . . . . THE RING is on sale at most newsstands throughout the entire Coal Regions. When in Scranton you can purchase THE RING at Spec's Book Shop, corner of Linden and Wyoming Avenues.

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MARYLAND, VIRGINIA, WASHINGTON

By LES SPONSLER

WELL, here it is fall of the year and two boxing and one wrestling club are still going strong with well balanced shows each week. The Century Club stages bouts at Carlin's Arena every Monday and Ed Contos goes in the same arena with wrestling on Tuesday while the National A. C. goes on Thursdays at the Coliseum. By the looks of things, the good old city of Baltimore will have more than its share of sports in the roped circle.

Goldie Ahearn and Joe Turner haven't operated as many shows this summer in Griffith Stadium, Washington, as in previous years but they picked spot matches. Steve Mamakos, the most popular mitt thrower to come out of Washington in a decade, started the ball rolling with a good win over Dem Wakerlis and next came Joey Archibald and Joey Silvas, the former getting the nod after a more than pleasing battle. George Abrams and Lou Brouillard didn't do so well on the following show on account of a disappointment of having the show set back a week or two.

Marty Gallagher, the 210-pound heavyweight, came back after more than a year of inactivity and gave young Jim Robinson a good going over. The remarkable thing was that the bout went 10 rounds and Marty was fresher during the latter rounds than at the start.

Reports from Miami Beach say that Capt. Peeples with the help of Gabe Menendez, did more business at the Beach Arena during the hot months than some clubs did during the regular season. Toby Tobias and Bobby Britton were the best cards there. Vic Finazzo of Baltimore took a flying trip to the Southern city and beat Britton, which ran Vic's stock up a little after losing two close bouts in Baltimore to Frankie Wills of Washington. Vic, however, showed a good win by knocking out Joey Greb of Brooklyn, N. Y., after Greb had beaten Bucky Taylor, Charley Gilley and other good boys here.

Richmond, Va., hasn't had a show since the police benefit early in June but reports are they will start running in October. Another report has it that Ed Kurland will operate at the Armory in Hagerstown every other week with a boxing show with Fred Barth as matchmaker.

Arthur Donovan, the celebrated New York referee, came down to work the Bucky Taylor-Jack Sharkey, Jr., rematch at Carlin's Arena, and his presence as third man in the ring caused an extraordinary crowd to turn out for the match, which was their third encounter.

Maryland will have plenty of boxing and wrestling during the winter months when Salisbury, Hagerstown, Cumberland and two clubs in Baltimore will be going.

George Sheppard, Brooklyn manager of many well known mitt slingers, seems to have more luck with new faces in Baltimore than most managers. Louis Kid Cocoa was just going so-so when George bought half of his contract and from the time George cut in, the Keed started winning fights and finally wound up by beating Steve Mamakos in Baltimore to one of the largest gates the Monumental City has had in months. Charley Gomer was ready to hang up his gloves more than three years ago at the age of 22 when he got in touch with Sheppard and from then on he went on to win some of the best bouts ever fought in the smaller clubs in and around New York.

George has a sense of taking disgusted pugs and doing what a lot of others fail to do with them.

Baltimore results: Tommy Speigal won over Charley Gilley; Vic Finazzo K.O.'d Joey Greb in the fifth round; Eddie Dreher and Bruce Alexander drew in six; Mike Belloise won over Paul Lee; Billy Carrigan knocked out Pete Tarpley; Billy Selvage beat Joey Puig in six; Frankie Wills won over Vic Finazzo in 10 hard rounds; Mareus Pitte won a close one over Paul Lee; Lew Feldman stopped Charley Burns in the first; Feldman also beat Mike Belloise in 10; Norment Quarles won over Charley Burns; Chalky Wright toyed with Billy Bullock in eight; Bucky Taylor won over Jack Sharkey, Jr.

Washington results: Carl Dell made a great hit in beating Frankie Wills; Jim Williams won from Howard Langrath; John Kapovitch won over Young Jack Dempsey; Al Lowman K.O.'d Jim Williams; Marty Gallagher took a 10-rounder from Young Jim Robinson.

Anyone in this vicinity wishing to have their boxing or wrestling news carried in THE RING will kindly contact the writer at the Gayety Theatre Building, Baltimore, before the first of each month.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

By HUGH SHANNON

JACK HERMAN, Buffalo's premier wrestling promoter, is convalescing from a major operation. Herman expects to be fit again within a month and in plenty of time to direct his herd of pachyderms during the fall campaign. The Buffalo Sporting Club will also stage wrestling shows under Herman's management at Broadway Auditorium. A bangup 1939–40 season is predicted for the grapplers.

Sorry to say so but it's the truth nevertheless. Boxing is at its lowest ebb in 25 years. Buffalo is one of the best fight centers in the world and the fans flock to good shows. What we need is new faces, some boxers who can punch and keep in condition.

Many rumors are afloat anent the possibilities of a new boxing club. Dewey Michaels, theatrical impresario, is the latest to come forward with a scheme to form a club to be backed up by six local businessmen. Without a matchmaker who knows the sport from all angles a club would have hard sledding no matter how much cash was behind it.

AROUND THE TOWN—Dan Rogers, doughty little manager who piloted Rocky Kansas for many years, has gone to his Valhalla . . . . Rogers died here on August 23 after a long illness. He was about 54 years old and had been in the fight game since 1916 . . . . This reminds me that Kansas, once world's lightweight champion, is working for the Buffalo streets department, and his brother, Tony Tozzo, a former middleweight, is with the WPA . . . . Chick Johnson, one of the best seconds in the country, was in New York with Eddie Mead when Armstrong dropped his crown to Lou Ambers.

Art Johnson, 230-pound matchmaker for the Orioles, is planning some outstanding amateur boxing shows for the auditorium. Johnson seems to have the ability to uncover a budding star each season. Last year it was Leroy Evans and the year before it was Jackie Donovan who held the spotlight. Neither boy has set the world afire since turning professional.

Mayor Holling would like to unload the Broadway Auditorium to private interests. The big building has been a white elephant for the city ever since it was built and the loss has been mounting of late years. With our new Municipal Auditorium scheduled for completion in the late spring of 1940, Buffalo will not have room for two auditoriums and a huge Civic Stadium (seating capacity 35,000).

Boxers of real ability who would like to locate in the best boxing city of its size in the U. S. A. should write Hugh Shannon, 144 Wallace Ave., Buffalo, N. Y. Boxers should be free from managerial contracts and alignments.

HERE AND THERE—Harry Mullany, ace writer on the old Buffalo *Times*, has been instrumental in launching a new weekly newspaper here . . . . It will be known as the Buffalo *Democrat* . . . . This is the first summer that I can remember that Buffalo hasn't seen at least one boxing show . . . . Jack Singer and the Mineo brothers are still operating their respective gymnasiums but there has been absolutely no activity among the fighters and managers. Bert Finch is always optimistic and thinks the boxing cycle is overdue . . . . "The fight game is sure to boom again," says Uncle Bert. "New faces will bring back genuine interest in a hurry." . . . . O.K., Bert, but where are the new faces? . . . . Finch will again pilot Rudy Stiller, husky East Side heavyweight, and also Mike Martyk, St. Catharines, Ont., lightweight.

The writer visited the World's Fair in New York a few weeks back and incidentally dropped in to see Boss Nat Fleischer at THE RING offices in Madison Square Garden. I was truly amazed at the wonderful array of boxing relics which Mr. Fleischer has gathered for his museum. THE RING's boxing exhibit closely rivals baseball's Hall of Fame at Cooperstown, N. Y., which I also saw on my trip East. I was accompanied by Joe McCarthy, ace manager of the New York Yankees, on my trip to Cooperstown. The New York pilot, I am proud to say, is my fellow townsman and close personal friend.

Will boxing enthusiasts in London and Manchester, England, please send me some newspapers from these cities. I am writing a weekly boxing column and would like to get the real slant on boxing in the old country.

Address: Hugh Shannon, 144 Wallace Ave., Buffalo, N. Y., U. S. A.

In my September report of the fight between Ralph De John and Buddy Holzhauer at Treasure Island, California, I erroneously stated that De John won on a knockout after he had landed a blow to the solar pleuxs. I am informed by C. E. Stevens, Buddy's manager, that the referee, Toby Irwin, awarded the fight to De John on a T.K.O. when his rival become too ill to continue. Stevens sends clippings to verify the statement. I am glad to make the correction.

UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES
By TOM EPHREM

THE majority of 7,000 fight fans at the Atlanta Boys' Club voiced their disapproval of the decision rendered by Referee Tom McArthy in the Ben Brown-Teddy Yarosz bout which took place at the Ponce De Leon Park in Atlanta, Georgia, and saw Belting Ben a knife-edge winner over the former middleweight champion of the world. They booed lustily and loudly the one-man verdict, many believing the ex-champion from Pittsburgh was deprived of the decision.

Brown weighed 160¼ to Teddy's 164¾. The lads have been rematched and for the third man in the ring the former Manassa Mauler, Jack Dempsey, has been hired in the arbitrator role.

Little chance was accorded youthful Carl Sivers of Jacksonville against Irish Johnny Dean, Philadelphia's rough and tough welterweight, but the Jacksonville Jewish star spotted the fightin' Irishman 10 big pounds atop experience and commenced to jab, hook and cross his Philly foe into defeat via the 10-round route. Carl weighed 138, Dean 148. To date this was Promoter Al Jensen's best offering and he was graciously rewarded with his finest turnout for his troubles.

Carl did the unbelievable in putting the rugged Irishman down for the count thrice. Two of these were clean cut variety while the other found Dean catching one on the chin, off balance.

Jim Bowden, another Jacksonville fistic toast doing good business in the light-heavyweight ranks, met Pietro Georgi for the second time and revenged his previous setback, which he lost on a foul, by scoring a three-round knockout over the handsome Californian. They headlined Promoter Al Jensen's professional program. Jim had the Westerner down on two occasions. Jim followed this with a hard earned decision over the Miami Beach knockout artist, Al Williams, who came here with a streak of thirteen straight kayoes. Only one knockdown was in evidence and Bowden scored that. The Jacksonville mitter is improving in every match.

Another Southerner gets THE RING's Best Prospect call and he is the sensational Savannah slugger, Tommy "Killer" Kiene, hard hitting young bantamweight. His recent win over Red Hutchins, who met with the best in the South, especially in Texas, stamps him as a boy to be watched. That triumph over Red was Tommy's 53d. He has a draw to his record and with no defeats. He justly deserved THE RING's honor call. Carl Moss, also of Savannah, is the Southern star's pilot.

Lou Brix, manager of Bantamweight Champion Sixto Escobar, placed the young and classy Henry Watingy, New Orleans bantie, under his wing . . . . Kenny LaSalle, the South's top welter and eighth ranker by Eddie Borden, RING rating expert, won easily over the usual aggressive Battling Burroughs in a top Atlanta bout of 10 rounds. Kenny weighed 146½ and the Battler 152½ . . . . Pete Kelly, Beverly, N. J., featherweight, writes of a nice proposition he received from Al Ketchall of St. Petersburg, Florida, to do some mitt-slinging in the Sunshine State. Pete did some excellent work in South Florida several years back. His younger brother, Babe, is planning to visit our sunkist shores very soon and incidentally, Babe received THE RING's Best Prospect mention in the flyweight ranks two issues back.

Irish Johnny Dean and Jose Estrada, veteran welters, went to a 10-round draw in Jacksonville, a headline affair. In the semi-final, Ralph McGaghin, local light-heavyweight, put the finishing touch on Joe King in the seventh of an eighter. Bogeyman Coleman met with one of his very few losses when he retangled with classy Lewin Williams in a bantamweight six-rounder. Bogeyman's rough tactics cost him chances of victory.

Marvin Cumbie and Charlie Battle, Jacksonville welterweights, again went to a six-round draw. Marvin also decisioned Jimmy Stebbins. A Savannah lightweight, Kid Williams, made his Jacksonville debut a successful one in rocking Jimmy Powell, local boy, to sleep in the third of a scheduled sixer. A right to the button did the trick.

Williams followed with a close win over the durable Al Manriquez, in an eight-round semi. The Kid shows a good punch and wishes to get at Carl Sivers next. This win made it 52 for the Georgia lad against 15 defeats.

We erred when we stated in last month's RING that Pa Stribling was to promote boxing in Atlanta. Pa Strib, instead, is promoting in Macon. His inaugural card, witnessed by over 2000 fight fans, found his protege and new heavyweight find, S. W. "Young" Allen, a surprise winner over the one-time heavyweight contender, Johnny Risko in a 10-rounder. Strib, pleased with the attendance and outcome, stated he will have more boxing programs for Macon.

Bob Sikes, the Southern heavyweight king, added to his large belt of victories when he flashed out a win at the expense of Sandy McDonald, veteran Texas heavy, before 3,000 fans at the Rix Stadium in Hot Springs. Spotting the Texan experience, height and reach, Bobby failed to get in much of his dynamic rights but what he did was enough to earn himself the nod after 10 rounds. Young Johnny Ravell, Arkansas amateur lightweight champ, turning pro, was grossly overmatched in his bout with the veteran, Jimmy Lacoume, wily ringster. Johnny was put to sleep in the fifth round.

Ever since Delmos Long, the light-heavy from Fort Myers, Florida, lost the duke to Johnny Ambrose, the city's fistic promoter, Don De Sautel, has been trying his "derndest" to rematch the two, but Ambrose refuses to risk his sectional title in a battle with Long. Promoter Don can have an attractive gate if he ever comes through with the deal.

Long upset the pre-fight dope by trouncing Texas Joe Dundee in a 10-rounder. He had the Italian Texan down for a nine count just for good measure. Their returner found them locked in a draw but a third battle is in the making according to Promoter De Sautel.

At Miami Beach, Jack "the Larruper" Larrimore, the Beach welter favorite, took six of the 10 heats against Bobby Britton, who grabbed three with one even, and for the second time emerged the winner. Irish Joe Perry outpointed Bob Riley in eight. They are junior welters. Phil Rocco, 121, beat Mushy Green, 112; Joey Raymond, 135, won from Tommy Hoover, 139; and Henry Raymond, 116, kid brother of Joey, specialized in upsetting Red Roberts, 124.

Down in Florida boxing clubs all over the state are about to re-open their doors to the professional mitt slingers for the fall and winter; and into Florida many of the country's leading leather-pushers will do the annual trek. Miami Beach has been going with regular weekly shows and Tampa has been holding hers in semi-monthly fashion. As this goes to press, West Palm Beach, the state's leading club, Sarasota, Orlando, St. Petersburg and Fort Lauderdale will start cleaning house to be ready for the big parade a month later. Fort Myers, the best little fight club in Florida, has been doing well with her weekly programs. Jacksonville will know for definite if she will break back into the game on a big time scale providing Al Jensen, who has taken over the promotional duties, will stick around and give the city her big chance.

Fighters without managers or any tie-ups can be kept busy in Florida by contacting the foremost boxing trainer in the South today, Bill Gore. He would like you to send in your picture, record, results, which are necessary. Bill's address is 211 Collins Avenue, Miami Beach, Florida.

Probably the neatest collegiate fighting machine turned out since Steve Hamas is a former University of Miami leather tosser, Toby Tobias, a Jewish youngster. Only a little over a year ago the club fighting Tobias was earning laurels for his alma mater in Miami, Florida. Returning to the old stomping grounds, Toby drew with Bobby Britton and his next scrap found him opposing Jack Larrimore, pride of Miami Beach, in a draw.

Jack Britton, former welterweight champion of the world, and his son, Bobby, make up the most active father-son combination in the boxing game today. Bobby, a chip of the ole block, is one of the outstanding attractions throughout Florida rings. He is seconded and trained by his famous dad. This Britton team should go far. The younger Britton has met ace performers in Milt Aron, Fritzie Zivic, Frankie Blair, Johnny Lucas, Lew Jenkins, Irish Johnny Dean, Jack Larrimore and others. There's a new addition in the Britton household and here's congrats to Father Bob and Grandfather Jack.

At Tampa, where Frank La Marque is doing the fight promoting, Bobby Britton held Cliff Greenwood to a 10-round standstill in the feature bout. A crowd of 2500 was on hand to witness the card. The semi-final had Tommy "Killer" Kiene victor in his battle with Red Hutchins. Tommy weighed 115, and Red 119. This win for the Savannahan was his 53d against no defeats and a draw.

In the night's best match, Leon Foucart, Jacksonville southpaw, got up twice in the fifth and made a furious and good enough rally in the sixth and final round to get an even break with Joey Cash. They are light-heavyweights. Kid Allen won a close four-rounder over Curley Miller in the opener. They are lighties. Promoter La Marque can do the fight game better in Tampa if he put on weekly shows instead of semi-monthly programs. The fans turn out for every show.

Amateur boxing in North Alabama continues to hold the crowds with matches under the supervision of C. O. McNees drawing each week a thousand and over in attendance at the National Guard Armory in Florence. The team, the Muscle Shoals Athletic Club, is sponsored by the National Guard unit.

Pietro Georgi, now calling Miami, Florida, home, is batting .500 in Northern rings. He was victorious in his first start but met with a defeat at the hands of Doc Avery's fast rising middleweight, Tiger LeRoy Smith.

All info will be gladly answered upon receipt of stamped envelope. Promoters and managers, please have notes in before the first. Address: Tom Ephrem, 605 West Forsyth Street, Jacksonville, Florida.

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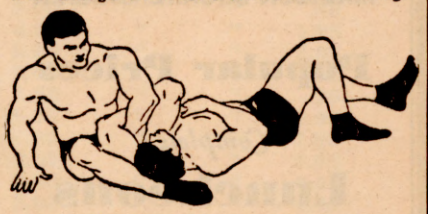

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IN SYRACUSE RINGS

By BILLY SHAW

MAKING his first appearance in a Syracuse ring, Patsy Perroni, Cleveland heavyweight, scored a three-round knockout over Newsboy Millich, tall, willowy Sacramento sharpshooter, before a crowd of 3,000 at the Arena. Perroni solved Millich's long range style in the second round and came out for the third determined to stiffen the Coast clouter. A left hook to the mid-section, followed by a heavy right to the jaw and Millich crashed to the canvas for the full count. The blow that kayoed the Newsboy packed so much power it fractured Millich's jaw.

As Millich had previously given Ralph De John two great fights at the Municipal Stadium here, his knockout by Perroni stunned the fistic populace. Millich never had a chance once Patsy turned on the steam, and the Newsboy was so broken up by his defeat that he and his manager, Frankie Rex, and Trainer Wilson (Mac) McLoughlin left the next day for Sacramento.

Results of the other bouts on the Perroni-Millich card: Joe Boscarino, New York, decisioned Mike Martinez, Denver, Col., 8 rounds (decision unpopular); Larry (Joe Palooka) Kellum, Oneonta, outpointed Eddie Miller, Scranton, 6 rounds; Billy Furrone, Syracuse, defeated Al Traino, Rochester, 6 rounds; Bobby Funicello, Utica, outpunched Sammy Martin, Syracuse, 4 rounds.

Big news of the month here was the relinquishing of Ralph De John's contract by Joe Netro to Gabe Genovese, former manager of Eddie (Babe) Risko, ex-world's middleweight champion. Genovese took over the affairs of De John, buying out Netro for an unannounced sum. Under the guidance of Genovese, the local light-heavyweight is sure to go places.

However, you cannot keep a good man down. Netro bobbed up a few days after Genovese took over with the announcement he would direct the ring destinies of Johnny Whiters, capable Pontiac, Mich., Negro heavyweight ace. Whiters is the boy who twice defeated Eddie Simms and Roscoe Toles. He was brought out by Morrell M. (Doc) Jones. It looks as if Netro has hitched his wagon to a star.

Your correspondent, who is matchmaker for the Olympic Boxing Club, Inc., of Syracuse, with offices at 403-405 Eckel Theater Building, does not agree with Promoter Mike Jacobs' chain-store idea in boxing. It hurts the smaller promoters, this garnering of all the big time talent by Uncle Mike. In the olden days the big names were glad to campaign outside of New York, after making the grade on the Big Time. But now Jacobs has sewed up every fighter of any consequence, and to our way of thinking, this is bad for boxing. No man should monopolize all the top flight talent. The more the name fighters show around the country, the better for the sport.

LEFT-HOOKS—Jackie Callura, the Toronto feather, who has been boxing around Cincinnati and Milwaukee, is due to make his home here and fight out of Syracuse in the future . . . . Fans still are demanding an encore between the two bitter local feather rivals, Joey Brown and Joey Kushner . . . . They fought a draw in their last tilt, but it didn't settle the supremacy question for the dyed-in-the-wool addicts . . . . Cozy Storace, Rome's national amateur 147-pound champion, defeated Frankie Brenno, Ogdensburg slugger, in a thriller at Sherrill.

Ralph has a brother who is a good amateur middleweight . . . . He is Carmen De John and he recently turned eighteen and announced he would launch himself on a pro career . . . . Bob Kenefick, former sports ed of the Syracuse *Journal*, which recently combined with the Syracuse *Herald*, informs me he is not going to Boston, making the stated rumor null and void . . . . Bob says he is staying in town . . . . Sports announcers on upstate radio stations give boxing a big play . . . . We refer to WFBL and WSYR in Syracuse, WIBX in Utica, WNBF in Binghamton and WMBO in Auburn . . . . Over in Rochester, Frank Silva over WSAY leads the fistic field in expert boxing broadcasting . . . . WHAM in Rochester also does right well by the sport . . . . Bushy Graham has a comer in Bobby Funicello, crack Utica lightweight, who was a sensation as an amateur, winning all his starts by knockouts . . . . As a pro, Funicello has shown plenty of promise.

Henny Andrews, popular New York boxing manager, was in town with Patsy Perroni, Paul De Bello and Mike Martinez . . . . De Bello drew with Wesley Ramey in a Rochester slugfest, while the other two boys showed at the local Arena . . . . A big show is planned for the Coliseum at this writing and we will report it for you in our next . . . . Frankie Flynn, Batavia lightweight, books his own matches and works all over the country . . . . Frankie isn't the greatest fighter around, but he usually gives the fans a run for their money . . . . Billy Muldoon, the husky Cleveland Negro, is well liked here . . . . Steve Halaiko is training again . . . . Steve simply cannot hang 'em up . . . . Johnny Ray was offered a $5,000 guarantee to send Billy Conn, light-heavyweight boss, against Ralph De John in a local match . . . . 'Twould draw $20,000 outdoors.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOXING NOTES

By SAM PORCELLI

AFTER a layoff of three months, the Monroe Sporting Club, with Ellison Kasoff as promoter, staged its first outdoor show of the season featuring two highly touted lightweights, Wesley Ramey of Grand Rapids and Paul DeBello of New York City. This main event was a hard fought duel between two worthy opponents.

Following are the results of the first outdoor pro show of the season: Wesley Ramey, 133, Grand Rapids, and Paul DeBello, 136, New York, drew, eight rounds; Willie Muldoon, 177, Cleveland, decisioned Pete Tamalonis, Buffalo, eight rounds; Johnny Flynn, 191, Rochester, knocked out Charles Douglas, Buffalo, 1 minute, 10 seconds of the second round; Tom Pallatin, Grand Rapids, decisioned Hughie Smith, Rochester, six rounds; Ray McGuire, Buffalo, decisioned Jerry Meinhard, Rochester, six rounds.

Ellison Kasoff, local professional fight promoter, is planning on giving the fans of Rochester a new deal. Mr. Kasoff to date has been on the losing end for about $10,000 because the fans are not satisfied with the boxing game in Rochester. From now on Kasoff will stage weekly shows at popular prices showing all local talent. With this object in view he hopes to gain the fans' respect and also prove that fighting can be on the upgrade in Rochester.

FISTIC MORSELS—Jim Flood, ex-welter and middleweight, who holds a decision over Ralph De John, has taken the police exams and will be on the force soon . . . . Al Fields, another well known fighter, has also taken the exams and if appointed will be the first colored policeman on the force . . . . Norm Cordaro of Batavia is planning on making Rochester his home . . . . Over 50 amateur fighters have started training at the Elks Club for the fall season . . . . Irving Robbins, traveling promoter of amateur fights, is staging bouts through Central New York and is drawing packed houses . . . . Gabe Genovese of Syracuse has purchased Ralph DeJohn's contract . . . . Mike Latzo is planning on opening his indoor season in Scranton on the last week in September . . . . Henny Andrews made a big hit with the fans when he spoke over the air prior to the Ramey-DeBello fight last week . . . . Warner Welch, former middleweight of Rochester, is now tending bar in a well known cabaret in Syracuse . . . .

MAIL BAG—Mr. Anthony Boateng, Accro, Gold Coast: Have written you two letters. I will be very glad to correspond with you. Anything you send would be appreciated although I am very much interested in foreign stamps.

Mr. Joe Lang, McKeesport, Pa.: The amateurs will start in September and we will plan on using your team soon. Please keep in touch with me.

Cliff Pratt: I have turned your letter over to the matchmaker and he will get in touch with you in the near future.

THE RING Magazine is on sale at all local newsstands on the first of every month.

Promoters, managers, fighters and fans wishing information, advice, work or any other service, write to Sam Porcelli, 181 N. Union Street, Rochester, N. Y. If an answer is required, please send a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

CONNECTICUT NEWS

By LOUIS PRESLOFSKY

PROFESSIONAL boxing under Promoter Lou Viscusi was presented at South Park, Hartford, Conn., and consisted of three eight-rounders, a six spot and a four-rounder.

The star attraction brought together lightweights Marty Servo of Schenectady and Martin Riley of Fall River, in which Servo had the situation well in hand, displaying his superiority over Riley to win an eight-round victory.

In the eight-round semi fray, Bobby Ivy, Hartford featherweight, and Snooks Lacey cuffed one another around to a draw in an uninteresting conflict.

In the third eight-round melee, Lou Transparenti, featherweight from Baltimore, outpunched Baby Yack, Canadian bantamweight champion, to win the decision.

The scheduled six-round bout ended in the fourth inning when Steve Carr, Meriden heavyweight, put Joe Pieasta, Worcester mauler, away for keeps.

In the curtain-raiser of four rounds, Eddie McGraw, featherweight from New Britain, romped off with the verdict over Sal Carabetta.

Connecticut's contender for the world's welterweight crown, Irish Eddie Dolan, made his appearance on the undercard of the Lou Ambers and Henry Armstrong lightweight championship encounter and turned in a fine ring triumph in outpointing Milo Theodorescu with clever boxing in a six-round bout. Dolan was floored with a hard clout in the first round for a nine-count, but he recovered from the knockdown and came up fighting back gamely.

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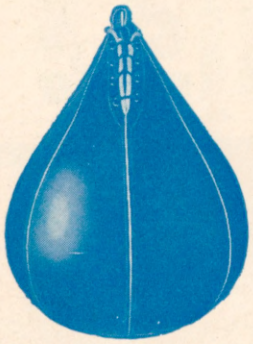

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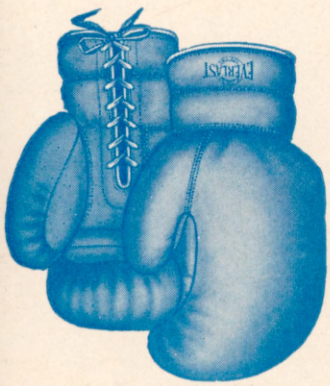

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RH2	Earguard	"	5.00	"	"	2.95
R 30	Training Jerseys	"	5.00	"	"	2.95
RBU	Sweat Shirts	"	1.50	"	"	.79
E 39-	14 oz. training gloves	"	16.00	"	"	9.95
JD1	12 oz. Jack Dempsey gloves	"	14.00	"	"	7.95
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RBGT2	Gene Tunney Boxing gloves	"	8.00	"	"	4.45
R 2MC	Aluminum cup supporter	"	3.00	"	"	1.45
REB	Supporter elastic	"	.50	"	"	.29
RS	Athletic Training Shirt	"	1.00	"	"	.37
RST	Boxing Trunks—all colors	"	1.50	"	"	.59
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There will be no 1939 Everlast Record Book. The last one issued is 1938, containing the 1937 records.

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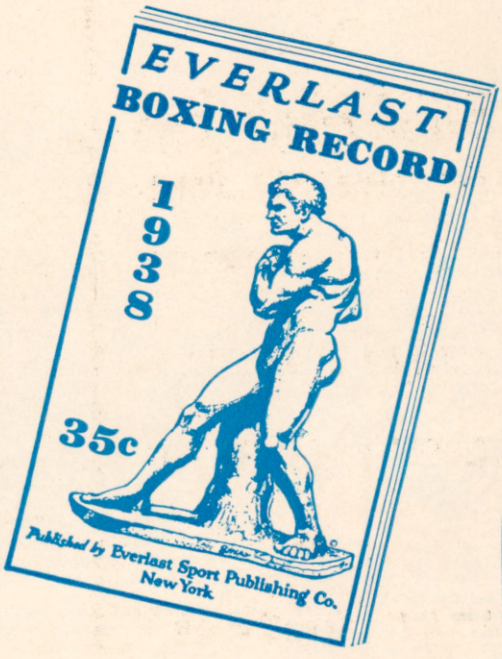

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Will you give me a chance to prove that I can turn you into a man of might, muscle, and tireless energy? Let me prove that I can help you build the kind of strong, evenly-developed body you have always longed to have. A big, deep, husky chest. A powerful back. Biceps like iron! Arms and legs that never tire. A stomach ridged with bands of muscle. And a general physical condition that increases the fun of living.

I know what it means to have the kind of body people pity! You wouldn't know it to look at me now, but I was once a skinny weakling, weighing only 97 lbs.! Constantly self-conscious and embarrassed, and ashamed to strip for sports or a swim. And I felt only HALF-ALIVE!

Then I discovered *"Dynamic Tension,"* which turned me into twice winner of the title, *"The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."* And now I'd like to prove to you that the same system can make a NEW MAN of YOU!

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I don't say I can do all this for you in this 7 days' trial. But I DO say—and I want to prove to you—that I can show you enough results in even THAT short time to convince you that my system of *"Dynamic Tension"* will (right in your home) give you the kind of body you have always wanted!

Are you underweight? Let me show you how to add pounds where they are needed! Are you fat in spots? Put it up to me to pare you down to fighting trim.

The purpose of my system of *"Dynamic Tension"* is very simple. It is an entirely natural way especially developed by me—to distribute added pounds of powerful muscle over your body—to get rid of surplus fat—and to give you the strength and the kind of physical build that will win you the envy and respect of every one. And for those whose systems are sluggish from lack of exercise—to help them tone up their entire body, inside and out.

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This cup, 14" high, on mahogany base, will be awarded to pupil who makes greatest physical improvement in the next 3 months.

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